THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° by Benj. Franklin

JULY 23, 1910 — 5c. THE COPY

More Than a
Million and a Half
Circulation Weekly

Beginning with the next number

The Ladies' Home Journal

Will Be Issued Twice a Month At 10 Cents a Copy

The leading woman's magazine at the popular 10-cent price. The first twice-a-month number will be out August 25th—the next September 10th

The Entire 24 Magazines For $1.50 a Year The Same as at Present

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia

Would you enjoy the thrill of new life—the sensation of tingling blood coursing thro' your veins—the living of a natural life away from the cares, conventions and confines of the sooty city? Then spend a vacation in Colorado. The *de luxe*

Rocky Mountain Limited

—daily from Chicago to Colorado Springs and Denver direct—

is ready to whirl you away upon a pleasant journey. Splendid cars—roomy berths—dining service superb—everything to make the trip a treat. A realization of all your anticipations.

Other good trains each day from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, and Memphis for Colorado, Yellowstone Park and the Pacific Coast.

Let me suggest a *real* vacation this summer in the Golden West.

Our profusely illustrated book, "Under the Turquoise Sky," will prove invaluable. Send for it at once.

L. M. ALLEN
Pass. Traffic Mgr.
9 La Salle Station, Chicago, Ill.

Home-made open pies with delicious fillings of Strawberry, Pineapple, Lemon, Rhubarb. Both crust and filling will be perfect if you use

KINGSFORD'S CORN STARCH

See the Cook Book. To make the crusts of tarts and all pastries dry and tender, by all means use Kingsford's (one-sixth Kingsford's instead of all flour). *The Book tells.*

Send for the Cook Book "R"—"What a Cook Ought to Know About Corn Starch." 168 of the best recipes you ever tried. *The book is free.* Your name on a post card will bring it.

T. KINGSFORD & SON
Oswego, N. Y.
National Starch Company, Successors

No matter where the price of rubber goes, Sterling Tires are

always the same. We build only 100 per day—each one is hand made and five times inspected in process. With Sterling Blue Tubes inside they give longer and better service than any others. Dealers everywhere. Booklet on request. *Sterling Rubber Works, Rutherford, N. J.*

WHAT SCHOOL Write fully what kind of school you seek, location preferred, expense limit, etc., and you will receive, *free of charge*, catalogues of schools meeting the requirements indicated. Complete 252 page Directory of all schools and colleges in the United States, mailed for 10c to cover postage.

Educational Aid Society, 1450-52 1st Nat. Bank Bldg., Chicago

---

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED

Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. **How to Obtain a Patent** and **What to Invent** with **list of inventions wanted** and **prizes** offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

To You Who Have Never Worn "Holeproof" Hosiery

"If I had only known before." It is a common remark made by those who for the first time experience the luxury of real "Holeproof" Hose.

And so we say to you, "If you only knew what it means to wear genuine 'Holeproof' you never again would endure the discomfort of mended hosiery."

Since "Holeproof" came, there is no more need for the darning basket. It is no longer necessary to sacrifice wear and comfort to get style and fit. For in "Holeproof" is found the remarkable combination of unusual wearing qualities, together with perfect style and fit. And yet you pay no more for "Holeproof" than for ordinary hose, which lack the guarantee and other "Holeproof" features.

"Holeproof" is the original guaranteed hosiery. It is made by but one firm. Half a hundred imitators have attempted to ride into public favor upon the reputation that "Holeproof" has made. They came with a guarantee very similar to ours—they could reproduce that—but they could not reproduce "Holeproof" quality, "Holeproof" style and "Holeproof" fit.

So we urge you to be more careful. Don't ask merely for guaranteed hosiery. Insist upon genuine "Holeproof." You'll find the mark on the toe. It's for your protection.

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

All the Newest Summer Colors Now on Show

Finest Hosiery at the Cost of the Commonplace

No one can buy finer hose than these. Our famous 25c hose have never been equalled at the price. Six pairs of Men's "Holeproof," guaranteed for six months, cost but $1.50. The extra light weights cost $2.00. The mercerized, finished like silk, $3.00. One color or the newest colors assorted. They are made for women and children, too. Six pairs of women's hose cost $2.00. The mercerized $3.00. Children's hose $2.00 for six pairs.

All Can Now Afford the Luxury of Silk Sox

Until "Holeproof" came, few could afford the luxury of silk sox—not because of the initial cost—but because silk hosiery did not wear. A time or two and they were ready for the rag bag.

Today we offer you silk sox with a guarantee.

A handsome box of three pairs for $2.00. They must wear you three months without holes or you get new hose free.

Six Pairs Guaranteed Six Months

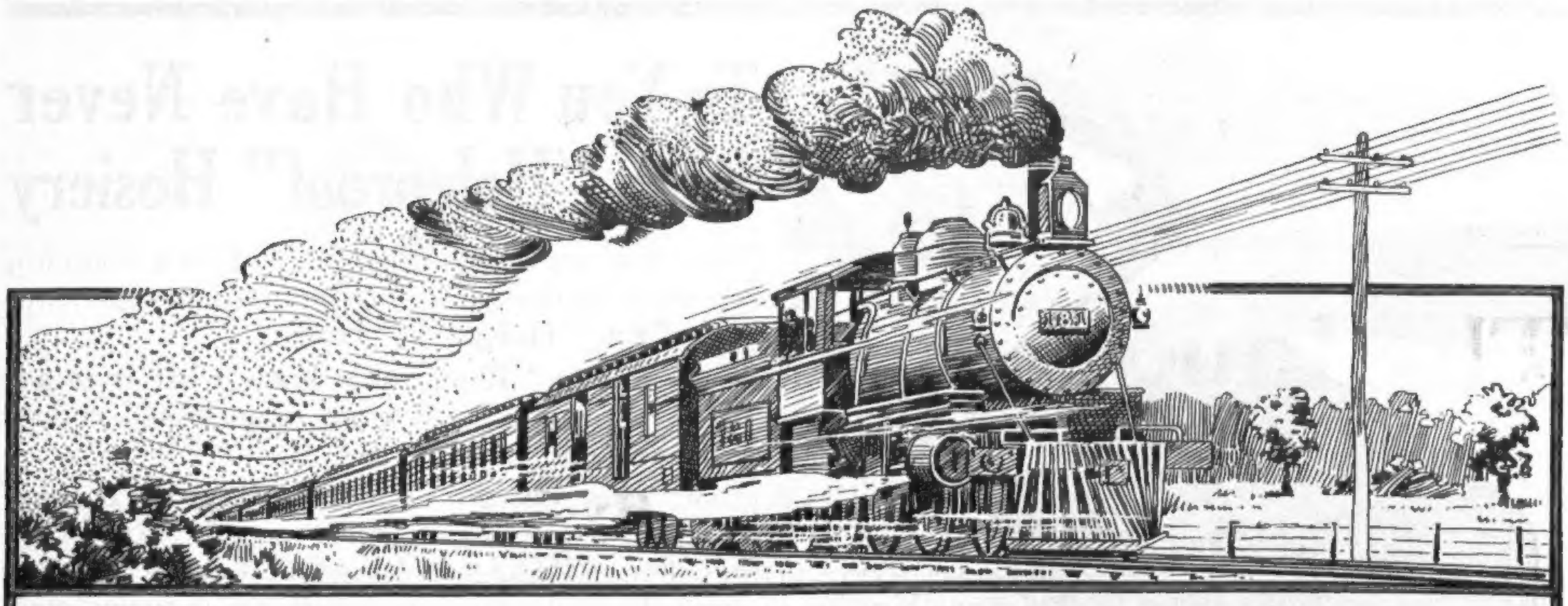
Sold in Your Town The genuine "Holeproof" is sold in your town. We'll give you the dealer's name or ship direct where we have no dealer—we prepay the charges on receipt of remittance.

Write for our Free Book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy"

The Holeproof Hosiery Co., 473 Fourth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Tampico News Co., S. A., City of Mexico, Agents for Mexican Republic.

Are Your Hose Insured?



The Newest Railroad Watch

A South Bend—named "The Studebaker"

A watch that meets the requirements of railroad inspectors must be a wonder for accuracy.

All watches in service on all railroads in America *must* keep time second for second, for even the slightest difference in the watches on any one division might cause sufficient confusion to result in a serious wreck, and the difference in time of the watches of one road with another would mean *missed* train connections.

To avoid this, an elaborate inspection system has been perfected by which all watches carried by engineers, conductors, dispatchers, telegraphers and other railroad employés are kept under constant surveillance.

For years we have employed many of the railroads' authorized inspectors as our representatives to look after the watches of our customers.

We have just perfected a new railroad watch. It has been named "The Studebaker."

It would be impossible to make a watch that for the time would be any better than that demanded by the railroad inspectors. For the watch they demand must be so near a perfect timekeeper that it can be relied upon to run absolutely accurate and without the slightest variation. Every watch is inspected every fifteen days. In "The Studebaker" we have improved upon that already attempted by many watch manufacturers, inasmuch as we have produced a watch that will not require adjustment and resetting every fifteen days.

Our first requisition was for 150 "Studebaker" movements, and we put them through the most gruelling tests. Some of our people have been connected with all the leading watch manufacturers of America—many have been in the watch business for a quarter of a century and more. They all say they have never seen such an accurate, staunch watch as "The Studebaker." The watch inspectors test 10 watches 30 days. We tested 150 watches 6 months before the watch inspectors knew we had a new movement. They inspected "The Studebaker" and a perfect score was given to each. It is now offered as the highest type railroad movement yet produced. You can see it at your jeweler's. It is furnished in grades of both 17 and 21 jewels. If you have a good case and would like a thoroughly dependable railroad movement, you can get this movement at your jeweler's and have it fitted to your present case. The price, without case, of the 17-jewel movement is $24, and of the 21-jewel movement, $35. If your jeweler cannot show you this new movement, send his name to us and we will give you the name of a jeweler who can.

South Bend Watch Company

South Bend, Ind.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 183 — PHILADELPHIA, JULY 23, 1910 — Number 4

Copyright, 1910, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain.

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

The Innocence of Father Brown

Valentin Follows a Curious Trail

By G. K. CHESTERTON

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

No Word Could be Distinguished Except the Word "Reason"

Copyright, 1910, by The Curtis Publishing Company. Copyright in Great Britain.

BETWEEN the silver ribbon of morning and a green, glittering ribbon of sea the boat touched Harwich and let loose a swarm of folk like flies, among whom the man we must follow was by no means conspicuous—nor wished to be. There was nothing notable about him except a slight contrast between the holiday gayety of his clothes and the official gayety of his face. His clothes included a slight, pale-gray jacket, a white waistcoat and a silver-straw hat with a gray-blue ribbon. His lean face was dark by contrast and ended in a curt black beard that looked Spanish and suggested an Elizabethan ruff. He was smoking a cigarette with the seriousness of an idea. There was nothing about him to indicate the fact that the gray jacket covered a loaded revolver; that the white waistcoat covered a police card; or that the straw hat covered one of the most powerful intellects in Europe. For this was Valentin himself, the head of the Paris police and the most famous investigator of the world; and he was coming from Brussels to London to make the greatest arrest of the century.

Flambeau was in England. The police of three countries had tracked the great criminal at last from Ghent to Brussels, from Brussels to the Hook of Holland; and it was conjectured that he would take some advantage of the unfamiliarity and confusion of the Eucharistic Congress, then taking place in London. Probably he would travel as some minor clerk or secretary connected with it; but, of course, Valentin could not be certain: nobody could be certain about Flambeau.

It is many years ago now since this colossus of crime suddenly ceased keeping the world in a turmoil; and when he ceased, as they said after the death of Roland, there was a great quiet upon the earth. But in his best days—I mean, of course, his worst—Flambeau was a figure as statuesque and international as the Kaiser. Almost every morning the daily paper announced that he had escaped the consequences of one extraordinary crime by committing another. He was a Gascon of gigantic stature and bodily daring; and the wildest tales were told of his outbursts of athletic humor: how he turned the *juge d'instruction* upside down and stood him on his head "to clear his mind"; how he ran down the Rue de Rivoli with a policeman under each arm. It is due to him to say that his fantastic physical strength was generally employed in such bloodless though undignified scenes; his real crimes were chiefly those of ingenious and wholesale robbery. But each of his thefts was almost a new sin and would make a story by itself. It was he who ran the great Anglo-Swiss Dairy Company in London; with no dairies, no cows, no carts, no milk, but with some thousand subscribers. These he served by the simple operation of moving the little milk-cans outside people's doors to the doors of his own customers. It was he who had kept up an unaccountable and close correspondence with a young lady whose whole letter-bag was intercepted, by the extraordinary trick of photographing his messages infinitesimally small upon the slides of a microscope. A sweeping simplicity, however, marked many of his experiments. It is said that he once repainted all the numbers in a street in the dead of night merely to divert one traveler into a trap. It is quite certain that he invented a portable pillar-box which he put up at corners in quiet suburbs on the chance of strangers dropping postal orders into it. Lastly, he was known to be a startling acrobat; despite his huge figure he could leap like a grasshopper and melt into the treetops like a monkey. Hence the great Valentin, when he set out to find Flambeau, was perfectly well aware that his adventures would not end when he had found him.

But how was he to find him? On this the great Valentin's ideas were still in process of settlement.

There was one thing which Flambeau with all his dexterity of disguise could not cover, and that was his singular height. If Valentin's quick eye had caught a tall apple-woman, a tall grenadier, or even a tolerably tall duchess, he might have arrested them on the spot. But all along his train there was nobody that could be a disguised Flambeau any more than a cat could be a disguised giraffe. About the people on the boat he had already satisfied himself; and the people picked up at Harwich or on the journey limited themselves with certainty to six. There was a short railway official traveling up to the terminus, three fairly short market gardeners picked up two stations afterward, one very short widow lady going up from a small Essex town, and one very short Roman Catholic priest going up from a small Essex village. When it came to the last case Valentin gave it up and almost laughed. The little priest was so much the essence of those eastern flats; he had a face as round and dull as a Sussex dumpling; he had eyes as empty as the North Sea; he had several brown-paper parcels, which he was quite incapable of collecting. The Eucharistic Congress had doubtless sucked out of their local stagnation many such creatures, blind and helpless, like moles disinterred. Valentin was a skeptic in the severe style of France, and could have no love for priests. But he could have pity for them, and this one might have provoked pity in anybody. He had a large, shabby umbrella which constantly fell on the floor. He did not seem to know which was the right end of his return ticket. He explained with a moon-calf simplicity to everybody in the carriage that he had to be careful because he had something made of real silver "water-blue stones" in one of his brown-paper parcels. His quaint blending of Essex flatness with saintly simplicity continuously amused the Frenchman till the priest got out—somehow—at Tottenham with all his parcels and came back for his umbrella. When he did the last Valentin even had the good nature to warn him not to take care of the silver by telling everybody about it. But to whomever he talked Valentin kept his eye open for something else: he looked out steadily for any one, rich or poor, male or female, who was well up to six feet; for Flambeau was four inches above it.

He alighted at Liverpool Street, however, quite conscientiously secure that he had not missed the criminal so far. He then went to Scotland Yard to regularize his position and arrange for help in case of need; he then lit another cigarette and went for a long stroll in the streets of London. As he was walking in the streets and squares beyond Victoria he paused suddenly and stood. It was a quaint, quiet square; very typical of London, full of an accidental stillness. The tall flat houses around looked at once prosperous and uninhabited; the square of shrubbery in the center looked as deserted as a green Pacific island. One of the four sides was much higher than the rest, like a dais; and the line of this side was broken by one of London's admirable accidents: a restaurant that looked as if it had strayed from Soho. It was an unreasonably attractive object, with dwarf plants in pots and long striped blinds of lemon-yellow and white. It stood specially high above the street, and in the usual patchwork way of

London a flight of steps from the street ran up to meet the front door almost as a fire-escape might run up to a first window. Valentin stood and smoked in sight of the yellow-white blinds and considered them long.

The most incredible thing about miracles is that they happen. A few clouds in heaven do come together into the staring shape of one human eye. A tree does stand up in the landscape of a doubtful journey in the exact and elaborate shape of a note of interrogation. I have seen both these things myself within the last few days. Nelson does die in the instant of victory; and a man named Williams does quite accidentally murder a man named Williamson: it sounds like a sort of infanticide. In short, there is in life an element of elfin coincidence which people reckoning on the prosaic may perpetually miss. As it has been well expressed in the paradox of Poe, wisdom should reckon on the unforeseen.

Aristide Valentin was unfathomably French; and the French intelligence is intelligence specially and solely. He was not "a thinking machine"; for that is a brainless phrase of modern fatalism and materialism. A machine only is a machine because it cannot think. But he was a thinking man, and a plain man at the same time. All his wonderful successes that looked like conjuring had been gained by plodding logic; by clear and commonplace French thought. The French electrify the world not by stating any paradox: they electrify it by carrying out a truism. They carry a truism so far—as in the French Revolution. But exactly because Valentin understood reason, he understood the limits of reason. Only a man who knows nothing of motors talks of motoring without petrol; only a man who knows nothing of reason talks of reasoning with strong, undisputed first principles. Flambeau had been missed at Harwich; and if he was in London at all he might be anything from a tall tramp on Wimbledon Common to a tall toast-master at the Hotel Metropole. In such a naked state of nescience Valentin had a view and a method of his own.

In such cases he reckoned on the unforeseen. In such cases, when he could not follow the train of the reasonable, he coldly and carefully followed the train of the unreasonable. Instead of going to the right places—banks, police stations, rendezvous—he systematically went to the wrong places; knocked at every empty house, turned down every *cul de sac*, went up every lane blocked with rubbish, went round every crescent that led him uselessly out of the way. He defended this crazy course quite logically. He said that if one had a clew this was the worst way; but if one had no clew at all it was the best; because there was just the chance that any oddity that caught the eye of the pursuer might be the same that had caught the eye of the pursued. Somewhere a man must begin, and it had better be just where another man might stop. Something about that flight of steps up to the shop, something about the quietude and quaintness of the restaurant, roused all the detective's rare romantic fancy and made him resolve to strike at random. He went up the steps and, sitting down at a table by the window, asked for a cup of black coffee.

It was halfway through the morning and he had not breakfasted; the slight litter of other breakfasts stood about on the table to remind him of his hunger; and adding a poached egg to his order he proceeded musingly to shake some white sugar into his coffee, thinking all the time about Flambeau. He remembered how Flambeau had escaped once by a pair of nail scissors and once by a house on fire; once by having to pay for an unstamped letter and once by getting people to look through a telescope at a comet that might destroy the world. He thought his detective brain as good as the criminal's; which was true. But he fully realized the disadvantage. "The criminal is the creative artist: the detective only the critic," he said with a sour smile, and lifted his coffee cup to his lips slowly, and put it down very quietly. He had put salt in it.

He looked at the vessel from which the silvery powder had come; it was certainly a sugar basin; as unmistakably meant for sugar as a champagne bottle for champagne. He wondered why they should keep salt in it. He looked to see if there were any more orthodox vessels. Yes, there were two salt cellars quite full. Perhaps there was some specialty in the condiment in the salt cellars. He tasted it; it was sugar. Then he looked round at the restaurant with a refreshed air of interest, to see if there were any other traces of that singular artistic taste which puts the sugar in the salt cellars and the salt in the sugar basin. Except for an odd splash of some dark fluid on one of the white-papered walls, the whole place appeared neat, cheerful and ordinary. He rang the bell for the waiter.

When that official hurried up, somewhat blear-eyed at that early hour, the detective—who was not without an appreciation of the simpler forms of humor—asked him to taste the sugar and see if it was up to the high reputation of the hotel. The result was that the waiter yawned suddenly and woke up.

"Do you play this delicate joke on your customers every morning?" inquired Valentin. "Does changing the salt and sugar never pall on you as a jest?"

The waiter, when this irony grew clearer, stammeringly assured him that the establishment had certainly no such intention; it must be a most curious mistake. He picked up the sugar basin and looked at it; he picked up the salt cellar and looked at that, his face growing more and more bewildered. At last he abruptly excused himself and hurrying away returned in a few seconds with the proprietor. The proprietor also examined the sugar basin and then the salt cellar; the proprietor also looked bewildered.

Suddenly the waiter seemed to grow inarticulate with a rush of words. "I zink," he stuttered eagerly—"I zink it is those two clergymen."

"What two clergymen?"

"The two clergymen," said the waiter, "that threw soup at the wall."

"Threw soup at the wall?" repeated Valentin, feeling sure this must be some singular Italian metaphor.

"Yes, yes," said the attendant excitedly, and pointing at the dark splash on the white paper, "threw it over there on the wall."

Valentin looked his query at the proprietor, who came to his rescue with fuller reports.

"Yes, sir," he said, "it's quite true, though I don't suppose it has anything to do with the sugar and salt. Two

"We're All Alone Here and I Could Pull You to Pieces Like a Straw Doll"

clergymen came in and drank beef essence here very early, as soon as the shutters were taken down. They were both very quiet, respectable people; one of them paid the bill and went out; the other, who seemed a slower coach altogether, was some minutes longer getting his things together. But he went at last. Only the instant before he stepped into the street he deliberately picked up his cup, which he had only half emptied, and threw the beef essence slap on the wall. I was in the back rooms myself and so was the waiter; so I could only rush out in time to find the wall splashed and the shop empty. It don't do any particular damage, but it was confounded cheek; and I tried to catch the men in the street. They were too far off, though; I only noticed they went round the next corner into Carstairs Street."

The detective was on his feet, hat settled and stick in hand. He had already decided that in the universal darkness of his mind he could only follow the first odd finger that pointed; and this finger was odd enough. Paying his bill and clashing the glass doors behind him he was soon swinging round into the other street.

It was fortunate that even in such fevered moments his eye was cool and quick. Something in a shop-front went by him like a mere flash; yet he went back to look at it. The shop was a popular greengrocer's and fruiterer's, an array of goods set out in the open air and plainly ticketed with their names and prices. In the two most prominent compartments were two heaps of oranges and of nuts respectively. On the heap of nuts lay a scrap of cardboard on which was written in bold blue chalk, "Best tangerine oranges, 2d each." On the oranges was the equally clear and exact description, "Finest Brazil nuts, 2d a lb." M. Valentin looked at these two placards and fancied he had met this highly-subtle form of humor before, and that somewhat recently. He drew the attention of the red-faced fruiterer, who was looking rather sullenly up and down the street, to this inaccuracy in his advertisements. The fruiterer said nothing, but sharply put each card into its proper place. The detective, leaning elegantly on his walking cane, continued to scrutinize the shop. At last he said: "Pray excuse my apparent irrelevance, my good sir. But I should like to ask you a question in experimental psychology and the association of ideas."

The red-faced shopman regarded him with an eye of menace; but he continued gayly swinging his cane.

"Why," he pursued, "why are two tickets wrongly placed in a greengrocer's shop like a shovel hat that has come to London for a holiday? Or—in case I do not make myself clear—what is the mystical association which connects the idea of nuts marked as oranges with the idea of two clergymen, one tall and the other short?"

The eyes of the tradesman stood out of his head like a snail's; he really seemed for an instant likely to fling himself upon the stranger. At last he stammered angrily: "I don't know what you 'ave to do with it, but if you're one of their friends you can tell 'em from me that I'll knock their silly heads off, parsons or no parsons, if they upset my apples again."

"Indeed?" asked the detective with great sympathy. "Did they upset your apples?"

"One of 'em did," said the heated shopman; "rolled 'em all over the street. I'd 'ave caught the fool but for havin' to pick 'em up."

"Which way did these parsons go?" asked Valentin.

"Up that second road on the left-hand side and then across the square," said the other promptly.

"Thanks," replied Valentin and vanished like a fairy. On the other side of a second square he found a policeman and said: "This is very urgent, Constable; have you seen two clergymen in shovel hats?"

The policeman began to chuckle heavily. "I 'ave, sir; and if you arst me, one of 'em was drunk. He stood in the middle of the road that bewildered that ——"

"Which way did they go?" snapped Valentin.

"They took one of them yellow 'buses over there," answered the man; "them that go to Hampstead."

Valentin produced his official card and said very rapidly: "Call up two of your men to come with me in pursuit," and crossed the road with such contagious energy that the ponderous policeman was moved to almost agile obedience. In a minute and a half the French detective was joined on the opposite pavement by an inspector and a man in plain clothes.

"Well, sir," began the former with smiling importance. "And what may ——"

Valentin pointed suddenly with his cane. "I'll tell you on the top of that omnibus," he said, and was dodging and darting across the tangle of the traffic. When all three sank panting on the top seats of the yellow vehicle the inspector said: "We could go four times as quick in a taxi."

"Quite true," replied their leader placidly, "if we only had any idea of where we were going."

"Well, where are you going?" asked the other, staring.

Valentin smoked frowningly for a few seconds, then, removing his cigarette, he said: "If you know what a man's doing, get in front of him. But if you want to guess what he's doing, keep behind him. Stray when he strays: stop when he stops: travel as slowly as he. Then you may see what he saw and may act as he acted. All we can do is to keep our eyes skinned for a queer thing."

"What sort of queer thing do you mean?"

"Any sort of queer thing," answered Valentin, and relapsed into obstinate silence.

The yellow omnibus crawled up the northern roads for what seemed like hours on end; the great detective would

"'What Window?' I Says. 'The One I'm Going to Break,' He Says"

not explain further; and, perhaps, his assistants felt a silent and growing doubt of his errand. Perhaps also they felt a silent and growing desire for lunch; for the hours crept long past the silent luncheon hour, and the long roads of the North London suburbs seemed to shoot out into length after length, like an infernal telescope. It was one of those journeys on which a man perpetually feels that now at last he must have come to the end of the universe, and then finds he has only come to the beginning of Tufnell Park. London died away in draggled taverns and dreary scrubs and then was unaccountably born again in blazing High Streets and blatant hotels. It was like passing through thirteen separate vulgar cities all just touching each other. But though the winter twilight was already threatening the road ahead of them the Parisian detective still sat silent and watchful, eying the frontage of the streets that slid by on either side. By the time they had left Camden Town behind the policemen were nearly asleep; at least they gave something like a jump as Valentin leaped erect, struck a hand on each man's shoulder and shouted to the driver to stop.

They tumbled down the steps into the road without realizing why they had been dislodged. When they looked around for enlightenment they found Valentin triumphantly pointing his finger toward a window on the left side of the road. It was a large window, forming part of the long façade of a gilt and palatial public-house; it was the part reserved for respectable dining, and labeled "Restaurant." This window, like all the rest along the frontage of the hotel, was of frosted and figured glass, but in the middle of it was a big black smash, like a star in the ice.

"Our cue at last," cried Valentin waving his stick, "the place with the broken window."

"What window? What window?" asked his principal assistant. "Why, what proof is there that this has anything to do with them?"

Valentin almost broke his bamboo stick with rage.

"Proof?" he cried. "The man is looking for proof! Why, of course, the chances are twenty to one that it has nothing to do with them. But what else can we do? Don't you see we must either follow one wild possibility or else go home to bed?" He banged his way into the restaurant, followed by his companions; and they were soon seated at a late luncheon at a little table, and looking at the star of smashed glass from the inside. Not that it was very informing even then.

"Got your window broken, I see," said Valentin to the waiter as he paid the bill.

"Yes, sir," answered the attendant, bending busily over the change; to which Valentin silently added an enormous tip. The waiter straightened himself with mild but unmistakable animation.

"Ah, yes, sir," he said. "Very odd thing that, sir."

"Indeed? Tell us about it," said the detective with careless curiosity.

"Well, two gents in black came in," said the waiter, "two of those foreign parsons that are running about. They had a cheap and quiet little lunch; and one of them paid for it and went out. The other was just going out to join him when I looked at my change again and found he'd paid me more than three times too much. 'Here,' I says to the chap who was nearly out of the door, 'you've paid too much.' 'Oh,' he says, very cool. 'Have we?' 'Yes,' I says and picks up the bill to show him. Well, that was a knock-out."

"What do you mean?" asked his interlocutor.

"Well, I'd have sworn on seven Bibles that I'd put four shillings on that bill. But now I saw I'd put fourteen shillings as plain as paint."

"Well?" cried Valentin, moving slowly, but with burning eyes—"and then?"

"The parson at the door he says all serene, 'Sorry to confuse your accounts. But it'll pay for the window.' 'What window?' I says. 'The one I'm going to break,' he says; and smashed that blessed pane with his umbrella."

All three inquirers made an exclamation; and the inspector said under his breath, "Are we after escaped lunatics?" The waiter went on with some relish for the ridiculous story:

"I was so knocked silly for the second I couldn't do anything. The man marched out of the place and joined his friend just around the corner. Then they went so quick up Bullock Street that I couldn't catch them, though I ran around the bars to do it."

"Bullock Street," said the detective, and shot up that thoroughfare as quickly as the strange couple he pursued.

Their journey now took them through bare brick ways—like tunnels, streets with few lights and even with few windows; streets that seemed built out of the blank backs of everything and everywhere. Dusk was deepening; and it was not easy even for the London policemen to guess in what exact direction they were treading. The inspector, however, was pretty certain that they would eventually strike some part of Hampstead Heath. Abruptly one bulging and gaslit window broke the blue twilight like a bull's-eye lantern; and Valentin stopped an instant before a little garish sweet-stuff shop. After an instant's hesitation he went in; he stood amid the gaudy colors of the confectionery with entire gravity and bought thirteen chocolate cigars with a certain care. He was clearly preparing an opening: but he did not need one.

An angular, elderly young woman in the shop had regarded his elegant appearance with a merely automatic inquiry; but when she saw the door behind him blocked with the blue uniform of the inspector her eyes seemed to wake up.

"Oh," she said, "if you've come about that parcel I've sent it off already."

"Parcel!" repeated Valentin; and it was his turn to look inquiring.

"I mean the parcel the gentleman left—the clergyman gentleman."

"For goodness' sake," said Valentin, leaning forward with his first real confession of eagerness, "tell us what happened exactly!"

"Well," said the woman a little doubtfully, "the clergyman came in about half an hour ago and bought some peppermint and talked a bit and then went off toward the Heath. But a second after one of them runs back into the shop and says: 'Have I left a parcel?' Well, I looked everywhere and couldn't see one; so he says, 'Never mind; but if it should turn up please post it to this address,' and he left me the address and a shilling for my trouble. And sure enough, though I thought I'd looked everywhere, I found he'd left a brown-paper parcel; so I posted it to the place he said. I can't remember the address now; it was somewhere in Westminster. But as the thing seemed so important I thought p'raps the police had come about it."

"So they have," said Valentin shortly. "Is Hampstead Heath near here?"

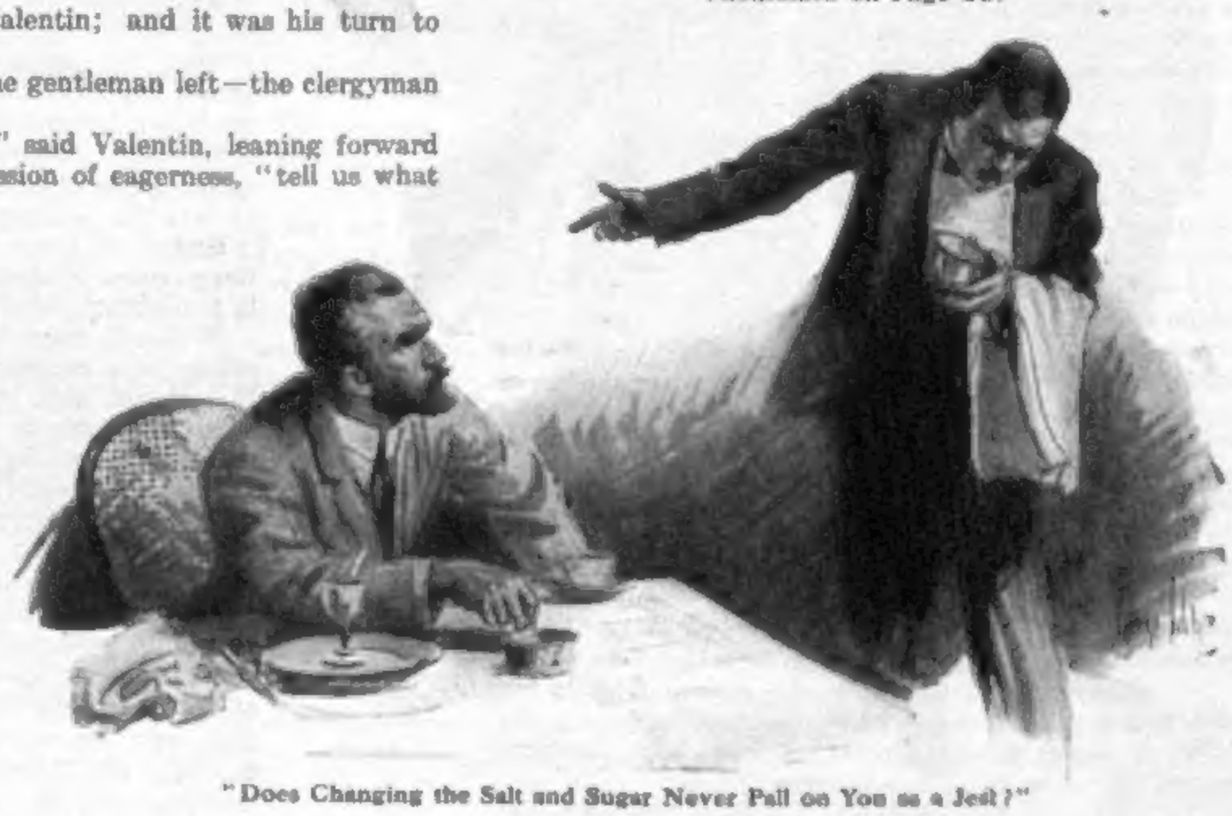
"Straight on for fifteen minutes," said the woman, "and you'll come right out on the open." Valentin sprang out of the shop and began to run. The other detectives followed him at a reluctant trot.

The street they threaded was so narrow and shut in by shadows that when they came out unexpectedly into the void common and vast sky they were startled to find the evening still light and clear. A perfect dome of peacock-green sank into gold amid the blackening trees and the dark violet distances. The glowing green tint was just deep enough to pick out in points of crystal one or two stars. All that was left of the daylight lay in a golden glitter across the edge of Hampstead and that popular hollow which is called the Vale of Health. The holidaymakers who roam this region had not wholly dispersed; a few couples sat shapelessly on benches; and here and there a distant girl still shrieked in one of the swings. The glory of Heaven deepened and darkened around the sublime vulgarity of man; and standing on his slope and looking across the valley Valentin beheld the thing which he sought.

Among the black and breaking groups in that distance was one especially black, which did not break, a group of two figures clerically clad. Though they seemed as small as insects Valentin could see that one of them was much smaller than the other. Though the other had a student's stoop and an inconspicuous manner, he could see that the man was well over six feet high. He shut his teeth and went forward, whirling his stick impatiently. By the time he had substantially diminished the distance and magnified the two black figures as in a vast microscope, he had perceived something else; something which startled him, and yet which he had somehow expected. Whoever was the tall priest, there could be no doubt about the identity of the short one. It was his friend of the Harwich train, the stumpy little *curé* of Essex whom he had warned about his brown-paper parcels.

Now, so far as this went everything fitted in finally and rationally enough. Valentin had learned by his inquiries that morning that a Father Brown from Essex was bringing up a silver cross with sapphires, a relic of considerable value, to show some of the foreign priests at the Conference. This undoubtedly was the "silver with blue stones"; and Father Brown undoubtedly was the little greenhorn in the train. Now, there was nothing wonderful about the fact that what Valentin had found out Flambeau had also found out; Flambeau found out everything. Also there was nothing wonderful in the fact that when Flambeau heard of a sapphire cross he should try to steal it; that was the most natural thing in all natural history. And most certainly there was nothing wonderful about the fact that Flambeau should have it all his own way with such a silly sheep as the man with the umbrella and the parcels. He was the sort of man whom anybody could lead on a string to the North Pole; it was not surprising that an actor like Flambeau, dressed as another priest, could lead him to Hampstead Heath. So far the crime seemed clear enough; and while the detective pitied the priest for his helplessness he almost despised Flambeau for condescending to so gullible a victim. But when Valentin thought of all that had happened in between, of all that had led him to his triumph, he racked his brains for the smallest rhyme or reason in it. What had the stealing of a blue and silver cross from a priest from Essex

(Continued on Page 36)



"Does Changing the Salt and Sugar Never Pall on You as a Jest?"

The Money Side of the Ministry

Transcribed by Walter E. Weyl

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS

I HAVE preached to my congregation for twenty-six years. I have baptized all the children and married many who are now grandparents. I know them all—the good men and the good women, and the young people growing up to manhood and womanhood. I have preached thousands of sermons to these friends of mine; but I have never cared, or perhaps never dared, to speak to them about salaries.

And yet of late the thought has been much on my mind. Today, when I am invited to talk to the great world of good people whom I do not know and who do not know me, I feel freer to speak openly about this money side of the ministry.

I am a Presbyterian minister. I live with four of my six children in a quickly growing Middle-Western city, with a present population, I am told, of almost one hundred thousand. My married life was exceedingly happy. My children have been, and are, all that children could be. My congregation is friendly and kind—almost too kind. As I look back upon my past I realize with something like a shock that my only troubles have been money troubles; and these, although sometimes harassing, have been, as the poet says, "trifles light as air" compared to those of many better but poorer-paid men in the Christian ministry.

If my father were to return to life, and learn that I was a minister of the gospel, with twelve hundred dollars a year and a manse, he would think that my journey lay in easy paths. For one hundred and fifty years we McLeods (this is not my real name) have been Presbyterian ministers, and for one hundred and fifty years we have been poor. There have been thirty-seven pastors among us, and, man for man, we have not during all that time earned four dollars a week.

The Days When One Could Live on Nothing

BUT my ancestors lived on the frontier. They could use a spade or a plow (or, for that matter, a rifle) as well as a Bible. They drew most of their salary from their gardens and farms. My father, a pious, learned man, served during the Civil War in the Christian Commission, and spent thirty years in a poor, backward village in the Northwest. He never earned over three hundred dollars, and rarely received what he earned. We McLeods have always been a little proud of our poverty—when we have been conscious of it.

The frontier, however, has been reached; our villages are growing into cities; we are surrounded by new conditions and living has become an exceedingly complex thing. Today you must pay for things in money instead of in labor as before. Even from the poorest among us things are demanded that in an earlier, simpler, and, I believe, better age would not have been expected.

Extravagance has grown. I remember how, a quarter of a century ago, the female portion of my congregation rapturously admired the plain black silk of my wife, when, after our honeymoon trip to New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, we returned to our manse. I remember how my dear wife, who to her last days loved in her heart all manner of trappings, trimmings and feminine finery, longed to wear her lavender silk. I expostulated that so much luxury would shock our congregation. Why, today there is hardly a woman in my congregation who would not turn up her nose at that old lavender silk. The finery of a generation ago is now a discarded shabbiness. The standards of the city and of the congregation have risen.

Old Men With Holes in Their Shoes and Holes in Their Sleeves, With Threadbare Clothes, Men Who Have Not Five Cents for Carfare

My salary in those early days was six hundred dollars. It was ample. The manse, of course, was free. It cost us only two hundred dollars for food, and we had a country girl as help, to whom we paid one dollar a week. Our clothing cost little, for we lived simply, and a coat or a best dress went further in those days. We always had a small surplus on hand with which to help out our more necessitous neighbors.

Then Esther came (she is my eldest), and after her Mary; and then—one every two years—my four fine boys. Meanwhile my salary rose to nine hundred dollars, and later to twelve hundred. It was while earning twelve hundred—which I still earn—that I found it hardest to live.

"I Will Surely Pay You Back This Time, Sir"

Two may live cheaper than one, but eight cannot live cheaper than two. My wife was a good manager—no women are such wonderful managers as ministers' wives. A pastor who makes half as much as a steamfitter lives, thanks to his wife, twice as well. But expenses increased. We strove to live more plainly than our congregation, but, for the sake of our people, we were compelled to maintain some standard. The children could not run barefoot, and shoes and clothes cost money.

Then, of course, the children had to be educated. It is a tradition among the McLeods that no poverty can excuse ignorance. All my brothers went to college, and I myself worked my way under favoring chances through college and seminary. My oldest boy is now studying engineering and the three other boys will be prepared for some useful occupation—although none of them, unless their inclinations change, will go into the ministry.

I speak of these matters here merely for the purpose of showing one item of expense in a minister's family.

It would have been far easier had my salary been regularly paid. The congregation meant well, but somehow my stipend was always two or three months in arrears. The collector of the church was a busy man. He was a wholesale hardware merchant, who supplied retail stores all over the state. He had the reputation of discounting all bills, and of never being a minute late in any business transaction. But the church was not a business organization, and the minister was above—or below—the rules of business ethics. So, while the janitor was paid on the day, and the soprano received her check monthly, and the coal bill for the church was met promptly, the minister's salary waited.

I never received money without asking for it, and I never asked until I was in debt. I would rather dig sewers than ask for money.

One whole month my family lived on potatoes and cornmeal because Mr. Anderson, the church treasurer, was away on a trip to the Yosemite. I remember how, meeting the treasurer's wife on the street, I asked rather shamefacedly how Mr. Anderson was enjoying the West and when he expected to return. I must have blushed, for during that whole month I had thought of little else. Even while I worked out my sermons (I never write them) the thought kept constantly knocking at the gate of my mind, "How soon? How soon?"

Slow Payers and Debt-Ridden Parsons

THAT month I had more demands than ever before. My daughter Esther was stricken with pneumonia, the doctor came every day, and the druggist's bill rose to almost twenty dollars. My life-insurance premium fell due, and I had to borrow money to meet it. Then, a month before, I had foolishly determined to put a bathtub in the house, and that bill also had come in. There was no hurry about these bills, for no one presses a minister, but my wife always had strict ideas about debts, and I felt uncomfortable.

At last, one bright morning, Mr. Anderson returned, and after waiting until late in the afternoon I went to his store (he has a large grocery establishment) and broached the subject of salary. He was all apologies. "It was entirely my fault this time," he admitted, "but usually, you know, it is the congregation—the people are always late in paying up their subscriptions." With that he handed me a check for the full arrears—it was for four hundred and ninety-seven dollars and sixteen cents.

It is said that love of money is the root of all evil, which I think is not a fair statement, for in proper hands money is the instrument of much good. For me, at least, it is not well to have an excess of money, for I am prone to give it away, not out of generosity, although my people think so, but rather from a weak inclining to what is often the vanity of giving visible pleasure. I should not be fair if I did not admit that I have squandered more money through lack of a stern and measured sense of justice than would have been sufficient to meet all fair demands upon me.

Outside the bank, to which with secret elation I had just carried my unprecedented check, I met an old friend, Tom Blaine, the ragman. Blaine at this time was an unprepossessing and unkempt man of sixty. He had a grizzled beard, much stained with tobacco juice, small black eyes, and a scar across the bridge of his nose, which he received, he told me, by falling upon a stone step. His hand being crippled with rheumatism, he was forced to earn a scant livelihood by driving about the countryside collecting rags. But his horse—a poor, broken-down beast—had just died, and now Blaine came to me for a loan of thirty dollars to buy another animal. "I will surely pay you back this time, sir," he assured me.

I reflected. I reviewed hastily the bills I had to pay and the necessity of saving a little money for a rainy day. The man deserved nothing. He was occasionally coarse-mouthed and he neglected his ragged children; but then—that was because he was poor. Still, I had once given him my overcoat and he had pawned it. But then, he had honestly confessed it later. I believed that at bottom he was a good man, although a weak one. Perhaps this might be the turning point in his career.

"Very well, Blaine," I said; "for the last time."

At the moment I felt generous, but, later, I realized that the mainspring of my action had been simply the money burning in my pocket. I had not had the moral courage to prefer the welfare of my own family to the satisfaction of Blaine's necessities. So, what with foolish gifts and bills and new delays by my congregation, I again fell in arrears, where I remained until a year ago, when my daughter Esther began to contribute monthly to the expenses of the family.

In handing me the check, Mr. Anderson, the treasurer, had said smilingly, "Your credit is always good at this store." Since that day we have lived largely on credit. My church usually owes me two to three hundred dollars, and I owe the grocer and the butcher and other tradesmen a like sum. We do not buy at the cash stores, although they are cheaper. We do not ask prices. We know that the tradesmen who sell goods to us, and who are also our people, will charge justly and benevolently.

My daughter Esther, whom I love devotedly, but with whom I rarely agree, condemns the whole system. Esther is twenty-three, with a mind of her own, with more cleverness than her father, and of a revolutionary attitude, which I think ill befits a minister's daughter. Nevertheless, I enjoy talking with her more even than with Mary, who, since my poor wife's demise, has kept house for me and the boys.

The Story of Doctor Ellison

ESTHER, to the deep distress of my congregation, went to business college at sixteen, left for Chicago when she was eighteen (where she lived at a settlement), became a stenographer in a railroad office and is now private secretary to the General Traffic Manager of a trunkline. She writes to me twice a week, and every vacation, which is one fortnight a year, she spends with us. It is like the breath of a new, strange life to have Esther at home.

Well, as I said, Esther is not satisfied with my position. "It is not fair," she told me once, "for these people to treat you like a ward. They pay you too little, and too irregularly; they charge you too little at the stores, and they make you presents. It is just as though they thought you a begging friar."

She looked contemptuously at the new rug. It was an Axminster, a gift from some of my friends, who, believing that our old ingrain carpet was not good enough for their minister, had taken this way of showing their preference. It was kindly meant.

"It seems to me rather a tasteful rug," I explained deprecatingly.

"That may be," said Esther, her lips coming together tightly, "but it's not your taste and not mine. They would not have given it to any lawyer or business man in town. I wish they had kept their old rug—or bestowed it on Doctor Sanborn."

The Reverend Doctor Sanborn is the pastor of a very poor church on the outskirts of our city. He is a hard-working and conscientious man, who, although he has had calls from other congregations, has steadfastly refused to leave his little church because he feels that the poor people, on account of their poverty, need him. He is forty years old, and has an ailing wife and five little children dependent upon his salary of seven hundred dollars a year, which, moreover, is somewhat irregularly paid. With so small a salary, Doctor Sanborn is dependent largely on the generosity of his people. The farmers bring him eggs, fresh vegetables and feed for his chickens and sometimes a bag of flour or berries for preserving. Now and then they hold a fair for him, and the proceeds of this, which are small, go to eke out his salary. Then every year he receives a donation box from the Home Mission Board containing old clothing, shoes and underwear for himself, wife and children. Doctor Sanborn is, I believe, a worthy Christian gentleman and a faithful pastor, but because of his poverty—this poverty willingly accepted as the price of service—there is felt toward him a certain disrespect by many people, of whom, I fear, Esther, with her strong, youthful desire for success, is one. However, I did not feel that a man like Doctor Sanborn required any defense from me.

"The rug is very tasteful," was all I could find in answer to this renewed attack.

"It is not right, dear Father," cried Esther, the color mounting to her cheeks. "Down there in Chicago, when I leave the office and get into the streets crowded with people I am my own master, but you, day or night, have not a minute you can call your own. You have your two Sunday sermons, and your Wednesday prayer-meeting, and your Sunday-school, and your Ministerial Alliances, and your innumerable pastoral visits, and your baptisms and weddings and funerals, and your free advice to everybody who wants to ask for it, and your whole life devoted to everybody and lived to please everybody."

"My dear Esther," I expostulated, "a pastor should be a public servant."

She swept on, hardly heeding my words.

"A public servant, yes; but not a private servant to the public. And they demanded all of Mother's time, and all of Mary's, and they were shocked because I wanted to earn my own living instead of sharing the munificent salary they pay you. Oh, I know, Father, that they mean it in kindness, pester you with kindness, hedge you in with kindness; but they expect you to live not according to your ideals but according to their idea of how their minister should live. Four years ago, when they gave you that big gold watch, they meant it for kindness, but, of course, you preferred the old silver one that Mother gave you. Then that Christmas present of two hundred dollars—I suppose that was kindness too; but I should rather have pay for overtime. What they ought to do is to pay salaries, not make presents. I—a girl—get thirty dollars a week; your wage—I have figured it out—is twenty-three dollars."

"I—a Girl—Get Thirty Dollars a Week; Your Wage—I Have Figured it Out—is Twenty-Three Dollars"

I am afraid I winced. It is a little unusual to speak of the hire of the laborer in theological fields as wages—although, of course, that is exactly what it is, and a very fair and honorable word too.

"There are many pastors," I replied, "who get less."

"So much the worse," quoth Esther.

"Well, then," I said, feeling sure that her argument could not work both ways, "there are some who get more. There's Doctor Ellison."

"Yes," said Esther, "there's Doctor Ellison." And the argument ended, as arguments between us always ended, in her favor.

"After all," I said, in a somewhat embarrassed tone, "we know nothing against Doctor Ellison. His monograph is very learned—the monograph On the Development of the Hebrew Vowel Points in their Relation to the Literal and Verbal Inspiration of the Old Testament."

"Really, Father," concluded Esther, "I should not recognize a Hebrew vowel point if I met one on the street; and, as you say, we really know nothing against Doctor Ellison."

The allusion to Doctor Ellison had not been fortunate. For several reasons it had not been fortunate.

When Doctor Ellison first came to us, six years ago, it was as a supply during my summer vacation. He was a studious, courteous young man, very good-looking, very well dressed, very facile in intercourse, with modest, pleasing manners; but, as some of the ministers at the Presbytery maintained, unduly ambitious. His first congregation was in a village twenty miles to the west of our city, and he used to come in every fortnight, ostensibly to talk over with me a study I was then contemplating on Christian Ethics and the Labor Problem, but really, as I later discovered with a shock, to see Esther. She was then only seventeen, and although I would not have heard of any engagement at that age, still I did not look with disfavor upon so promising a young man. I was therefore surprised one day, when the subject cropped up awkwardly, without either Esther or myself intending that it should, to hear her say, with flushed cheeks:

"I'm never going to marry any one, but I'd rather marry old Tom Blaine than Doctor Ellison."

Whether he had proposed or not I never knew. He never visited us again, and I afterward learned that he was a candidate for a better church. In a few months he secured a thousand-dollar appointment in a large Western city, and announced the call to the old congregation, stating that under divine guidance he had decided to accept. Two years later he was again a candidate, and received as a charge a small fashionable church in a rich suburb. One of my confrères felt that Doctor Ellison had shown too little willingness to labor in the harder fields, but I have never been convinced that he did not make his choice with due regard to the needs of his new congregation and his special capacity for meeting those needs. Moreover, I learn that he has found favor with his people, has increased church attendance, and is now happily married to the daughter of a respected merchant. Clearly there is nothing against Doctor Ellison, and yet, of course, his case is not typical, and I had been awkward to refer to him in arguing the question of ministers' salaries with Esther.

Wages Not in Money

MY CONVERSATION with Esther was on the last day of her annual visit, and after she left, and I had time to think the matter over, I recalled many arguments that I might just as well have used. As I took my long afternoon walk, after visiting some of the ladies in their homes and a few gentlemen in their business offices, I began to realize—what, of course, I had always known—that the chief remuneration of the minister is not the dollars and cents of salary, regularly or irregularly paid, not the presents and donations and Axminster rugs and gold watches, but the friendship and love of his congregation, and the privilege—the privilege without value and without price—of serving his fellowmen in humble ways. God had not intended man to measure his labor by its monetary reward, but by its service to other men. My daughter's work as private secretary to the General Traffic Manager was to be gauged not as a thirty-dollar position but as an opportunity to aid inconspicuously in the noble task of the railroad, which is to minister to our comfort and happiness, to bring help to the overburdened, to unite the disunited, to bear the fruit of soil and mine and factory to the hungry, the naked and the unsheltered all over the world. Esther had put it all on a low moral plane: men and women, ministers of the gospel and private secretaries to General Traffic Managers cannot live by bread alone.

I turned, almost surprised to find that I had been sermonizing to an absent Esther, and I hurried home to

(Concluded on Page 32)

KEEPING THE LINE OPEN

By EDWARD HUNGERFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"We Don't Get the Line Open, We are Keeping the Line Open. D'ye See?"

A CUB reporter shouldered his way into a railroad superintendent's office. Outside a late winter storm howled around the terminal, the morning was nipping cold, the air curtained with myriad snowflakes; a great railroad was making a desperate fight against the mighty forces of Nature.

"My city editor wants to know what you folks are doing to get the line open," demanded the reporter.

The big superintendent swung in his swivel chair and faced him. It was a place where angels might well have feared to tread—a place surcharged with the electricity of fight. The superintendent's mind was filled with the almost infinite details of the fight, but he liked the cub reporter and greeted him with a smile.

"You can tell your city editor," he replied slowly, "that it is as much as a man's job here is worth for him to think that the line is going to be opened. I'd fire him if he as much as thought that it was ever closed. We don't die. We fight. It's a hard storm, sonny, but we make muscle in storms like this. We don't get the line open, we are keeping the line open. D'ye see?"

In that the big superintendent had sounded one of the biggest principles of railroad operation.

. . . . . .

The line must be kept open. That slender trail of two rails, stretching straight across the open land and writhing and twisting through the high hills, is a living organism—the railroad is no mere inanimate organization like a store, for instance. It is a right hand of the nation's life—it is life itself. The railroad is like a great living thing, its many arms reaching long distances back into the land. You cannot cut off the living arm and then bring it back to pulsing life again.

The Up-to-Date Wrecking-Train

JUST so the railroad arm cannot be severed—the line must be kept open. Strange things may come to pass—the right-of-way may be littered with the wreckage of trains brought together through a defect in the physical machine or the human; unexpected floods of traffic may seek to overwhelm the outlet; in spring the power and might of floods may descend upon it; winter's storms may seek to paralyze it—still—always—the railroad must be kept open.

"We can't lay down," the superintendent explains to the cub reporter. "We've got to get the traffic through. Do you know what it would mean if we were to follow the path of least resistance today—to let this storm get the better of us? Let me give you an idea of just one thing. There's food coming in here, in trainload lots every night—fresh meat, fresh vegetables, fresh milk. Folks would go hungry if we were to say, 'We can't. This storm is a geewhilicker. We give up.'"

To keep the line open, the railroad affords every sort of protective device, trains men for special duties.

. . . . . .

Take this matter of wrecks, for instance. The railroader does not like to think of wrecks, but his methods for removing them must be prompt and thorough—the line must be kept open. Each year sees equipment increasing in size and weight, and each increase brings additional problems in handling wrecked cars and engines. Twenty years ago the wrecking equipment of most of the big roads was comparatively simple. It was generally built in the railroad's own shops. Today sixty-ton cars and one-hundred-ton locomotives require something of a wrecking crane or derrick to lift them from the right-of-way, and the wrecking-train is thought out and built by specialists.

These wrecking-trains are the emergency arms of railroad operation. They stand, like the apparatus of a city fire department, at every important terminal or division operating point, awaiting summons to action. You may see the wrecking-train in every big yard, waiting on a siding that has quick access to the main-line tracks. It consists of from four to six cars—a tool-car with all sorts of wrecking devices—replacers, blocks and tackle, extra small parts of cartrucks for emergency repairs, and the like. There are more of these extra parts—axles and wheels and four-wheel trucks—on a "flat" that is fastened to the tool-car, and if this wrecking-train has a couple of miles of "heavy-traffic" line to serve, there may be three or four of the "flats" with tools and spare equipment. You cannot have too many of those in a big wreck. The wrecking-train is sure to have a crane—a big arm of steel, compressed to come within the slim clearances of bridges and of tunnels, but capable of reaching down and tugging at a hundred-ton locomotive with little effort. And quite as important as the crane is the cook-car—generally some old-time coach or sleeper descended to humble service on the road. The cook-car has rough berths and a kitchen, and you may be mighty sure that there is a good griddle artist upon it. You cannot expect a wrecking-gang to get into a twenty-four-hour job without being pretty constantly provisioned while it is at work.

Only a little while ago one of the officers of an Eastern trunk-line railroad and a member of one of the state railroad commissions were coming toward New York. The trip was in the nature of an inspection on the part of the state official, but, as a matter of comfort and convenience to the two men, it was made in the former's private car. The comfort and convenience suddenly ceased while the two were still nearly three hundred miles away from the seaboard. The road rested there for many miles in heavy country; its rails found their curving way in crevices between high hills. It had rained steadily for a fortnight—the little mountain brooks were each a raging millrace. In the low flatlands of one deep valley lakes were being formed; there were long stretches where the four rails of the double-tracked trunk-line railroad lost themselves under the glassy surface of the waters. Up and down the valley trains were standing helpless between those lakes, their passengers fuming at the delay. Fast freights stood axle-deep in water; their title, for that moment, was joyous humor. The comfortable, convenient trip of the railroad operating man and the railroad commissioner was at an end.

An embankment that the railroad had built for a branch down the valley was blocking the waters, and orders had come from New York to dynamite away that embankment. It would cost the railroad nearly fifty thousand dollars to destroy that half mile of track, but it might save the valley millions. There had been no hesitation on the part of the "old man," the road's tried executive. That is a phase of American railroading not often brought to light.

Orders came that the engine hauling the "special" of the operating man and the railroad commissioner was to be taken for a work-train down at that damming embankment. That's the way with railroading. When the clattering telegraph keys sound the note of trouble, even that mighty soul, the Chairman of the Board, may find himself "laid out" at some jerkwater junction, while his pet engine goes into service with a wrecking-train; but the Chairman of the Board, whose time is real money, offers no protest. He knows that to block the main line costs his road two hundred and fifty dollars a minute for the first sixty minutes; that that figure doubles and trebles in the second hour; in the third, his auditors may check off a thousand dollars a minute—at the least—as the cost of a blocked railroad. No wonder that they insist on "keeping the line open."

What's a Wreck Without a Cook?

BEFORE the engine of that special was cut off to go scurrying down to the embankment, where the skilled workmen were making preparations to dynamite away half a mile of track, the operating man lifted his hand. He had—like any trained railroader—been listening to the clattering telegraph key.

"They've come away without their cook—those wreckers," he told the gentleman who regulated public utilities. "I think I'll go down with the 'eats.' There's an old hotel across from the railroad track down at the next station, and the landlord, Uncle Dan Hortley, will fix me up."

"I'll go with you," said the state official. "I want to get my finger in the pie."

So it came to pass that they both went, the private car stopping at the little hotel long enough to get in an

For Weeks After the Stove Committee in Every Roundhouse Will be Telling How She Made the Run

overwhelming supply of bread and ham. As they whizzed through to the scene of trouble, all hands joined in making sandwiches.

"Butter them on both sides," said the railroad commissioner.

"They're better with the butter on one side," insisted the operating man.

The commissioner was not used to back-talk from railroaders, no matter how high their office, and he stuck to his point.

"Both sides," he insisted.

"One side only," retorted the big operating man.

"The commission has closed its hearing and issues an order for both sides."

"The railroad appeals."

The commission won—it almost always does—and the men down at the embankment ate their sandwiches with a double thickness of butter.

Sometimes a refrigerator-train comes under the skilled hands of the wreckers and the cook-car may have more than an abundance of good material right at hand. Beef, chickens, milk, all manner of edibles, have been spilled like waste along the right-of-way, and there have been no regrets among the men of the wrecking-boss' crew. Once, a speeding cook-car, hurrying to the relief of the laborers upon a wrecked meat-train that had tried to go tangent to a mountain curve, brought reënforcements in the form of ham sandwiches. The wreckers were pretty hungry, but it needed all of their hunger to tackle those sandwiches. The meat-train had been filled with ham; it had caught fire—somehow three or four hours of work hauling out smoked hams gave no appetite for sandwiches of the same sort.

On main-line divisions, where traffic runs exceedingly heavy, a locomotive stands, steam up, with the wrecking-train. Even on side-line divisions the call for the wreckers will bring the fastest and best engine out of the roundhouse, no matter what her train assignment may be. Things on the railroad stand aside for the wrecker. Limited trains may paw their nervous heels upon sidings while she goes skimming up the line—all timetable rights are hers from the moment that she goes into service.

A wire from the seat of trouble brings her into service.

"Second Four-twelve in ditch at Gray's Bridge. Broken rail. Engine and two cars derailed. Both tracks blocked. About four killed and injured."

That wire has, itself, had the right-of-way. When "W-K, W-K, W-K" comes persistently calling over a railroad wire every key closes. "W-K" is the "C-Q.-D" of railroading. It is as much as any operator's job is worth to ignore it.

The Hospital-Train

WHEN a dispatch of the sort just cited comes into headquarters things start to move. The dispatcher—if he be after the manner of most dispatchers—turns to his telephone and calls the yardmaster to order out the wrecking-crew, no more excitement in his voice than if he were ordering out any ordinary sort of special. He rings off quickly, and calls up, in turn, the superintendent, the trainmaster, perhaps the division engineer, the claim department. If there is a fatality list—the wreck one of those fearful things that sometimes show themselves upon the front pages of the newspapers—he will get the hospitals and the doctors; the list of surgeons who are allied to the railroad in every town on the division hangs above the dispatcher's desk.

He may run a special hospital-train, with doctors and nurses and emergency equipment. On one memorable occasion the hospital-train was on its way out upon the main line before the wreck had been reported over the wire. The dispatcher saw that the hospital-special had a clear track; he gave a multitude of infinite directions as to its running, with the quick, clear word of a self-possessed man—then turned and shot himself dead. He had miscalculated—the human machine sometimes does. He knew that he had started the two limited trains on that single-track division, curling its way among the mountains, into each other at full speed. No need for him to know exactly where they met.

Even if the wreck be no holocaust—merely one of those minor smashes that are bound to come now and then on the best of lines—he must keep his head. As he caught up his telephone to get orders to that wrecking-boss out at the roundhouse, his assistant took instant notice of the wreck, first notifying the stations on either side of the accident to set danger signals against all trains. After that, while the dispatcher was busy with details—the assistant arranged to handle all traffic. If both tracks were blocked there were plans to be instantly made to forward the fast through trains by detouring them over other lines of railroad. The assistant dispatcher, wishing to know how long he could afford to hold his heavy traffic—remember, the line must always be kept open—wired the nearest station for additional details. Most of all he wanted to know how long the tracks would be blocked. Perhaps before he got his wire through there came a second message from the wreck, giving more facts about it. By means of code, great detail can be given in a short wire; headquarters gets a clear understanding of the trouble. After that the wire chatters constantly; there are a thousand orders to be given, a thousand details to be arranged.

While the first of these wires is beginning to swing back and forth the dispatcher will hear the wrecking-train, pulled by the neatest and swiftest bit of motive-power from their big roundhouse, go scurrying by down the line. The road is cleared. Everything stands aside, and for weeks after the stove committee in every roundhouse on the division will be telling how she made the run.

They don't talk about the run when they get to the accident. They pile off the train and get to work quickly—every man is a trained wreck-worker; like a fireman he is trained to his peculiar business. When they are not out on the road the wreckers are repairers of cars. It keeps them busy during the long seasons when the line is lucky and has no wrecks, and it gives them the skill with which to tackle the difficult problems that confront them after a smash. By day these men—eight or ten or twelve of them to a crew—work in the yard close to the waiting wrecking-train; by night the telephone at the head of the bed of each man will bring him quickly to the yard

The Superintendent Removed the Telegraph Set and Closed the Circuit

"How do you handle a wreck?" we once asked an old-time wrecking-boss, a man grown gray in keeping his line open

"I don't know" was his frank response. "I've probably handled a thousand wrecks—perhaps more—but I have yet to see two that were the same. Different cases demand different treatments. Any surgeon will tell you that, and you know"—this with a bit of a laugh—"we are the surgeons of the steel highway.

"We've only one rule that is absolute, and that rule is, in the first place to take care of the folks who are hurt, and in the second place to get the line open. If it is a multiple-track line—two or three or four tracks in operation—and the muss is sprawled over the entire right-of-way we get a through track working in the shortest interval. When we can wire number two open, or whatever it is, the dispatcher down at headquarters will catch the stations where there are crossovers, and he'll be handling his first-class traffic of all sorts past us while we'll still be sticking the arm of the old crane down into the smash."

The arm of that crane can lift a freight-car if there is enough freight-car left to lift off the rails and into the ditch in almost a twinkling. Two of these great cranes can grab a wounded mogul locomotive and put her out of the way. The wrecking-trains on a first-class road are kept along the line in profusion—each is supposed to cover a territory of a hundred miles or so in every direction from headquarters, and a sizable smash will bring two or more to work in unison. Two wrecking-cranes working into the remnants of a head-on collision from each direction can accomplish marvels. They will come together finally at the chief test of their strength—the point where two locomotives have firmly locked horns in a dying embrace. That is a point that finds the nerve and ability of every wrecking-boss.

All of these wrecking-bosses have nerve and ability. They could not hold their jobs without both. They know when equipment—cars that might be made as good as new in the shops—must be burned like driftwood, and when to burn a wreck would be criminal waste. That requires judgment—judgment to determine whether it is cheaper to burn than to lose valuable time-traffic on a main-line division or whether it is cheaper to let the traffic on a less important side-line division wait for a little longer time. Judgment is part of a wrecking-boss' equipment. His superintendent knows that; and when the "super" grows nervous and gets down to the wreck himself, although he knows that he is ranking officer in charge of the work, he shows good judgment, on his own part, in letting the wrecking-boss give all the orders. That makes for skill, it makes for speed. If the wrecking-boss is not doing good work the superintendent can fire him to-morrow, or—what is far more usual—find him an easier berth somewhere on the division

There are times when the work-train must be summoned, when laborers by the dozen must get to work to build new track. A washout may require half a mile of track to be laid in a night, and the railroad can do it. A young man wrote a very able story for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST a few months ago in which he told how an emergency track was laid across a highway bridge and a test fast-freight put through on schedule. That accomplishment was but one of the many ordinary tasks that come in the lifetime of every operating man

Clearing a wreck may be tedious business.

When the Tunnel Collapsed

THERE is a deep sink on the parade-ground of the Military Academy at West Point that is a monument to the nastiest railroad wreck, from the point of view of time, that the eastern railroaders have ever known. Just under that parade-ground the West Shore Railroad passes through a long tunnel. On an October night, more than twenty years ago, the Chicago and St. Louis express of that railroad was slowly poking through that bore when a portion of the roof of the tunnel collapsed. It buried itself between the rear part of the baggage-car and the forward part of the express-car and the train came to an abrupt stop

Engineer William Morse saw in an instant the damage that had been done. He cut loose from that penned baggage-car and made record speed up the line to Cornwall, the nearest station. From there he sent a wire posthaste to the dispatcher at Kingston, then the headquarters of the line.

"Train caught by collapse of West Point tunnel," that dispatch read in part. "Only engineer and fireman escaped."

They began to get their hospital-train ready at Kingston, notified Newburgh to secure all the doctors in sight and hurry them on a special to West Point. The chief dispatcher went through the worst quarter-of-an-hour of his life. He began to call Weehawken, the southern terminal of the line. The wires were all busy and he could not cut in. Weehawken wires were getting reports from Conductor Sam Brown, of the Chicago and St. Louis express, who had come running out of the tunnel to the West Point depot

"Wire headquarters," he had shouted to the agent, "that we've run into an avalanche. Morse and his firemen are crushed under the tunnel roof."

And they began to get the wreckers busy down at Weehawken

When the chief dispatcher at Kingston finally got Weehawken they told him about Morse's fate. The truth of the thing came to him in an instant. He laughed hysterically and his assistant jumped up. The dispatcher's bad quarter-of-an-hour was over. He jumped to his key, and caught the yardmaster with it

"We won't need that hospital-train," he said. "There isn't a soul hurt."

(Continued on Page 38)

Maggie Mulrennin—Mud-Hen

By PETER B. KYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY W. D. STEVENS

MAGGIE MULRENNIN was a mud-hen. To classify successfully women of the mud-hen variety and to appreciate quickly this metaphorical assertion, it is necessary that one should possess a slight knowledge of ornithology and an intimate acquaintance with the San Francisco Stock Exchange.

To explain: There are two kinds of mud-hen. The Mulrennin kind and—the other. The other is indigenous to the Potrero tide-flats, and is a squat, dirty, black sea-fowl that delights in paddling around in the mud and marsh grass, where it eke out a precarious existence. The Mulrennin kind delights in paddling around the corridors of the San Francisco Stock Exchange, or gathering in excited conclave in Pauper Alley to discuss the market. Like its prototype of the mud-flats it is to be found in its habitat, rain or shine; it presents a generally bedraggled appearance, and also eke out a precarious existence.

Who first likened the women of Pauper Alley to mud-hens is one of the mysteries of the old Comstock days. Tradition has it that a curb broker, with an ingrowing sense of humor, evolved the term and applied it to Maggie Mulrennin. Maggie had retaliated by calling him a "dhirrty little gutther-snipe," and honor was satisfied. In later years the term mud-hen came to include all women who gave themselves up to the mad scramble for easy money on the stock exchange.

Now, in the old days any woman might play the market through her broker and not be dubbed a mud-hen. But the moment she became a poor, helpless, fascinated dupe, never missing a session of the exchange, buttonholing big operators for tips in the corridor, sacrificing all to her insatiable lust for speculation in mining stocks—then, that moment, she became a mud-hen. San Francisco is the only city in the world where the mud-hen flourishes, and since the mud-hen is the outgrowth of a vanished condition the species is almost extinct.

"Maggie, What Would You Do if You Had, Say, Twenty Thousand Dollars?"

It is probable that only a San Franciscan could appreciate the kind of a mud-hen that Maggie Mulrennin was. Only in that city of romance and careless deviltry, and of tenderness for the ancient order of things, could Maggie have survived the buffets of fortune as long as she did. Only around the stock exchange, which still retained some lingering echoes of the days of 1849, could such a strange, ignorant, annoying and pathetic creature as Maggie Mulrennin have been tolerated.

She was an eery female, was Maggie. If you had met Maggie at an aviation meet you would have fully expected to hear the man with the megaphone announce that Miss Maggie Mulrennin would presently fly over the grand-stand on a broom. When last she appeared on the exchange she was a shriveled little woman, with sharp, peering gray eyes and a thin wisp of gray hair twisted into a curious little knot on the top of her head. She wore an old brocade shawl, defying time and the elements. Her skirt, of some thick, indestructible black fabric, bobbed up in front and sagged behind. She always wore gaiters and (in prosperous times) black cotton gloves. She had a long upper lip.

Maggie had been hanging around the exchange for so many weary years that only one or two of the old-timers—Argonauts who had crossed the plains during the gold rush—could remember a time when she wasn't there. If you happened into the stock exchange during a session, and failed to see Maggie Mulrennin fluttering around in the offing, you would have thought that Con. Virginia or Ophir or Crown Point had been resurrected overnight, and that the shock of this unexpected turn of affairs had killed Maggie Mulrennin.

Poor old derelict! There she would sit with a pathetic, yearning look, waiting, waiting for a return of the golden days when the city and Maggie were young. Around her the uproar of the pit whirled and eddied while Maggie gazed on the scene with the lusterless eyes of the dumb and defeated. Nothing surprised her, who had seen Crown Point jump eight hundred dollars in a session; nothing disturbed the wistful pathos of her faded eyes; nothing could shatter her faith in the old Comstock mines. She was waiting there for them to come to life. And as she waited the years passed and took their toll of Maggie Mulrennin, leaving her a sad wreck of a woman, an unlovely relic of the long ago, when fortunes were made overnight.

Maggie first began her vigil in 1871, though as far back as 1864 she had her eye on the market. There were other mud-hens then, but with the passage of time many of them became discouraged and drifted away from the exchange. Some of them died. When forty-odd years had passed Maggie was the eldest of six mud-hens, and of the six she was the sole survivor of the Old Guard. The others dabbled in the newer, non-assessable stocks of the million-share southern Nevada companies, but Maggie stuck to the old Comstocks and paid her assessments like a lady and a sport.

Once, in 1890, Maggie told the Sisterhood of 1886 (in 1886 a rich discovery east of the Bonanza workings had produced a sudden convulsion of the market and, consequently, another crop of mud-hens) how she had made one hundred thousand dollars, almost without missing a stroke on her washboard. The Sisterhood had ventured no comment, but in their subtle female way gave Maggie to understand that they considered her a liar; whereat she became furious, thereafter seating herself on the other side of the visitors' gallery and holding no further converse with her sisters in finance.

Maggie had never been married. In the beginning she had been young and hopeful—and handsome in a healthy sort of way. Nobody ever knew the year that Maggie "came over." The earliest record we have of her is in 1864, though there is a legend that she was in San Francisco in the days when the water used to come up to Montgomery Street. At any rate, in 1864, she occupied a little cottage down on Third Street near Brannan, from which she issued forth each morning to storm the heights of Rincon Hill for "gintlemin's wurrk exclooseively." Maggie was a washerwoman. She made money at it too, for it was a day when steam laundries had not caught the popular fancy, and a woman who could "do" shirts and collars for the select male trade could command her price.

In 1864, when the wonderful ore bodies developed on the Comstock, the smouldering fires of the gold fever were revived. San Francisco went stock-crazy. Lawyer, doctor, longshoreman, scrubwoman and millionaire all met on common ground, eager to stake their hoard in a bout with Fortune. Everybody talked stocks. Everybody believed in the inexhaustibility of the Comstock Lode. What more natural than that some of this talk—some faint inkling of the great excitement, the delirium of the gold fever—should penetrate to Maggie Mulrennin, busy at her tubs?

A longshoreman, "second cousin to Judy Lonergan that was" (Judy and Maggie had come to America in the same steerage), had purchased a hundred shares of Ophir at five dollars. Two weeks later he had sold for fifty and had gone into the saloon business. Maggie heard of other cases equally unbelievable, but nevertheless supported by credible testimony. Consequently, and in view of the fact that she had been exiled to America for the sole purpose of improving her financial condition, Maggie began to prick up her ears, so to speak, and to read the papers.

By degrees she absorbed a faint knowledge of what was going on in the market. It was her favorite, in fact her only, pastime to select at random from the financial page of the evening paper a certain stock. Then she would make a mythical investment of a thousand dollars at the market. Never more than a thousand, however, because that was all she had in bank, and her single mind refused to dally with improbabilities. She had a stub of a lead-pencil and kept a record of these transactions on the whitewashed wall of her kitchen. Every evening she would invest her savings in a different stock. Then, on Saturday night, she would tabulate the results of the week's play, and thus discover what she might or might not have made had she played with real money. As a rule she won, because the market was soaring. One Saturday night she won so much that the profits ran into seven figures and poor Maggie got lost in a maze of ciphers.

During all this time, however, she refrained from visiting the stock exchange. She was afraid to take the initiative. The possibility of loss was too dreadful to contemplate. She had saved a thousand dollars. When she had succeeded in saving five thousand she was going back to Ireland and would never leave it more. The love of kith and kin and country is never dead in the Irish, and the green Galway hills were calling to Maggie Mulrennin.

. . . . . .

The Lee family lived on Rincon Hill, in what was considered in those days a palatial mansion. It was a hard climb from Third Street to the Rincon Hill aristocracy, and a still harder climb up the long stone steps of the Lee residence. Maggie always dreaded the trip, particularly when she had an unusually heavy wash to deliver.

On an afternoon in May, 1871, Maggie Mulrennin paused at the foot of these stairs and sat down for a few minutes' rest. She was tired, and looked it; only, never having known anything but hard work, she hardly realized it. Indeed, to such a mental attitude had Maggie attained through hard and unremitting toil that even her short respite at the foot of the long stone steps was taken grudgingly. She could not afford to waste her time. She must make her five thousand dollars and go home.

For possibly five minutes Maggie sat in the bright May sunshine, looking out over the bay and mopping her moist and florid brow with the hem of her gingham apron. Presently a carriage drove up to the sidewalk and a gentleman stepped out. Always confused in the presence of wealth and social superiority, Maggie rose hurriedly, grasped her heavy basket and commenced the ascent of the stairs. A cheery, well-bred voice greeted her, and she glanced back over her shoulder.

"Well, Maggie, how do you do? Bless me, you look quite tired out."

"Sure, is it yerself, Misther Lee?" inquired the naive Maggie. "Faith, but it's fine an' well dressed ye're lookin'. I've yer shirrts in th' basket, as clane an' white as a gull's wing."

John Lee was a gentleman of the old school, albeit in his manner the customary reserve of the Southerner had given place to the bluff good nature and hearty democracy of the unfettered West. A man of wealth and refinement, of kindly and generous impulses, it was natural for John Lee to greet his washerwoman as courteously and

considerately as if she were the president of his bank. He paused, therefore, and looked into Maggie Mulrennin's flushed and tired face.

"Tired, aren't you, Maggie?" he said

"Ochone," muttered Maggie, touched at his sympathy, "sure 'tis terrible hot. I sweats so."

"Yes," replied John Lee, "I shouldn't wonder. Here, let me carry that heavy basket for you, my girl." And before Maggie could protest he had the basket in his arms and was striding up the steps.

"Sure," said Maggie, following at his heels, "but it's fine t' meet an iligant gintleman o' th' likes o' yerself, that isn't turrnin' up his nose at a poor workin'-girrl. Gawd knows I'm tired, sir. 'Tis cruel hard wurrk f'r th' bit that's in it."

John Lee smiled back over his shoulder. "What do you do with all your money, Maggie?"

"Arrah, 'tis little I spinds," Maggie complained. "I sinds a bit home to th' father an' mother, an' th' balance is up in th' Hibernia Bank. 'Tis little enough—tin hundhred an' sixty-three dollars an' nineteen cints, countin' th' last intherest."

They had reached the front door. John Lee set the basket of laundry down on the porch and faced Maggie Mulrennin.

"Maggie," he asked smilingly, "what would you do if you had, say, twenty thousand dollars?"

"Glory be t' Gawd!" cried Maggie, "I'd go back to th' ould counthry on th' half o' it, and niver lave it agin."

"Maggie," said John Lee, "tomorrow, when the bank opens, go up and draw out a thousand of that money. Then come down to my office on the stock exchange. I'll invest it for you in a certain mining stock, and in about a week I think we'll have that twenty thousand dollars for you. Then you can quit killing yourself carrying heavy baskets uphill, and go home to Ireland."

Maggie's eyes were round with amazement.

"But—but—Misther Lee, avic. What if I lose it all?"

"I'll guarantee you against loss, Maggie. If you are unable to turn a profit within two weeks I'll take the trade myself and hand you back your thousand dollars."

"What sthock might it be now?" queried Maggie insinuatingly. "Sure, I reads all about thim in th' papers. I knows all about thim. I'm as fly as th' next. Misther Lee, dear, what sthock is it?"

John Lee looked down into her earnest, honest face and debated with himself a minute. A sudden, almost freakish notion had possessed him to do this poor woman a favor—to place her beyond want for the rest of her days. Satisfied that an ignorant washerwoman with a thousand dollars capital could never stagger the market, he said:

"Can you keep a secret, Maggie?"

"Can I, thin!" retorted Maggie. "Wild horrses couldn't dhrag a secret out o' Maggie Mulrennin. What is it, now? There's Belcher, an' Con. Virginia, an' Bullion, an' Yeller Jacket, an' ——"

"Buy Crown Point, Maggie," said John Lee, "and don't mention to a soul that I told you to do it. If it gets out it will wreck the market and you'll lose your thousand dollars."

Maggie placed her finger on her long upper lip and glanced darkly about as if fearing an eavesdropper.

"May Gawd bless ye!" she said gratefully; "an' may th' Heavins be yer bed."

The informal session was on when Maggie Mulrennin, dressed in all her Sunday finery, appeared on 'change. With that subtle stiffening of the dorsal vertebræ which comes of a consciousness of impending wealth, Maggie had felt it incumbent upon her to dress for the part and to invade the visitors' gallery with the proud head and flashing eye of a real Irish aristocrat. She walked down the aisle to the last tier of seats just outside the railing of the pit, leaned over the rail and touched on the shoulders a little broker wearing a white-beaver top hat.

"Come here to me, young man," said Maggie. "I've a job f'r ye. I want a thousand dollars' wurrth o' Crown Point."

"Don't know you, madam," he replied; "but if you have the cash with you I'll be delighted to fill your order."

Maggie favored him with a look that would have put Medusa to the blush. "Let ivery tub sthand on its own bottom," she flashed meaningly. She reached into the bodice of her black cashmere and from its sacred repository drew forth a long buckskin purse

"Me money's up," she announced, with infinite dignity.

The little broker called a subordinate who took charge of Maggie Mulrennin and her buckskin purse. Then he darted out on the floor and held up two fingers. "Crown Point!" he shrieked; "two dollars for five hundred."

"Sold," said a voice. The little broker glanced toward Maggie, nodded as an indication that the matter was settled, and forgot instantly that he had ever seen her.

It occurred to Maggie that her stupendous flyer in Crown Point had aroused very little interest; but what the public might think of Crown Point mattered nothing to Maggie. John Lee had given her the tip. She knew she'd win. She believed because she believed

At ten o'clock next morning Maggie was on hand at her broker's office to receive her stock certificate, which she immediately tucked away in her bosom, and then hurried over to the stock exchange to watch the market on Crown Point. When the session closed the stock was quoted at two dollars asked and nothing bid. Maggie went back to her neglected tubs.

Every morning for five successive days Maggie came down on 'change to await developments. They came on the fifth day, and it was the little broker with the white hat who started the fireworks. Years later Maggie learned that he was acting for John Lee that eventful day. Trading in Crown Point had just been announced and Lee's broker had bought two thousand shares at two and a quarter when Maggie saw a boy rush over to the rail with a telegram and heard him call for Colonel Bartley. The Colonel opened the telegram, perused it at a glance and promptly bid two and a half for any part of ten thousand shares of Crown Point.

There are a number of people still living who remember that session quite well. It made a mud-hen for life of Maggie Mulrennin. She leaned over the rail and watched Bedlam break loose. From across the exchange the little broker with the white beaver challenged Colonel Bartley.

"Five for ten thousand!"

"And a half!"

"Six for any part of five thousand!"

"Sold!"

"Ten for a thousand!"

"Sold!"

"Crown Point! Twelve for a thousand!"

"Fifteen!"

"Sold!"

Maggie rose and fled from the howling precincts of the stock exchange, where men were without doubt murdering each other. She was terribly excited, but her brain was clear, for she had been reading up on the game and was "long" on Irish spunk. She crossed the street and sought the brokerage office of John Lee. His partner met her at the counter and received from her trembling hands her precious stock certificate.

"Whin Crown P'int reaches two hundred a share sell that f'r me," she ordered huskily. "'Twill go t' that as sure as pussy is a cat, an' I'll want me money quick an' no shenanigan about it. I'll be afther takin' a thrip back t' th' ould counthry. Th' dear Lord knows me heart's breakin' t' see me father an' mother and th' neighbors Sure, I'll buy th' bit o' land they're payin' such rents f'r now. Troth, I will. An' th' Mulrennins'll have white bread an' wine at their meals as good as th' best."

Alas, for Maggie Mulrennin! Poor, ignorant, helpless atom, swimming blindly and with the magnificent courage of her race in the most amazing financial whirlpool the Golden West had ever known. Fresh from her tubs in Tar Flat she was playing the game with all the daring of a veteran. She gazed at her coarse red hands and reflected that they had earned her a thousand dollars. And now, with every little ripple from that tempest on 'change her thousand dollars was doubling, trebling, compounding The customers' room was filled with a cosmopolitan mob of speculators who roared in unison as each quotation succeeded its predecessor on the board. But Maggie Mulrennin heard them not. She only knew that the struggle was over. The blue expanse of Queenstown harbor was opening up before her, the green Galway hills lifted to the horizon of home. It was fair day in Tuam, and through the well-remembered streets Maggie drove in a red jaunting-car, and the eyes of the world were upon her. And why not? Wasn't she wearing an apple-green dress with a real gold brooch at her breast and a beautiful brocade shawl across her proud shoulders? And weren't the finest young fellows in the county bowing and smiling to her, clustering about the jaunting-car to wish her a welcome home? There were her father and mother and Aunt Katty and Father O'Hagan, and even ould Granny Higgins. She would give the brocade shawl to ould Granny and a five-pound note to Father O'Hagan for the poor of the parish. How Maggie loved them all, with their cheerful "Welcome home, Peggy." Yes, they called her Peggy. God love them all. They ——

It was the cashier speaking to her. He held something in his hand. It was a check for $100,000.00. Maggie took it and looked at it very carefully, wondering if the bookkeeper hadn't been a little careless with his decimal point. The cashier smiled at her helpless bewilderment.

"All aboard for Ireland," he said kindly. "And, say," he added, "don't ever come back to the stock exchange. Your kind don't belong here. It's a scalawag's game—this. Good, honest working-girls like you don't belong here. Leave the dirty work to the men, and—buy your ticket tomorrow."

Maggie heard him, but she didn't understand that he meant to be kind to her. It had suddenly dawned on her that she was rich. Plainly this young man was a trifle free with his advice.

"Thank ye," said Maggie composedly; "but I'm able t' take care o' myself, I'm thinkin'. I'll buy—musha, now, what's all that fuss? Th' saints protect us—*five hundred f'r Crown P'int?* Och, wirra, wirra!"

Maggie stared unbelievingly at the quotation as it crept up and ever upward. Suddenly her long upper lip began to tremble and the big scalding tears of disappointed greed—the rude avarice of the peasant's age-old heritage of oppression—gathered in her eyes. Crown Point closed at eight hundred, and Maggie Mulrennin, in one short hour lifted from the drudgery of the washtub to a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars, in one short minute forgot that she was a favored child of fortune and remembered

"It's a Scalawag's Game—This Good, Honest Working-Girls Like You Don't Belong Here"

only that she was a poor unfortunate, hardworking washerwoman. She thought no more of Queenstown harbor and the green Galway hills. All the bright day-dreams of a few minutes before faded forever from her mind, crowded out by one bitter, damning fact: She had played the game like a fool; she had sold out too soon. She had lost $300,000!

Thus it was that Maggie Mulrennin became a mud-hen.

From out of Tar Flat she came and made her fortune. But fortune is a fickle goddess, and Maggie—well, Maggie was good mud-hen material. She never went back to the tubs and she never returned to that land that is always home to its offspring. The years rolled on and the money madness chained Maggie Mulrennin to a visitor's seat, just outside the rail of the stock exchange. The wonderful Comstock mines filled up with water, and the market broke and the little broker with the white beaver hat drank himself to death over in one of the streets back of the morgue. The olden, golden days were gone—a dream of yesterday—leaving Maggie Mulrennin to wait and wait, and dream of home and the Galway hills.

In later years, when the Sutro tunnel was put through to the sixteen-hundred-foot levels on the Comstock, and a battery of huge Cornish pumps installed to pump the mines clear of water, the market recuperated slightly. Maggie had quite a collection of Comstocks at the time. She unloaded and cleaned up nearly twenty thousand dollars. She should have gone home to Ireland then. She wanted to, but couldn't. She didn't have time. There was more money to be made in Comstocks, and Maggie Mulrennin was the smart woman who was going to make it. Hadn't she proved twice to her own satisfaction that she could play the market and win? Of course. So she stayed on 'change; and, since history has a peculiar habit of repeating itself, when she was past forty years of age Maggie found herself one night reduced to the extremity of "borrowing" a quarter from the messenger boy in Strauss & Feitel's office.

It was about this time that Maggie Mulrennin became a mud-hen in the last analysis of the word. She rented a dark, filthy room in the old What Cheer House at a dollar and a half a week, and gravitated between it and the stock exchange. About this time, also, she commenced to beg, under the guise of "borrowing." The Street accepted her without protest and paid its tribute. She was a comrade who had fallen in the fight, and moreover, it was worth half a dollar to listen to her blarney.

And so Maggie lived on. At sixty she had acquired the professional whine of her calling, and sold lottery tickets on the side. Someway or other she managed to drag her gray life from one year's end to another. Christmas was always a season of great joy to her, for then a coterie of the Argonauts used to "chip in" five dollars each and present to Maggie, with the compliments of the "old boys," a tidy little sum that should have lasted her until spring. But it did not. Maggie bought Comstocks with it, for it must be borne in mind that she was a mud-hen, and could never, by any possibility, be anything else. A great many people suspected her of being a miser, and on more than one occasion her little dungeon of a room in the What Cheer House had been invaded by vandals and her disreputable bed slashed to pieces in a vain search for buried treasure.

The years rolled on. One by one the Argonauts closed out their last trades, resigned their seats on 'change to a new generation and retired to the sandy slopes of Lone Mountain Cemetery. The new generation of stockbrokers was not so kind to Maggie Mulrennin. She was a frowzy, whining, lying, unlovely old beggar, and knew it; but it hurt her to be told about it. The word "mud-hen" cut her to the depths of her soul. It was hard on an old woman. Still, she managed to exist, and, to Maggie, the mere fact that she existed was a tragedy. Yet it was nothing compared to the lesser—or were they greater?—tragedies that marked her operations as a mud-hen.

For instance: Other than begging (which Maggie practiced entirely on the newer generation) she had but one means of rehabilitating her depleted fortunes, and this she practiced on the "old boys" who still played hookey from Lone Mountain. Maggie had a stock lie. She was too unimaginative and too hopeless and not quite base enough to have more than one stock lie, and so she worked the one she had for all the traffic would bear. It was very simple. She always had an assessment coming due on some stock that she held. It was good stock. Maggie was certain of that. But she lacked just six or five or three dollars of the amount necessary to pay her assessment, and if the assessment wasn't paid by three o'clock that very day she would lose her stock. She had a private tip that this particular stock was sure to boom in less than two weeks, when she would sell out and retire from the game, after paying her few little debts.

When this lie worked it seldom netted Maggie less than a dollar. After being arrested twice for begging and telling her stock lie forty-four times, Maggie had once accumulated twenty-five dollars, with which she bought a hundred shares of Ophir at twenty-five cents. She sighed as she gave the order. She remembered the day that Ophir had sold at three hundred and fifteen dollars. The very next day she was arrested again for begging and an unfeeling brute of a police judge gave her sixty days in the county jail. While she was the city's guest an assessment of five cents a share was levied on the stock, and, since Maggie was unable to make the payment, her stock was advertised and sold. Two weeks later a body of ore was struck in the twelve-hundred-foot level and the stock jumped to a dollar and a quarter. It is such experiences as these that break a mud-hen's heart.

When Maggie was seventy-three years old two very unexpected events occurred. The stock exchange excluded all mud-hens from the visitors' gallery, and a young man spoke kindly to Maggie Mulrennin.

It is hard to give up a seat that one has occupied for nearly forty years, and Maggie's long upper lip quivered when the doorkeeper bade her confine herself to the corridor. It was a terrible blow. They would permit her to stand in the corridor and listen to the vague echoes of the conflict, but never again could her faded eyes gaze upon the combatants in action. When the aged and helpless weep it is terrible, but when they want to weep and cannot it is dreadful. Maggie's lip quivered. That was all; but oh! the pathos of it!

A man was passing down the corridor at the time, and the glance of his kindly, honest brown eyes rested on the mud-hen. Now this man, though young, was old with the wisdom of the world. He sensed the blow that had fallen on Maggie Mulrennin. So he stopped and patted her wrinkled cheek and spoke to her thus:

"It's mean of them to lock you out, Margaret. I'm sorry." Then he pressed a ten-dollar goldpiece into her hand and rushed on 'change, where he had a deal on in Lucky Strike.

Long after he had disappeared Maggie stood in the corridor gazing at the ten-dollar piece. Such largess from the younger generation she could not fathom. She wondered if she had something that this young man wanted.

"I'll Have—a T'ousand—Dollars' Worrth o'—Crown P'int"

Suddenly she recollected the words that had accompanied the gift:

"It's mean of them to lock you out, Margaret. I'm sorry."

He had called her Margaret. She was Maggie to all the world, but to him she was Margaret. There was a world of meaning in that. She clutched the coin in her hand and resolved to hide it in the dirt in her room, where she could dig it up occasionally and have a look at it. This was different money, for it had been given in a spirit of genuine human kindness. Evidently this young man was a gentleman. Evidently she was still a woman and not a hag.

The tears trickled down Maggie's face freely enough now.

The mud-hen waited in the corridor until the session was over, when she followed this remarkable young man out into the street. She trailed him to a restaurant, and through the swinging doors she watched him dine. When he came out she followed him to an office into which he disappeared. Maggie paused outside, adjusted her twenty-five-cent spectacles and read the sign on the door:

JOHN LEE
Stock and Bond Broker

The phenomenon was explained. Maggie opened the door and strode inside. The young man stood at the counter and smiled as she entered.

"Well, Margaret?" he said.

"I knew yer father," Maggie burst out proudly, "I knew him well, and a grander man niver lived. He gave me a tip on Crown P'int and I made a hundred thousand dollars on it. Glory be, but his son is as like him as can be! He'd a good, kind heart, an' so have you, and may Gawd bless ye f'r it. I knew yer father well. He was good to me, that he was. 'Maggie,' sez he, 'ye've no business monkeyin' wid sthocks. Dhrop it,' sez he, 'an' go back to yer washing like a sinsible woman.' Arrah, but he was th' fine man. 'Maggie,' sez he, 'I got ye into this, bad cess t' me! I shouldn't 'a' give ye that tip on Crown P'int. Here's five dollars t' pay that assessment,' sez he. Arrah, 'tis th' good fri'nd I lost whin he died; th' Lord 'a' mercy on him. Sure, I was his washerwoman. 'Maggie,' sez he t' me, 'divil a finer washerwoman nor yerself in th' whole state o' California.' Och, but 'tis he was th' fine gintleman. A grrand big lump o' a man he was. He'd a seventeen-an'-a-half neck—or was it eighteen, now? 'Tis such a long time ago since I looked at th' neckband o' his shirrts. 'Maggie,' sez he t' me, 'th' Lord f'rgive me, but I sp'iled th' makin's o' a damn fine laundress.'"

John Lee, Jr., burst out laughing.

"Bless your soul, Maggie," he said, "you're the funniest creature in all Bush Street! You're the original human Gatling gun. Your verbal bombardment would knock a five-spot out of a Sixth Street pawnbroker. I'm too busy to listen to the rest of it just now. You'll excuse me, won't you? And any time you're real hard up—you know, Maggie. I can't dodge father's responsibilities."

He waved her a debonair farewell and disappeared in his private office. Maggie waved back at him with all the unconscious drollery of her race, and puttered out into the hall, mumbling to herself.

They met frequently down on the stock exchange thereafter. John Lee was never too busy to favor the mud-hen with his kindly smile, never too irritated by the cares of business to refuse her a "loan." Slowly there sprang up between them a queer feeling of friendly camaraderie, which finally reached its culmination in the strangest proceeding imaginable. After every morning session John Lee would stroll down Bush Street until he came to Pauper Alley, at the corner of which Maggie awaited him. Then John Lee would lift his hat to Maggie Mulrennin with as much grace and gentlemanly courtesy as if she was the finest lady in the land; after which he would shake hands with her and continue on to his office, leaving Maggie the richer by a fifty-cent piece. Maggie would look after him and murmur, "Gawd love him!" and the incident was closed.

. . . . . .

The Narcissus mine had been a splendid property up to October of 1886. In that month, while drifting on the twenty-eight-hundred-foot

(Continued on Page 33)

WHY THEY GO

By WALLACE IRWIN
ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

A Ribald Rhymester and a Cynic Sage See Some Summer Resorts

"Hold!" Cried Diogenes; Isn't That Plenty?"

Dowagers Painted Like Fragonard Panels

Saratoga Springs

"Sa-ra-ra-toga!" the brakeman yelled loud.
"Whoosh!" went the air-brakes, off piled the crowd—
Usual jumble and jangle and tangle,
Mixup of baggage, hotel-runners' wrangle,
Trunk-smashing, box-crashing,
Depot-carts up-dashing,
Whoa-backing, whip-cracking,
Pretty girls lip-smacking,
Dowagers painted like Fragonard panels,
Husbands in seersuckers, duckings and flannels,
Shy babies, cry-babies,
Bright butterfly babies,
Suit-casers, hand-baggers, band-boxers, satchelers,
Summer girls furtively looking for bachelors,
Hard poker-faces
Bound for the races,
Wives greeting husbands with cool stage-embraces—
All this half-tropical,
Gay, vitascopical
Scene pressed around us, while four hundred cabbies
Barked, "Keb, sir! Keb, sir!" like dogs with the rabies.

On with the Pilgrims moved I and Diogenes,
Jaunting along with the parents and progenies;
Cottagers going to three hundred cottages
Faded away to their firesides and pottages.
Forward we marched with a stifled hurrah,
Eager to gaze on this wonderful spa,
Famed Saratoga!
Ere Ticonderoga
(Passable rhyme)
To our own stirring time
Here have come folks whom diseases were rife on—
Wonderful cures you can bet your sweet life on
Sozzle and fizz from this Natural Syphon.
Hither, of old, limped the beet-colored savages
Bent on the cure of rheumatical ravages,
Swigged the clear fizz
Forty-eight hours,
Quickly ariz
Strengthened in powers,
Daubed on their war-paint, loud-caroling "Yum-yum!
Barium sulphate heap bully for tum-tum!"
Then with a whoop
Forth they did swoop,
Yanked the poor pioneer off of his stoop,
Lit into him
With a wonderful vim,
Lifting his scalp with a vigor sardonic—
First startling proof of the Springs' mighty tonic.

Hither did I and Diogenes go,
Where, in close ranks, as one Tennyson tells,
"Charged the Six Hundred," so, armed for the foe,
Forth stood the Noble Six Hundred Hotels.

II

Muse, to my rescue, I pray!
Lend me your whistles and bells—
Strengthen my wing,
Till I soar, till I sing
Of those old Saratoga hotels!
Ghosts of dead gallants and belles,
Gamblers and plungers and swells!
They came here to play
And they can't get away
From the haunts of those gloomy hotels,
Those Gothic, slabsided hotels,
Whose porches loom fearfully tall;
Half French, half Egyptian,
They beggar description.
They thrill, they invite, they appall.
Each vast Brobdingnagian hall
All furnished with walnut deep-stained—
An aspect baronial,
Too late for Colonial,
Yet planned ere Victoria reigned.

Those vast Saratoga hotels
What wonders their history spells
Of glorious days
When Websters and Clays
And Astors and Jays
And Matthew S. Quays
And Chauncey Depews and Odells
Infested those jumbo hotels!

Oh, the names of those mighty hotels
Each patriot bosom inflates.
There's the Congress, the Union,
And next in communion
The jolly old United States,
The frivolous United States,
Where the girls of the day
Danced their lovelocks quite gray
And squires jigged the wigs from their pates.
Those dim Saratoga hotels,
Suggestive of previous dates—
Midst the wreckage of time
They stand there sublime,
Still charging their regular rates.

III

(Nursery rhyme composed after imbibing seven glasses of mineral water supercharged with potassium bicarbonate, with a trace of bromides.)

When I was strolling round the town a-seeing who was there
I saw a dear old dowager a-rocking in a chair.
"Howdy-do, Grandma?" "Howdy-do, my boy?
This brilliant social season I really do enjoy—
This place, so full of jollity,
It still attracts the Quality,
The smartest of the smart sets—the Smart Set of Troy."

IV

Now Time, which oft bruises the noblest with bricks,
Has played Saratoga some rather low tricks;
Which same I'll explain
In a jocular vein.
This region, unique in a number of things,
Is laid, like an up-to-date mattress, on springs.
And, to add to the springlike effect of the place,
Since thoroughbreds ran
For the profit of man,
The Sports have flocked hither to follow the race.
But oh!
What a blow
To the sizz and the whizz and the bubble and fizz
Has occurred—
And, my word!
It is injuring biz.

First of all, there's the water that spouts from the mountains
Like Nature's own drug store of iced soda fountains.

"Boss, de Sport Has Got de Hook"

Now doctors and laymen
And druggists and draymen,
With right hand in air,
Depose and declare
That these chemical gushers are out of repair
And losing the gas that once flowed through their essence
In semi-explosions of high effervescence;
And this (they affirm) is all due to the fact
That a greedy Gas Company, owning a tract
Of land in the region,
Is boring a legion
Of cute little holes in the ground—and alas!
This natural deed
Of unnatural greed
Is draining the springs of their natural gas.
And the springs, though they still
Contain panaceas
Sufficient to fill
Forty pharmacopoeias
And are able to cure all the ills we are heir to,
Removing diseases I'm willing to swear to,
But cannot pronounce—to be plain, I don't care to—
Yet the old Water Soak, who's been coming for years,
As he drains his ninth glass will explain through his tears:
"I don't like to knock, friend; in fact, I'm a booster—
But this here darn sody don't snap like it useter!"
And the other great wrong
Which Fate's brought about
To the land of the strong
And the home of the tout
Is that Anti-Race-Gambling-Hughes-Albany-Bill
Which limits the pace so the fast must stand still;
And the track, which is "tapped,"
Like the gas from the spring,
Where the bubbles once snapped
In the wild betting-ring,
Flows sluggish or not at all, needing a tonic,
A little more "kick" to the sportsman's carbonic.

So stands Saratoga, whose life-juices spatter
Good health as of yore—though they taste somewhat flatter.

V

(Old Sport's Lament, to be recited by Mr. David Blapham to incidental music from Electra or the Dollar Princess.)

How times do change:—say, sport seems strange
Since the days of the old-time speed,
The days of Platt the Autocrat,
Of Croker and of Tweed.
How the money flew as the racetrack drew
The rubes like the ocean's ooze
In those old red days, are these new blue days,
These days of Governor Hughes!

Sure, the kind o' men who were with us then
Were as good—and as bad—as kings.
Oh, the days of tank when the fizz we drank
Ne'er gushed from the seltzer springs!
When the Sons of Stealth weren't here for their health
And the sucker was here to lose
In the serried ranks of the Canfield banks,
Ere the days of Governor Hughes.

Call it "racing" now? Hear a gambler's vow
By Baldwin's lucky old ghost:
"I could drive a hack round this purified track
And beat 'em in at the post.

Say, a horse can't run when you 'play for fun,'
And a thoroughbred can't enthuse
When the sportin' blood runs thick like mud
In the days of Governor Hughes.

"If I die tonight let me fly my kite
To the place where the plungers dwell,
Where the Merry Widows and Tammany Kiddos
Are touting the colts in—well,
By the Stygian gods, I will write my odds
On the blackboard, sevens and twos,
And devil may take what the dead ones make—
For I'm quit of Governor Hughes!"

VI

The Union Musicians get out their trombones
When night settles down o'er the peaks and the pines—
From forty directions float soul-melting tones,
Recalling Hen Longfellow's wonderful lines:
"For the night shall be full of music,
And the cares that have shoved us the goods
Shall fold up their rags in telescope bags
And silently sneak to the woods."
Then on with the dance! They are whirling like tops;
For this is, no doubt, the great region of hops—
By the boots of Saint Toadus, the "hop" never stops
Till rosy Aurora
Peeps in and finds Flora
Still waltzing with Willie, so tired that she drops.
From the stately hotel with its ballroom and grill
To the six-dollar boarding-house over the hill
Are violins playing
And orchestras braying
And wind-broke melodeons tu-roo-ra-laying,
While two-steps and waltz-steps
And new-steps and false-steps
Lure love and beauty, as nieces and aunts,
Creaky old Jezebels, sweet débutantes,
Vie for a whirl with each fleet-footed Dion
Whose musical heels
And Viennese spiels
Equal the grace of famed Donald the Brian.

Grave old Diogenes, gazing a while
On this Temple of Vanity, said, with a smile:
"This isn't a place for a man o' my age;
For I feel in my toes
A queer ratty-tattoo,
And I sort o' suppose
That the first thing I knew,
If I lingered round here, I'd be catching the rage
And shaking my feet
In a way that ain't meet
In a cynical, mildewed and classical Sage."

VII

(Satire on the Pure Horse Law, written upon seeing an idle jockey seated on a damp marble bench amid the deserted ruins of Canfield's Italian Garden.)

To the track of Saratoga where we went (for the air)
There were horses doing something—none knew what, or seemed to care.
Like a schoolboy "playing hookey"
Loafed a melancholy Bookie;
Whispered, "Want to shy a cookie on a mare?"

"Surely, betting is illegal," murmured I to the "Book."
He responded, "Don't I know it? Boss, de sport has got de hook.
Now our only lively feechers
Is a grandstand full o' preachers
Holdin' hands wit' high-school teachers—wud ya look!"

"Yes, but racing's still exciting," I replied; "think of that!"
Said the Bookie, "So is mumble-peg, bezique and two-old-cat.
Horses may be handsome mammals,
But I'd rather look at camels
If I'm merely here to rubber." So he spat.

Now the favorites went filing to the post—off they shot.
Cried the Bookie, "Even money on Remorse!—Gee, I forgot!
Hear dat foolish crowd kl-yappin'
Jest as if dey had a 'tap' in
And dey'd caught Gov' Hughes a-nappin'—but dey've not."

Round the ring moved swart detectives, furtive-eyed, many score,
And a host of would-be suckers grasped their bank-rolls, looking sore.
Said the Bookie to the riskers,
"When we lop off Charlie's whiskers
We'll git action for our coin—and not before."

VIII

Down to a spring went th' Cynic and I
Intent on our task.
Which was, plainly, to ask
Old Omar's unanswered, imperative "Why?"
Filed in long lines the gas-topers were flocking,
Preening and primping,
Loafing and limping,
Flirting and gossiping, boosting and knocking.
Some of the springs are inclosed in pagodas,
Wherein deft Phyllises, Hebes and Rhodas
Work with the muscle of lady Swobodas
Handing out goblets
To dudelets and sloblets,
Wetting the throats of the thirst-maddened mobiets.
But the spring where we went is a mighty pavilion,
Wherein the owner has rolled up a million
Selling his waters, American plan:
"Five Cents to Enter and Drink All You Can."
Drink all you can!—what a reckless advice;
For man, being weak, you can always entice
With something for nothing—the prospect so thrills him
He'll try for his money's worth, e'en though it kills him.

Next to the fountain we spied one old goat
Gulping huge quarts down his Tantalus throat.
"Seventeen—eighteen" (gulp) "nineteen and twenty"
"Hold!" cried Diogenes; "isn't that plenty?"
"No," said the swigger; "I'm feeling quite nifty
Today, so I'll try for my record—it's fifty."
Came an attendant with glasses an armful.
"Man," I exclaimed, "such excess must be harmful!"
"Maybe it be,"
Said the fellow to me,
"But say, can't you see?
Can't you catch the idee? I'm Gettin' it Free!!"

Middle-aged ladies in mourning and gray
Chatter along in the usual way
Peculiar to middle-aged ladies of ease,
Who never feel snug till they're talking Disease.
"Doctors can't find why the food that I eat is
Always distressin'—some says diabetes."
"Kate's got hay fever—
But I'm a believer
In simple home herbs—'cept for a-pendiceetis."
"Most of my folks
Died sudden o' strokes:
A railroad collision killed Aunt Sarah Stokes."
"Cousin Seth Wyatt
Tried buttermilk diet,
Then backslid the Baptists—his fun'ral was quiet."
"(Boy, bring more water!)
If 'twa'n't for my daughter

(Concluded on Page 33)

AILSA PAIGE

By Robert W. Chambers

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCIS VAUX WILSON

XII

IN FEBRUARY the birds sang between flurries of snow; but the end of the month was warm and lovely, and robins, bluebirds and cardinals burst into a torrent of song. The maples' dainty fire illumined every swamp; the green thorn turned greener; and the live-oaks sprouted new leaves amid their olive-tinted winter foliage, ever green.

Magnolia and laurel grew richer and glossier; azaleas were budding; dogwood twigs swelled; and somewhere, in some sheltered hollow, a spray of jasmine must have been in bloom, because the faint and exquisite scent haunted all the woodlands.

On the seventeenth the entire army was paraded by regiments to cheer for the fall of Fort Donelson.

About mid-February the Allotment Commission began its splendid work in camp; and it seemed to Ailsa that the mental relief it brought to her patients was better than any other medicine—that is, better for the Union patients; for now there were also, in the wards, a number of Confederate wounded, taken at various times during the skirmishing around Fairfax—quiet, silent, dignified Virginians and a few fiery Louisianians, who at first, not knowing what to expect, scarcely responded to the brusque kindness of the hospital attendants.

The first Confederate prisoner that Ailsa ever saw was brought in on a stretcher, a quiet, elderly man in bloody gray uniform, wearing the stripes of a sergeant.

Prisoners came more often after that. Ailsa, in her letters to Celia Craig, had mentioned the presence of Confederate wounded at the Farm Hospital; and, to her delight and amazement, one day late in February a Commission ambulance drove up, and out stepped Celia Craig; and the next instant they were locked tightly in each other's arms.

"Darling—darling!" sobbed Ailsa, clinging desperately to Celia, "it is heavenly of you to come. I was so lonely, so tired and discouraged. You won't go away soon, will you? I couldn't bear it—I want you so—I need you ——"

"Hush, Honey-bud! I reckon I'll stay a while. I've been a week with Curt's regiment at Fortress Monroe. I had my husband to myse'f fo' days, befo' they sent him to Aquia Creek. And I've had my boy a whole week all to myse'f! Then his regiment went away. They wouldn't tell me where. But God is kinder. . . . You are certainly ve'y pale, Honey-bee!"

"I'm well, dearest—really I am. I'll stay well now. Is Curt all right? And Stephen? And Paige and Marye?—and Camilla?"

"Eve'ybody is well, dear. Curt is ve'y brown and thin—the dear fellow! And Steve is right handsome. I'm just afraid some pretty minx ——" She laughed and added: "But I won't care if she's a rebel minx."

"Celia! . . . And I—I didn't think you liked that word."

"What word, Honey-bell?" very demurely.

"Rebel!"

"Why, I reckon George Washington wore that title without reproach. It's a ve'y good title, rebel," she added serenely. "I admire it enough to wear it myse'f."

Quarters were found for Mrs. Craig; Letty shyly offered to move, but Celia wouldn't have it.

"My dear child," she said, "I'm just a useless incumbrance round the house; give me a corner where I may sit and look on and—he'p eve'ybody by not inte'fering."

Her corner was an adjoining section of the garret, boarded up, wall-papered, and furnished for those who visited the Farm Hospital on tour of inspection or to see some sick friend or relative, or escort some haggard convalescent to the Northern home.

Celia had brought a whole trunkful of fresh gingham clothes and aprons, and Ailsa could not discover exactly why until, on the day following her arrival, she found Celia sitting beside the cot of a wounded Louisiana Tiger, administering lemonade.

"Dearest," whispered Ailsa that night, "it is very sweet of you to care for your own people here. We make no distinction, however, between Union and Confederate sick; so, dear, you must be very careful not to express any—sentiments."

Celia laughed. "I won't express any sentiments, Honey-bee. I reckon I'd be drummed out of the Yankee army." Then, more gravely: "If I'm bitter—I'll keep it to myse'f."

The Door Opened and Colonel Arran Walked In

"I know, dear. . . . And—your sympathies would never lead you—permit you—to any—indiscretion."

"You mean in talking—ahem!—treason—to sick Confederates? I don't have to, dear."

"And . . . you must never mention anything concerning what you see inside our lines. You understand that, of course, don't you, darling?"

"I hadn't thought about it," said Celia musingly.

Ailsa added vaguely, "There's always a Government detective hanging around the hospital."

Celia nodded and gazed out of the open window. Very far away the purple top of a hill peeped above the forest. Ailsa had told her that a Confederate battery was there. And now she looked at it in silence, her blue eyes very soft, her lips pressing upon one another in tender, troubled curves.

Somewhere on that hazy hilltop a new flag was flying; soldiers of a new nation were guarding it, unseen by her. It was the first outpost of her own people that she had ever seen; and she looked at it wistfully, proudly, her soul in her eyes. All the pain, all the solicitude, all the anguish of a Southern woman and a wife of a Northern man, who had borne him Northern children, deepened in her gaze till her eyes dimmed and her lids quivered and closed; and Ailsa's arms tightened around her.

"It is ve'y hard, Honey-bud," was all that Celia would say.

She had Doctor West's permission to read to the sick, mend their clothing, write letters for them, and perform such little offices as did not require the judgment of trained nurses.

By preference she devoted herself to the Confederate sick, but she was very sweet and gentle with all, ready to do anything any sick man asked; and she prayed in her heart that, if her husband and her son were ever in need of such aid, God would send in mercy some woman to them, and not let them lie helpless in the clumsy hands of men.

That evening Hallam came unexpectedly.

Now, Ailsa had neither worn her ring and locket since her sister-in-law had arrived at the Farm Hospital, nor had she told her one word about Hallam.

Since her unhappy encounter with Berkley, outraged pride had aided to buoy her above the grief over the deep wound he had dealt her. She never doubted that his wicked insolence and deliberate brutality had killed in her the last lingering spark of compassion for the memory of the man who had held her in his arms that night so long—so long ago.

Never even had she spoken to Letty about him, or betrayed any interest or curiosity concerning Letty's knowing him. . . . Not that at moments the desire to ask, to know, had not burned her like a living flame.

Never had she spoken of Berkley to Hallam. Not that she did not care to know what this private in Colonel Arran's regiment of lancers might be about. And often and often the desire to know left her too restless to endure her bed; and many a night she rose and dressed and wandered about the place under the yellow stars.

But all flames burn themselves to extinction; a dull endurance, which she believed had at last become a God-sent indifference, settled on her mind. Duties helped her to endure; pride, fiercely smouldering anger, helped her toward the final apathy that she so hopefully desired to attain. And still she had never yet told Celia about Hallam and his ring; never told her about Berkley and his visit to the Farm Hospital that Christmas Eve of bitter memory. So, when unexpectedly Hallam rode into the court, dismounted and sent word that he was awaiting Ailsa in Doctor West's office, she looked up at Celia in guilty consternation.

They had been seated in Celia's room, mending by candlelight, and the steward who brought the message was awaiting Ailsa's response, and Celia's lifted eyes grew curious as she watched her sister-in-law's flushed face.

"Say to Captain Hallam that I will come down, Flannery."

And when the hospital steward had gone:

"Captain Hallam is a friend of Colonel Arran, Celia."

"Oh," said Celia dryly, and resumed her mending.

"Would you care to meet him, dear?"

"I reckon not, Honey-bud."

A soldier had found a spray of white jasmine in the woods that afternoon and had brought it to Ailsa. She fastened a cluster in the dull-gold masses of her hair thickly drooping above each ear, glanced at her hot cheeks in the mirror and, exasperated, went out and down the stairs.

And suddenly, there in the starlit court, she saw Berkley leaning against one of the horses, and Letty Lynden standing beside him, her pretty face uplifted to his.

"It is There, in You—All That I Believed"

The shock of it made her falter. Dismayed, she shrank back, closing the door noiselessly. For a moment she stood leaning against it, breathing fast; then she turned and stole through to the back entrance, traversed the lower gallery and came into Doctor West's office, offering Hallam a lifeless hand.

He had never kissed her; she had gently settled such matters long since with him; and now, as he sprang eagerly to his feet and caught her cold hand in both of his, something—she knew not what—moved her to withdraw her fingers, withdraw her person as far as she could from this man to whom she had become betrothed.

They talked of everything—every small detail concerning their personal participation in the stirring preparations that were going on all around them; gossip of camp, of ambulance; political rumors, rumors from home and abroad; and always, through her brain, like a tiny thread of fire, ran the main thought, alive again, glowing white hot—the desire to know what Berkley was doing in his regiment; how he stood; what was thought of him; whether the Colonel had yet noticed him. So many, many things that she had supposed no longer interested her now came back to torment her into inquiry. . . . And Hallam talked on, his handsome, sunbronzed face aglow, his eyes of a lover fastened on her and speaking to her a different but silent language in ardent accompaniment to his gayly garrulous tongue.

"I tell you, Ailsa, I witnessed a magnificent sight yesterday. Colonel Rush's regiment of lancers, a thousand strong, rode into the meadow around Meridian Hill and began to maneuver at full speed, not far away from us. Such a regiment! Every man a horseman; a thousand lances with scarlet pennons fluttering in the sunlight! By ginger! it was superb! And those Philadelphians of the Sixth Pennsylvania Lancers can give our Eighth Lancers a thousand keener points than the ends of their lance blades!"

"I thought your regiment was a good one," she said, surprised.

"It is—for greenhorns. Every time we ride out past some of these dirty blue regiments from the West they shout, 'Oh, my! Fresh fish! Fresh fish!' until our boys are crazy to lay a lance butt across their ragged blouses."

"After all," said Ailsa, smiling, "what troops have really seen war yet—except the regiments at Bull Run—and those who have been fighting in the West?"

"Oh, we are fresh fish!" laughed Hallam. "I don't deny it. But, Lord! what an army we look like! It ought to scare the Johnnies into the Union again, just to look at us; but I don't suppose it will."

Ailsa scarcely heard him; she had caught the sound of regular and steady steps moving up and down the wooden walk outside; and she had caught glimpses, too, of a figure in the starlight, of two figures, Berkley and Letty, side by side, pacing the walk together. To and fro, to and fro, they passed, until it seemed as though she could not endure it. Hallam laughed and talked, telling her about something or other—she did not know what—but all she listened to was the steady footsteps passing, repassing, there under the stars.

"Your orderly"—she scarce knew what she was saying—"is the same—the one you had Christmas Eve?"

"Yes," said Hallam. "How did you know?"

"I re—thought so."

"What wonderfully sharp eyes those violet eyes of yours are, Ailsa! Yes, I did take Ormond with me on Christmas Eve—the surly brute."

"Or—Ormond?"

"That's his rather high-flown name. Curious fellow. I like him—or try to. I've an odd idea he doesn't like me, though. Funny, isn't it, how a man goes out of his way to win over a nobody who he thinks doesn't like him but ought to? He's an odd crab," he added.

"Odd?" Her voice sounded so strange to her that she tried again. "Why do you think him odd?"

"Well, he is. For one thing, he will have nothing to do with others of his mess or troop or squadron except a ruffianly trooper named Burgess; consequently, he isn't very popular. He could be. Besides, he rides better than anybody except the drill-master at White Plains; he rides like a gentleman—and looks like one, with that infernally cool way of his. No, Ormond isn't very popular."

"Because he—looks like a gentleman?"

"Because he has the bad breeding of one. Nobody can find out anything about him."

"Isn't it bad breeding to try?"

Hallam laughed. "Technically. But a regiment that elects its officers is a democracy; and if a man is too good to answer questions he's let alone."

"Perhaps," said Ailsa, "that is what he wants."

"He has what he wants, then. Nobody except the trooper Burgess ventures to intrude on his sullen privacy. Even his own bunky has little use for him. . . . Not that Ormond isn't plucky. That's all that keeps the boys from hating him."

"Is he plucky?"

Hallam said: "We were on picket duty for three days last week. The Colonel had become sick of their popping at us, and asked for twelve carbines to the troop. On the way to the outposts the ammunition wagon was rushed by the Johnnies, and, as our escort had only their lances, they started to scatter—would have scattered, I understand, in spite of the sergeant, if that man Ormond hadn't ridden bang into them, cursing and swearing and waving his pistol in his left hand.

"'By God!' he said, 'it's the first chance you've had to use these damned lances! Are you going to run away?'

"And the sergeant and the trooper Burgess and this fellow Ormond got 'em into line and started 'em down the road at a gallop; and the rebs legged it."

Ailsa's heart beat to suffocate her.

"I call that pluck," said Hallam—"a dozen lancers without a carbine among them running at a company of infantry. I call that a plucky thing; don't you?"

She nodded.

Hallam shrugged. "He behaved badly to the sergeant, who said warmly, 'Tis a brave thing ye did, Private Ormond.' And 'Is it?' said Ormond, with a sneer. 'I thought we were paid for doing such things.' 'Och, ye sour-faced Sassenach!' said Sergeant Mulqueen, disgusted; and he told me about the whole affair."

Ailsa had clasped her hands in her lap. The fingers were tightening till the delicate nails whitened.

But it was too late to speak of Berkley to Hallam now, too late to ask indulgence on the score of her friendship for a man who had mutilated it. Yet she could scarcely endure the strain, the overmastering yearning to say something in Berkley's behalf—to make him better understood—to explain to Hallam and have Hallam explain to his troop that Berkley was his own most reckless enemy, that there was good in him, kindness, a capacity for better things ——

Thought halted; was it that which, always latent within her bruised heart, stirred it eternally from its pain-weary repose—the belief, still existing, that there was something better in Berkley, that there did remain in him something nobler than he had ever displayed to her? For in some women there is no end to the capacity for mercy—where they love.

Hallam, hungry to touch her, had risen and seated himself on the flat arm of the chair in which she was sitting. Listlessly she abandoned her hand to him, listening all the time to the footsteps outside, hearing Hallam's low murmur; heard him lightly venturing to hint of future happiness, not heeding him, attentive only to the footsteps outside.

"Private Berk—Ormond"—she calmly corrected herself—"has had no supper, has he?"

"Neither have I!" laughed Hallam. And Ailsa rose up, scarlet with annoyance, and called to a negro who was evidently bound kitchenward.

And half an hour later some supper was brought to Hallam; and the negro went out into the starlit court to summon Berkley to the kitchen.

Ailsa, leaving Hallam to his supper, and wandering aimlessly through the rear gallery, encountered Letty coming from the kitchen.

"My trooper," said the girl, pink and happy, "is going to have such a good supper! You know who I mean, dear—that Mr. Ormond ——"

"I remember him," said Ailsa steadily. "I thought his name was Berkley."

"It is Ormond," said Letty in a low voice.

"Then I misunderstood. Is he here again?"

"Yes," ventured Letty, smiling; "he is escort to—your captain."

Ailsa's expression was wintry. Letty, still smiling out of her velvet eyes, looked up confidently into Ailsa's face.

"Dear," she said, "I wish you could ever know how nice he is. . . . But—I don't believe I could explain ——"

"Nice? Who? Oh, your trooper!"

"You don't mistake me, do you?" asked the girl, flushing up. "I only call him so to you. I knew him in New York—and—he is so much of a man—so entirely good —"

She hesitated, seeing no answering sympathy in Ailsa's face, sighed, half turned with an unconscious glance at the closed door of the kitchen.

"What were you saying about—him?" asked Ailsa listlessly.

"Nothing"—said Letty timidly—"only, isn't it odd how matters are arranged in the army! My poor trooper—a gentleman born—is being fed in the kitchen; your handsome captain—none the less gently born—is at supper in Doctor West's office. . . . They might easily have been friends in New York. . . . War is so strange, isn't it?"

Ailsa forced a smile; but her eyes remained on the door behind which was a man who had held her in his arms and had had his will of her lips. . . . And who might this girl be who came now to her with tales of Berkley's goodness, kindness—shy stories of the excellence of the man who had killed in her the joy of living? What did this strange, dark-eyed, dark-haired girl know about his goodness?—a girl of whom she had never before heard until she saw her in Doctor Benton's office!

And all the while she stood looking at the closed door, thinking, thinking.

They were off duty that night, but Letty was going back to a New Hampshire boy who was not destined to live very long, and whose father was on the way from Plymouth to see his eldest son—his eldest son who had never fought a battle, had never seen one, had never even fired his musket, but who lay dying in the nineteenth year of his age, color corporal, loved of his guard and regiment.

"Baily asked for me," she said simply. "I can get some sleep sitting up, I think." She smiled. "I'm happier and—better for seeing my trooper. . . . I am—a—better—woman," she said serenely. Then, looking up with a gay, almost childish toss of her head, like a schoolgirl absolved of misdemeanors unnumbered, she smiled wisely at Ailsa and went away to her dying boy from New Hampshire.

The closed door fascinated Ailsa, distressed, harrowed her till she stood there twisting her hands between desire and pallid indecision.

Leaden her limbs, for she could not stir them to go forward or to retire; miserably she stood there, swayed by fear and courage alternately, now rigid in bitter self-contempt, now shivering lest he fling open the door and find her there, and she see the mockery darkening his eyes ——

And "Oh-h!" she breathed, "is there nothing on earth but this shame for me?"

Suddenly she thought of Celia and became frightened. Suppose Celia had gone to the kitchen! What would Celia think of her attitude toward the son of Constance Berkley? She had never told Celia that she had seen Berkley or that she even knew of his whereabouts. What would Celia think!

In her sudden consternation she had walked straight to the closed door. She hesitated an instant; a bright shaft of fear shot through her; then she opened the door. And Berkley, seated as he had been seated that Christmas Eve, all alone by the burning candle, dropped his hands from his face and looked up. Then he rose and stood gazing at her.

She said haughtily: "I suppose I am laying myself open to misconstruction and insult again by coming here to speak to you."

"Did you come to speak to me, Ailsa?"

"Yes. Celia Craig is here—upstairs. I have never told her that you have even been in this place. She does not know you are here now. If she finds out ——"

"I understand," he said wearily. "Celia shall not be informed of my disgrace with you—unless you care to tell her."

"I do not care to tell her. Is there any reason to distress her with—such matters?"

"No," he said. "What do you wish me to do? Go out somewhere ——" He glanced vaguely toward the darkness. "I'll go anywhere you wish."

"Why did you come—again?" asked Ailsa coldly.

"Orders"—he shrugged—"I did not solicit the detail; I could not refuse. Soldiers don't refuse in the army."

She stood looking at the floor for a moment. Then: "Why have you changed your name?"

"It's not a permanent change," he said, with a sneer.

"Oh! You wish to remain unrecognized in your regiment?"

"While my service lasts."

Her lips formed the question again; and he understood, though she had not spoken.

"Why? Yes, I'll tell you," he said with a reckless laugh. "I'll tell you why I wear a new name. It's because I love my old one—and the mother who bore it—and from whom I received it! And it's because I won't risk disgracing it. You have asked, and that's why! Because—I'm afraid in battle!—if you want to know!—afraid of getting hurt—wounded—killed! I don't know what I might do; I don't know! And if the world ever sees Private Ormond running away they'll never know it was Constance Berkley's son. And that's why I changed my name!"

"W-what?" she faltered. Then, revolted: "It is not true! You are not afraid!"

"I tell you I am," he repeated, with a mirthless laugh. "Don't you suppose I ought to know? I want to get out of bullet-range every time I'm shot at. And—if anybody ever turns coward I prefer that it should be Trooper Ormond, not Trooper Berkley. And that is the truth, Ailsa."

She was scarcely able to suppress her anger now. She looked at him, flushed, excited, furious.

"Why do you say such untruthful things to me! Who was it that fairly kicked his fellow-troopers into charging infantry with nothing but lances against bullets?"

Amazed for a second he burst into an abrupt laugh that rang harshly in the room.

"Who told you such cock-and-bull stories, Ailsa?"

"Didn't you do it? Isn't it true?"

"Do what? Do what the Government pays me for doing? Yes, I happened to come up to the scratch that time. But I was scared, every inch of me—if you really want the truth."

"But—you did it?"

He laughed again sneeringly, but apparently puzzled by her attitude.

She came nearer, paler in her suppressed excitement.

"Private Ormond," she faltered, "the hour that you fail under fire is the hour when I—shall be able to—forget—you. Not—until—then."

Neither moved. The slow, deep color mounted to the roots of his hair; but she was white as death.

"Ailsa!"

"Yes."

And suddenly he had dropped to one knee and the hem of her gray garb was against his lips—and it was a thing of another age that he did, there on one knee at her feet; but it became him as it had become his ancestors. And she saw it and, bending slowly, laid her slim hands on his head.

After a long silence, her hands still resting on his dark hair, she found voice enough to speak:

"I know you now."

And, as he made no answer:

"It is there, in you—all that I believed. It was to that I—yielded—once."

She locked her fingers, rested them on his hair, raised them, pressed them to her lips, looking intently down at him

"I think at last you have become—my champion. Answer me, Philip!"

He would not, or could not. And she waited, hands pressed to her mouth, fingers clasping and unclasping, finally to fall apart and drop again on the dark head lowered at her knees.

"I take you—for mine," she said. "Will you deny me?"

"No, Ailsa."

She said steadily, "The other—the lesser happiness is to be forgotten. Answer."

"It—must be."

She bent lower, whispering: "Is there no wedlock of the spirit?"

"That is all there ever was to hope for."

"Then—will you—Philip?"

"Yes. Will you, Ailsa?"

"I will."

He rose; her slender fingers slipped from his hair to his hands and they stood confronted.

She said in a dull voice: "I am engaged to—be—married to Captain Hallam."

"I know it."

She spoke again, deathly white.

"Can you tell me why you will not take me in marriage?"

"No, I cannot tell you."

"I would love you none the less. Don't you believe me?"

"Yes, I do now. But I—cannot ask that of you."

She said, whiter still: "Then I must not think of—what cannot be?"

"No," he said dully, "it cannot be."

She laid her hands against his lips in silence.

"Good night. . . . You won't leave me—too much—alone?"

"May I write to you, dear?"

"Please. And come when—when you can."

He laughed in the utter hopelessness of it all.

"Dear, I cannot come to you unless—he comes."

At that the color came back into her face.

Suddenly she stooped, touched his hands swiftly with her lips—the very ghost of contact—turned and was gone.

. . . . . .

Hallam's voice was hearty and amiable; also he welcomed her with a smile, but there seemed to be something hard in his eyes as he said:

"I began to be afraid that you'd gone to sleep, Ailsa. What the deuce has kept you? A sick man?"

"Y-es; he is—better—I think."

"That's good. I've only a minute or two left, and I wanted to speak—if you'll let me—about ——"

"Can't you come again next week?" she asked.

"Well—of course, I'll do my best. I wanted to speak ——"

"Don't say everything now," she protested, forcing a smile, "otherwise what excuse will you have for coming again?"

"Well—I wished to —— See here, Ailsa, will you let me speak about the practical part of our future when I come next time?"

For a moment she could not bring herself to the deception, but the memory of Berkley rendered her desperate.

"Yes—if you will bring back to Miss Lynden her trooper friend when you come again. Will you?"

"Who? Oh, Ormond. Yes, of course, if she wishes ——"

But she could not endure her own dishonesty any longer.

"Captain Hallam," she said with stiffened lips, "I—I have just lied to you. It is not for Miss Lynden that I asked; it is for myself!"

He looked at her in a stunned sort of way. She said, forcing herself to meet his eyes:

"Trooper Ormond is your escort; don't you understand? I desire to see him again because I knew him in New York."

"Oh," said Hallam slowly.

She stood silent, the color racing through her cheeks. She could not, in the same breath, ask Hallam to release her. It was impossible. Nothing on earth could prevent his believing that it was because she wished to marry Berkley. And she was never to marry Berkley. She knew it now.

"Who is this Private Ormond, anyway?" asked Hallam, handsome eyes bent curiously on her.

And she said calmly: "I think you did not mean to ask me that, Captain Hallam."

"Why not?"

"Because the man in question would have told you, had he not desired the privilege of privacy—to which we all are entitled, I think."

"It seems to me," said Hallam, reddening, "that, under the circumstances, I myself have been invested by you with some privileges."

"Not yet," she returned quietly. And again her reply implied deceit, and she saw too late whither that reply

led—where she was drifting, helpless to save herself or Berkley or this man to whom she had been betrothed.

"I've got to speak now," she began, desperately calm. "I must tell you that I cannot marry you. I do not love you enough. I am forced to say it. I was a selfish, weak, unhappy fool when I thought I could care enough for you to marry you. All the fault is mine; all the blame is on me. I am a despicable woman."

"Are you crazy, Ailsa!"

"Half crazed, I think. If you can, some day, try to forgive me—I should be very grateful."

"Do you mean to tell me that you—you are—have been—in love with this—this broken-down adventurer ——"

"Yes. From the first second in my life that I ever saw him. Now you know the truth, and you will now consider me worthy of this—adventurer ——"

"No," he replied, and thought a moment. Then he looked at her. "I don't intend to give you up," he said.

"Captain Hallam—believe me, I am sorry ——"

"I won't give you up," he repeated doggedly.

"You won't—release me?"

"No."

She said with heightened color: "I am dreadfully sorry—and bitterly ashamed. I deserve no mercy, no consideration at your hands. But—I must return your ring ——" She slipped it from her finger, laid it on the table beside his clenched hand, laid the chain and locket beside it.

She said wistfully: "I dare not hope to retain your esteem, Captain Hallam—I dare not say to you how much I really *desire* your forgiveness—your friendship ——"

He turned a face on her, red, distorted with rage.

"Do you know what this means to me? It means ridicule in my regiment! What kind of figure do you think I shall cut after this? It's—it's a shame!—it's vile usage. I'll appear absurd—absurd! Do you understand?"

Shocked, she stared into his inflamed visage, which anger and tortured vanity had marred past all belief.

"Is that why you care?" she asked slowly.

"Ailsa! I scarcely know just what I'm saying ——"

"I know."

She stepped back, eyes darkening to deepest violet—retreated, facing him, step by step to the doorway, through it, and left him standing there by the table with the ring and the locket and the anger of a vain and handsome man to whom a slight is vital.

XIII

BERKLEY'S first letter to her was written during that week of lovely weather, the first week in March. The birds never sang more deliciously, the regimental bands never played more gayly; every camp was astir in the warm sunshine with companies, regiments, brigades or divisions drilling.

At the ceremonies of guard-mount and dress parade the country was thronged with visitors from Washington, ladies in gay gowns and scarfs, Congressmen in silk hats and chokers, apparently forgetful of their undignified rôle in the late affair at Bull Run—even children, with black mammies in scarlet turban and white wool dresses, came to watch a great army limbering up after a winter of inaction.

Berkley wrote to Ailsa:

Dearest, it has been utterly impossible for me to obtain leave of absence and a pass to go as far as the Farm Hospital. I tried to run the guard twice, but had to give it up. I'm going to try again as soon as there seems any kind of a chance.

We have moved our camp. Why, Heaven knows. If our general understood what cavalry is for we would have been out long ago—miles from here—if to do nothing more than make a few maps, which, it seems, our august leaders entirely lack.

I'm writing this squatted under my shelter-tent. General McClellan, with a preposterous staff the size of a small brigade, has just passed at a terrific gallop—a handsome, mild-eyed man who has made us into an army and who ornaments headquarters with an entire squadron of Claymore's Twentieth Dragoons and one of our own Eighth Lancers. Well, some day he'll come to me and say: "Ormond, I understand that there is only one man in the entire army fit to command it. Accept this cocked hat."

That detail would suit me, dear. I could get behind the casemates of Monroe and issue orders. I was cut out to sit in a good, thick casemate and bring this war to an end.

But I am happier than I have ever been in all my life. If I don't run under fire you have promised not to stop loving me. That is the bargain, remember.

Here comes your late lamented. I'm no favorite of his, nor he of mine. He did me a silly trick the other day—had me up before the Colonel because he said that it had been reported to him that I had enlisted under an assumed name.

I had met the Colonel. He looked at me and said:

"Is Ormond your name?"

I said: "It is, partly."

He said: "Then it is sufficient to fight under."

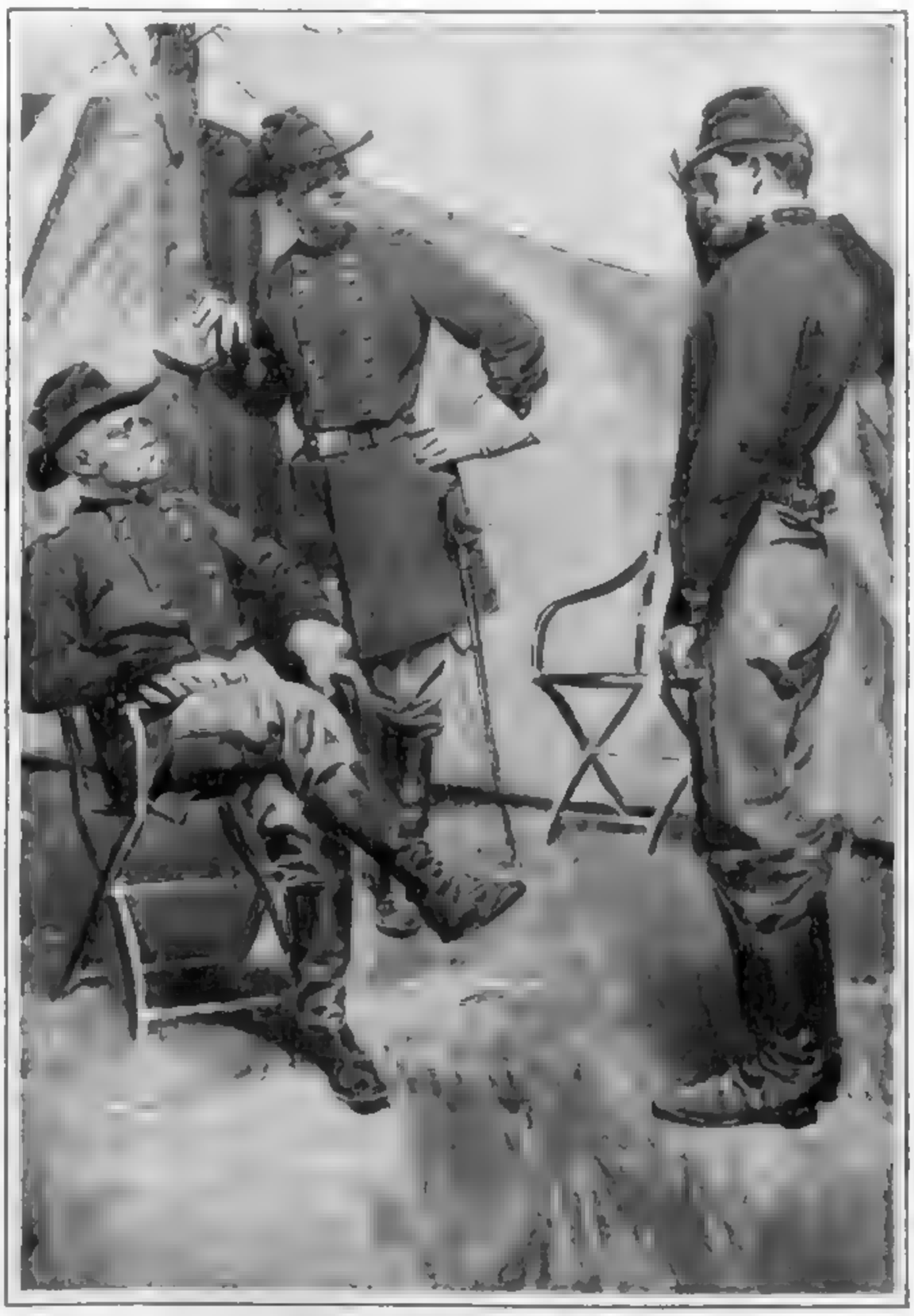
Ailsa, I am going to tell you something. It has to do with me as you know me, and it has to do with Colonel Arran.

I'm afraid I'm going to hurt you, but I'm also afraid it will be necessary.

Colonel Arran is your friend. But, Ailsa, I am his implacable enemy. Had I dreamed for one moment that the Westchester Horse was to become the tenth troop of Arran's Lancers, I would never have joined it.

It was a bitter dose for me to swallow when my company was sworn into the United States service under this man.

Since, I have taken the matter philosophically. He has not annoyed me except by being alive on earth. He showed a certain primitive decency in not recognizing me when he might have done it in a very disagreeable fashion.



"Then it is Sufficient to Fight Under"

I think he was absolutely astonished to see me there; but he never winked an eyelash. I give the devil his due.

All this distresses you, dear. But I cannot help it; you would have to know some time that Colonel Arran and I are enemies. So let it go at that; only, remembering it, avoid always any uncomfortable situation which must result in this man and myself meeting under your roof.

His letter ended in lighter vein—a gay message to Celia, a cordial one to Letty, and the significant remark that he expected to see her very soon.

The next night he tried to run the guard and failed.

She had written to him, begging him not to—urging the observance of discipline, while deploring their separation—a sweet, confused letter, breathing in every line her solicitude for him, her new faith and renewed trust in him.

Concerning what he had told her about his personal relations with Colonel Arran she had remained silent—was too unhappy and astonished to reply. Thinking of it later, it recalled to her mind Celia's studied avoidance of any topic in which Colonel Arran figured. She did not make any mental connection between Celia's dislike for the man and Berkley's—the coincidence merely made her doubly unhappy.

And one afternoon, when Letty was on duty and she and Celia were busy with their mending in Celia's room, she thought about Berkley's letter and his enmity toward Colonel Arran, and remembered Celia's silent aversion at the same moment.

"Celia," she said, looking up, "would you mind telling me what it is that you dislike about my old and very dear friend, Colonel Arran?"

Celia continued her needlework for a few moments. Then, without raising her eyes, she said placidly:

"You have asked me that befo', Honey-bird."

"Yes, dear. . . . You know it is not impertinent curiosity ——"

"I know what it is, Honey-bee. But you cannot he'p this gentleman and myse'f to any ground of common understanding."

"I am so sorry," sighed Ailsa, resting her folded hands on her work and gazing through the open window.

Celia continued to sew without glancing up. Presently she said:

"I reckon I'll have to tell you something about Colonel Arran, after all. I've meant to for some time past. Because—because my silence condemns him utterly, and that is not altogether just." She bent lower over her work; her needle traveled more slowly as she went on speaking:

"In my country when a gentleman considers himse'f aggrieved he asks fo' that satisfaction which is due to a man of his quality. . . . But Colonel Arran did not ask. And when it was offered he refused." Her lips curled. "He cited the law," she said, with infinite contempt.

"But Colonel Arran is not a Southerner," observed Ailsa quietly. "You know how all Northerners feel ——"

"It happened befo' you were born, Honey-bud. Even the No'th recognized the code then."

"Is that why you dislike Colonel Arran? Because he refused to challenge or be challenged when the law of the land forbade private murder?"

Celia's cheeks flushed deeply; she tightened her lips, then:

"The law is not made fo' those in whom the higher law is inherent," she said calmly. "It is made fo' po' whites and negroes."

"Celia!"

"It is true, Honey-bird. When a gentleman breaks the law that makes him one it is time fo' him to appeal to the lower law. And Colonel Arran did so."

"W-what was his grievance?"

"A deep one, I reckon. He had the right on his side—and his own law to defend it—and he refused. And the consequences were ve'y dreadful."

"To—him?"

"To us all. . . . His punishment was certain."

"Was he punished?"

"Yes. Then, in his turn, he punished—terribly. But not as a gentleman should. Fo' in that code which gove'ns us no man can raise his hand against a woman. He must endure all things; he may not defend himse'f at any woman's expense; he may not demand justice at the expense of any woman. It is the privilege of his caste to endure with dignity what cannot be remedied or avenged except through the destruction of a woman. . . . And Colonel Arran invoked the lower law, and the justice that was done him destroyed—a woman."

She looked up steadily into Ailsa's eyes.

"She was only a young girl, Honey-bud—too young to marry anybody, too inexperienced to know her own heart until it was too late.

"And Colonel Arran came; and he was ve'y splendid and handsome and impressive in his cold, heavy dignity, and ve'y certain that the child must marry him—so certain that she woke up one day and found that she had done it and learned that she did not love him.

"There was a boy cousin. He was reckless, I reckon, and she was ve'y unhappy, and one night he found her crying in the garden and there was a ve'y painful scene, and she let him kiss the hem of her petticoat on his promise to go away fo'ever. And—Colonel Arran caught him

(Continued on Page 25)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Single copies, five cents.
Foreign Subscriptions. For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $1.75. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 23, 1910

Our Grand Extravagance

IT IS quite the current fashion to denounce extravagance, and we always aspire to be fashionable. A farmer has, say, a thousand dollars in the bank. He might buy cows, raise calves, and thereby increase the productive wealth of his community; but he elects to buy an automobile. His thousand dollars goes out of the community and all he has to show for it is a machine which, if he uses it merely for pleasure, produces nothing that can be measured in dollars. If he then chooses to buy cows he must borrow the money, and two thousand dollars of the community's total cash capital is used with the same productive result as if only one thousand had been used.

But glance at another and larger operation—namely, the great boom, or recovery, in stocks during 1908. A single stock, Union Pacific, advanced seventy-five dollars a share. In March the total common stock issue was worth, roughly, two hundred million dollars; in November it was worth, roughly, three hundred and fifty millions. This increase of a hundred and fifty millions in market value added not a penny to the productive power of the railroad. The railroad itself was exactly the same thousand dollars' worth of cows in November that it had been in March; but in the ownership of the stock a vastly greater amount of the community's cash capital was employed. As the situation then stood, it was substantially the case of the farmer and the automobile magnified a hundred-thousand-fold.

In the fall of 1907 loans of the national banks in New York amounted to fifteen per cent of the loans of all the national banks in the United States. In the fall of 1908 New York's proportion had risen to nineteen per cent. This increase of two hundred millions at New York occurred wholly in loans on collateral—that is, loans to carry stocks and bonds. Broadly speaking they were just the same stocks—that is, just the same old thousand dollars' worth of cows—that they had been the year before. The productive power of the industries which they represented was substantially the same, but their market price had been marked up so that it took two hundred millions more of the country's cash capital to carry them. Obviously it would have been much better for the country to have invested that two hundred millions in more cows.

Prices a Century Ago

THIS spring wholesale prices of all the leading commodities, taken together, were forty-nine per cent higher than in 1897. If your income was a thousand dollars then, and it cost you substantially all of it to live, you are probably worse off now, unless your income has increased to fifteen hundred dollars.

Over the problem which this suggests there has been endless discussion. To a degree it is an effect of higher civilization. A chief cause, no doubt, is increased gold production, and that is a result of scientific improvements in mining, in treating the ore and in transportation; but the same causes tend, on the whole, to make prices more stable, rising and falling more gradually than formerly, and to affect all staple articles somewhat alike.

A century ago, for example, the average annual price of wheat in Milan rose forty-five per cent from one year to the next; but meat scarcely changed. A little later, in two years, wheat dropped from $2.56 a bushel—the average price of the year—to $1.30, while pork and butter rose. Going back another hundred years the variations were as abrupt and the high points meant sharp hunger for many. Between 1700 and 1908 the highest prices for wheat occurred during the Napoleonic wars. For a whole year—1801—the average was $2.72 a bushel. War and famine, rather than gold production, were the potent bull factors. In that small, comparatively isolated community the cause of price fluctuations might be more definitely traced than in our complex, boundaryless world. But it doesn't seem that anybody got any particular satisfaction out of tracing them.

A Very Old Trouble

WHENEVER the stock market is ailing—because the spring-wheat country needs rain, or because Mr. Morgan is said to have indigestion, or the Interstate Commerce Commission makes a new ruling—a gloomy chorus repeats that the bases of financial calculation have been radically changed within five years because a brand-new factor has been introduced—namely, the invasion, by the Government, of the field of private business enterprise.

Government has been invading the field of private business enterprise time out of mind. For example, Crassus was the ablest captain of industry of his day. "Observing," says Plutarch, "how liable the city was to fires, by reason of the houses standing so near together," he trained a large body of slaves until they became expert fire-fighters. When a fire broke out Crassus promptly appeared, "to buy the houses that were on fire and those in the neighborhood which, in the danger and uncertainty, the proprietors were willing to part with for little or nothing." Having bought the houses, Crassus turned loose his fire-fighters and put out the blaze, "so that the greatest part of Rome at one time or another came into his hands." That was certainly a splendid stroke of private business enterprise. But in the course of time Augustus organized fire companies and put out the fires for nothing. The trouble of which our friends complain is really as old as the hills.

Six Months' Vacation

THERE are only a few spots in the United States where the fishing is not so good as it is at the average summer resort. In Washington Square, New York, and in parts of New Mexico and Arizona the average catch per capita per diem may be somewhat less; but nearly everywhere else you can get practically the same number of ounces of fish for a pound of bait.

Perhaps you find your special recreation at the summer resort in boating, swimming or tennis, instead of in fishing, or in loitering through the woods, or merely lolling under a bough. Those things, too, may be had near home, with some extra exertion. Pretty nearly everybody who is so situated that he can get a precious two weeks in the country in midsummer can get some country for five or six months of the year.

The Attack on a Rubbish Heap

BEFORE the House Judiciary Committee last winter it was said that (with only one exception), in the proceedings of all state bar associations during the year, reform of judicial procedure held a chief place. With that subject bar associations of the larger cities have been engaged. A number of lawyers' conventions, attracting delegates from several states, have devoted themselves to procedural reform.

"What is still more hopeful," says the Journal of the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology, "is the changed attitude some of the courts are beginning to take toward technicality in the decision of cases." In Oklahoma, by clerical oversight, a constitutional phrase was omitted from an indictment. Refusing to annul the indictment, the Supreme Court of the state said: "We are determined to do all in our power to place our c iminal jurisprudence on the sure foundations of reason and justice. If we place it upon a technical basis it will become the luxury of the rich, who can always hire skilled lawyers to invoke technicalities. . . . We confess to a want of respect for precedents which were found in the rubbish of Noah's ark." The Supreme Court of Wisconsin, says the Journal, has recently taken a similar attitude, declaring that many of the technical requirements regarding framing of indictments are nothing but "rhetorical rubbish."

The rubbish heap in our jurisprudence is still mountain-high, and harbors many a rat; but we believe its shadow begins to grow less.

Getting a Business Education

IN CITIES of eight thousand, and upward, more than a hundred thousand boys must drop out of grammar and high school every year and go to work. They don't expect much pay, but they do want to learn business. To "begin at the bottom and work up" is their ideal. In the larger cities a big contingent of this hopeful young army turns to the great offices, which seem to be the citadels of business; where they file letters, punch adding machines, make out card indexes, and so on, under the delusion that they are thereby learning business. These purely mechanical chores are no more business than running a passenger elevator is hydraulic engineering. There is no real business education where there is no discretion. Selling prunes in a crossroads grocery is more educational than copying figures in a big office, because it tends in some degree to develop judgment and initiative.

The big offices and banks are overrun with applicants, partly because they look so eminently respectable. Parents would rather entomb a son in the marble subcellar of the Mammoth National Bank—Mr. Scad's bank, you know—than confess to their friends that he was soliciting orders for a laundry. Business, essentially, is dealing with people. As a rule, the more opportunity you have to deal with people under conditions tending to develop judgment and initiative, the better business education you are getting.

True, there must be somebody to perform the great mass of strictly mechanical clerical chores. Between 1890 and 1900 the number of female "bookkeepers and accountants" rose from twenty-seven thousand to seventy-four thousand. These are partly young women who want to earn a little pocket-money until they get married. For them the adding machine in the big office provides a convenient opportunity.

Just Enough to Live On

HUNGER for riches is not a common failing. Only a few essentially stupid persons desire great wealth, and nobody wishes harm to his neighbors. The thought of battening upon the misfortunes of others is abhorrent to upright minds. But we know a number of notably upright minds that are carefully laying by their money nowadays in the pious hope that, within a few years, there will be another big panic during which they can buy prime securities for a third of their worth, thereby winning a competence which will insure independence for the rest of their days.

If a prophet—supposing he were believed—should foretell that there would be a panic in 1913, the panic probably would happen next month, because everybody having possessions would hasten to convert them into cash, that he might be in a position to make a modest fortune by buying stocks at panic prices. Not that people are avaricious; but everybody wants "just enough to live on comfortably"—ideas of comfortable living ranging from a steam-heated flat and theater tickets once a week to a town house, a country house and a steam yacht. To grab, out of the general welter, one's own personal independence, represented by a certain number of good five-per-cent bonds—the number depending upon one's idea of what constitutes comfortable living—is the common dream.

Obviously there are not enough bonds to go around; and the greater the number who succeed in grabbing their comfortable living, the smaller the show for the others. These observations are not so aimless in intention as they are in appearance. The common dream should not be to get out of the general welter, where people have to work in order to live, but precisely to stay in it.

Farmers and Automobiles

THAT the prodigal farmer is likely to ruin the country has been pointed out several times of late by persons whose names carry weight in the highest financial circles. "A large class of the American people are running wild in useless extravagance; they are buying several hundred million dollars' worth of automobiles annually," said, recently, an able banker who probably owns half a dozen of those ruinous contrivances himself. He added that the farmers, whose economy had heretofore been our salvation, were now rioting in the front ranks of the wasteful crew. Another financier declared that "the mad desire of farmers for automobiles" had lost a single Western state millions of dollars.

No doubt, prosperity in this country has been overdone—that is, it has become so extensive that a good many of the people who create the country's wealth are now actually spending it. From the point of view of high finance that condition is dangerous; the ideal condition is one in which much wealth is produced, but its producers are unable to retain more than enough for their needs, thus leaving all superfluous spending to the manipulators of wealth, who, being comparatively few and intelligent, may be trusted to keep extravagance within safe bounds.

Even from the point of view of high finance the situation is far from desperate. The diamond-studded, tailor-clad, touring-car farmer is pretty much a myth. A five-cent cigar is still the limit of extravagance for a majority of those who produce the country's wealth. The forthcoming census report on average farm incomes will probably cause alarmed financiers to cheer up.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Pitching Into Politics

THEY rose as one man, those militant Republicans of Pennsylvania, rose triumphantly as one man—said man being the Honorable Boies Penrose, United States Senator from the state where the rising was done—and nominated John K. Tener for governor.

To be sure, certain persons over in Pittsburgh tried to start something, as shall be shown later, but the M. R. P.—M standing for militant, R standing for Republicans, and P standing for Penrose or Pennsylvania, as you prefer; only you will be a bit nearer the fact if you prefer Penrose—the M. R. P. wouldn't have it. At the exact moment they were told they were for Tener they were for Tener with a sincere and heart-whole enthusiasm good to see. They did not hesitate. All they needed was to be told whom they were for and they were for him—Tener—to the last gasp.

When the late Mr Tennyson performed his heroic service for Friday afternoon rhetoricals in our schools by writing his celebrated piece about the Noble Six Hundred, no doubt he thought he was embalming in deathless verse the virtues of about the sternest bunch of the-boss-says-do-it-so-do-it warriors the world has ever known. Still, the late Mr. Tennyson probably had a vague and misty idea concerning the M. R. P. He didn't know about the way those chaps take orders, or he would have written his piece about a Pennsylvania Republican Convention, where the theirs-not-to-question-why formula prevails to such an extent that there are many brave patriots who not only obey orders but anticipate them. The Noble Six Hundred look like a bunch of schoolboys on the first schoolday after the summer vacation compared to the M. R. P.

It may be said the former, but now deceased, boss of Pennsylvania, Matthew Stanley Quay, knew something about giving orders and having them obeyed, but he was more or less of an amateur when his work is compared to the work of Penrose, operating in the same field. Nor is this to be wondered at, for Penrose was a pupil of Quay's, and in learning how to give orders he learned how to obey them also. In course of time he added a few extra improvements to the system, as demanded by the exigencies of the situation. Whereupon, when he snaps his fingers now and says, "Here, boys!" there is an immediate "Coming, sir!" that extends from Pike to Mercer and from Potter to York.

This being a year when it is necessary to elect a governor in Pennsylvania, and such election being invariably preceded by a nomination, according to our almost universal custom, Mr. Penrose naturally took some small concern over the situation. As the Republicans of Pennsylvania are much out of practice—rusty, in fact—in the task of selecting a candidate for governor for themselves, the duty of selecting a candidate for them plainly devolved on Mr. Penrose. Not that he sought to shirk it, or anything like that, for it was his duty, you know, and he gave some thought to the matter.

Presently he settled on John K. Tener, on the broad general ground that if there wasn't much to be said for him there was nothing to be said against him, and passed the word. That was all that was necessary. The M. R. P. leaped boldly to the fore and made such welkins as there are in Harrisburg ring with that patriot's name. They nominated him and everybody else Mr. Penrose picked out for them in about ninety minutes by the clock, including speeches and such other flub-dub as the case seemed to require, and went home shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

Why Knox Stays in the Cabinet

A FEW persons over in Pittsburgh stuck their heads up through the smoke and emitted some hoarse cries for Philander Peletiah Webster Chase Knox, at present engaged in the high and holy work of perpetuating universal peace—especially in Nicaragua—as the most cherubic Secretary of State we have ever had. Nor did these cries fail to reach the ears of the Honorable, the Secretary of State, which is the official manner of addressing him, by the way—see small red slips in the letters you get from the State Department if you didn't address him that way when you wrote—and fall pleasantly thereupon.

"Knox!" shouted these forward Pittsburgh persons; "Knox! Knox! Knox!" The Secretary of State refused to affirm or deny—that is, straddled for the moment. However, it so fell out that Mr. Taft and Mr. Penrose met casually on a train—if there can be anything casual about meeting Mr. Taft on a train, inasmuch as he is on trains most of the time—and it is within the bounds of reason to conclude that Mr. Penrose gave a few knocks to Knox, explaining, no doubt, that the word had been passed for Tener. Anyhow, when Mr. Taft returned for a brief visit to Washington he saw Mr. Knox, and it wasn't so very long afterward that Mr. Knox announced he would remain as Secretary of State at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Penrose—no, that wasn't it—naughty—naughty—at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Taft.

That put the desired crimp in the Pittsburgh persons and placed Mr. Tener in the Hall of Fame, thereby scoring two for Mr. Penrose, and proving his acumen as well as his keen appreciation of the great American game. You see John K. Tener was once a baseball pitcher, and a good one, and Mr. Penrose knew this. Hence, he delayed his state convention until the Democrats had mysteriously nominated their candidate, and at one stroke secured the support of all the baseball fanatics in the commonwealth; for if the Democrats had known his plan they probably would have named Honus Wagner, of the Pittsburgh Club, and thus made it unanimous against Tener, who hasn't pitched any ball since 1890. The sympathies of the baseball folk are invariably with the quick, so far as the game is concerned.

The crafty Mr. Penrose knew this and he held his candidate in reserve. After the Democrats had performed, John K. Tener was named, and the issue was joined—Mr. Penrose being an expert issue-joiner among his other accomplishments. Whereupon Mr. Tener is now supposed to strike out Mr. Grim, and to make a home run himself—B. Penrose, umpire.

They like baseball candidates in Pennsylvania, for Ad Gumbert, who was some pitcher himself, in the old days, and played on the same Chicago team with Tener, has been sheriff of Pittsburgh and is active in state politics, and Harold McClure, who was a catcher away back yonder, is now a judge in that state. And the supposition is they will like Tener, who, in addition to his baseball record, is a good deal of a chap in many other ways, although never particularly conspicuous in politics until he was elected to Congress, where he is now serving his first term.

Tener was born in County Tyrone, Ireland—perhaps that man Penrose doesn't pick 'em!—where his father was a well-to-do farmer. The Tener family knew the parents of the present Senator Oliver, of Pennsylvania, who was born in Ireland himself, by the way, when his parents were on a visit over there; and when Tener's father died his mother gathered her brood of children together and went to America, settling in Pittsburgh, where the Oliver family was beginning to be a power. Some of the Tener boys went to work for the Olivers. John K. played baseball on the lots and developed into a good pitcher. In 1885 he had an offer to pitch professionally, with a good salary attached. He took it and for five years pitched, mostly for Chicago. He went around the world with the professional club that made the trip in the late eighties.

Not long ago an excited Senator came into the Senate chamber and said, "I just saw Penrose coming out of his committee room with two men, and both of them were bigger than Penrose!" Those two men were John K. Tener and one of his brothers. If you have ever seen Penrose you know how big the Tener boys are. If you haven't, take it from me that they are whales. John K., when he was pitching, certainly looked like a world-beating athlete.

In 1890 Tener quit baseball and, with his brother, started a bank in Charleroi, with which he is still connected. A few years ago he was elected Grand Exalted Ruler of the Elks. He was elected to the present Congress and is serving on the committees on Private Land Claims and Rivers and Harbors. He is a quiet, industrious man, popular with his colleagues, and always votes with the organization. For a new man, he has done a lot for his district.

"Play ball!" shouted Penrose to the M. R. P., and they played. There wasn't much novelty about that, but there was one odd feature of the game: they put a pitcher at the top of the batting list.

The Penrose Baseball Candidate

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Willing to Grow

THEY were telling stories about the late President McKinley at a recent Washington gathering, and Senator Carter, of Montana, told this one: A Chicago man appeared at the White House one day with a petition containing seven thousand names recommending him for appointment as Brazilian Minister. He was a picture-framer, and when he was canvassing for orders he took along his petition and asked everybody in the picture-frame business to sign it. Almost everybody did.

The man was insistent and finally reached the President. Always gentle and considerate, President McKinley explained to the candidate that he would have to consult the Illinois Senators and Representatives about the matter before making the appointment.

"You know," said the President, "we have to select big men for these big places."

"Well," asked the picture-framer, "won't I be just as big as any of them if I get the job?"

Shaming Sarah

IN ST. LOUIS the street numbers run one hundred to the block, but the north and south streets have names instead of numbers. So when a street car is running east and west and crosses the north and south streets the conductor says, "Jefferson—Twenty-six" or "Grand—Thirty-six," as the case may be.

A birthday party was coming in on one of these cars a short time ago. When the car reached Sarah Street and the conductor announced, "Sarah—Forty-one," a large woman in the party began beating a small man on the head with an umbrella.

After the conductor had quieted the disturbance he asked the woman what the row was about.

"Why," she said indignantly, "just because I had my forty-first birthday party today, in a nice, quiet, ladylike way, there was no need of him telling you how old I am, so you could bawl it out to the whole car."

Her name was Sarah.

Missing the Children

A TRAVELING man was stranded over Sunday in a small town in the West where there was a street fair in progress. He walked about and could find nothing to do until he came upon a place where various prizes were offered for knocking over rag dolls by throwing baseballs at them—three shots for a nickel.

He threw three balls and hit nothing. He tried three more and hit nothing. He invested several more nickels and still had no luck.

Finally he went back to his hotel in disgust and wrote to his wife:

"Dear Wife: You cannot imagine how lonesome I am here. Indeed, I have been missing the children all the afternoon."

HAYNES

Only $500 More

The Car That Appeals To Automobile Judges

As people generally become more expert in judging automobiles—in knowing real automobile value—the more our Model 20 Haynes—price $2,000—is appreciated.

—And people are becoming better judges rapidly—therefore the tremendous demand for this car at this price.

We make no claim to manufacture the *only* good automobile. There are many. We do claim to make and sell a $3,000 car for $2,000—which is only $500 more than common-quality cars, of which there are many on the market.

This $500 more—added to the price asked for the common-quality cars—enables us to deliver to you everything on and in an automobile worth having—*no matter what the price.*

It enables us to deliver to you a car equal *in every respect* to any $3,000 car made—thus our price is *$1,000 less.*

The Car That Comes In Between

The Haynes Car—Model 20—has justly been called "the car that comes in between"—the car of known reputation and quality that comes in between the prices charged for cars made as cheaply as possible to sell at a low price—and cars made thoroughly well for which excessive prices are asked.

Not only does the Haynes car come in between these cars in *price*, but also in *size.*

It is now a well-known fact among experienced automobile users that the best all-round automobile for all purposes is the medium sized car—not the *smaller*, cheaper, *lighter* car—nor the big, *too-heavy*, cumbersome, tire-wearing, fuel-consuming car.

It is now generally conceded by makers that the car of the future will be, in size, just what this Haynes Model 20 is—roomy—classy—comfortable—easy to handle—easy to care for—speedy—yet low in cost of tire-consumption and general up-keep—of extreme durability and endurance yet neither cumbersome nor unwieldy.

The Car of Greatest Value for the Least Money

Announcement is here made of HAYNES MODEL 20 for 1911, fully equipped, price $2,000.

There are now hundreds of makes of cars on the market.

This car stands alone—in a class by itself.

No other strictly high grade car—of eighteen years' unquestioned reputation—sells at this price.

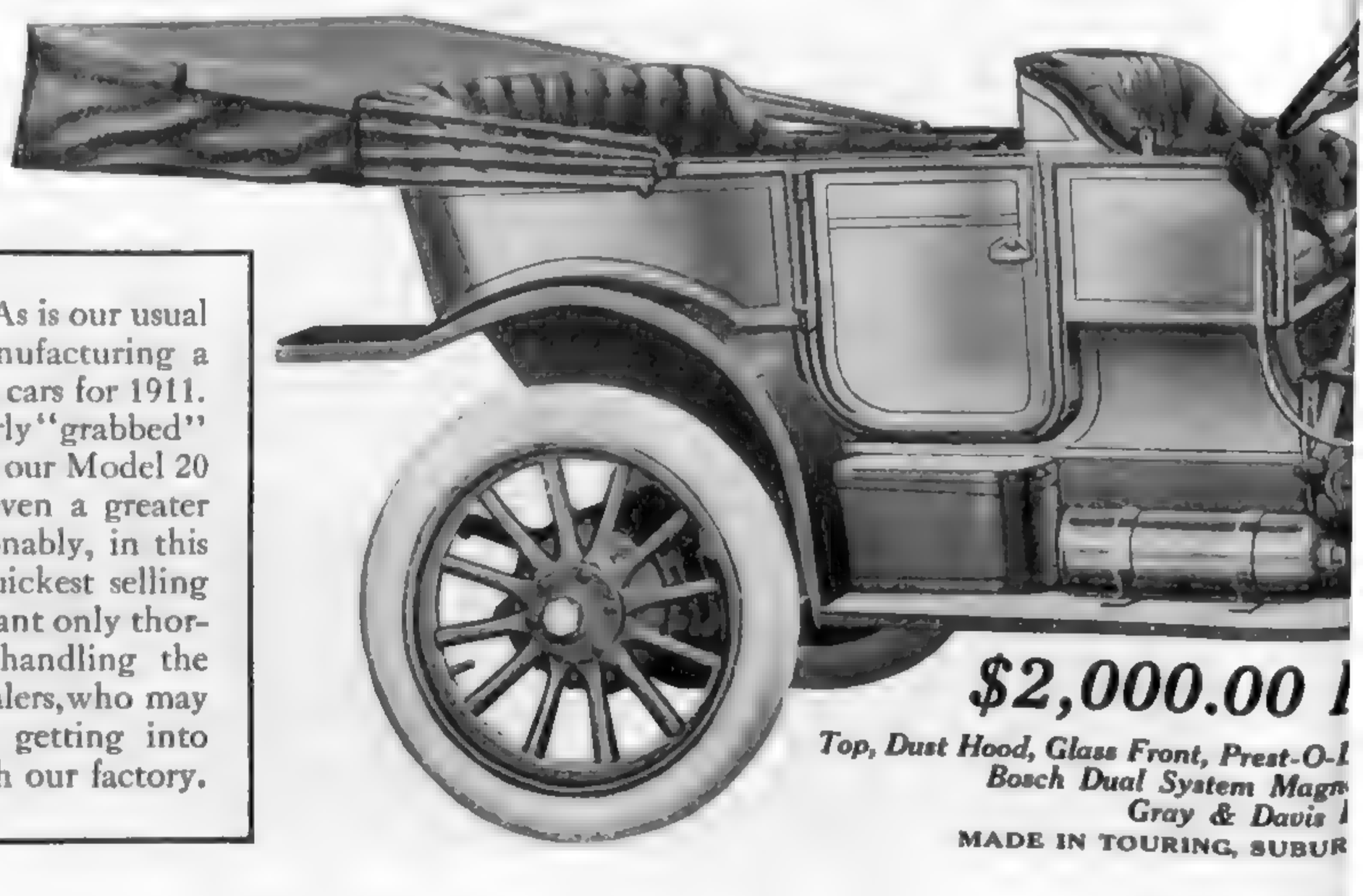
This is the car all makers contended could not continue to be delivered for the price asked.

Four million dollars' worth of these cars were sold in three weeks after introduction last season.

Not a single feature of this car is an untried experiment

Eighteen years of unquestioned Haynes reputation and principle insures every purchaser an all-round, dependable, trustworthy automobile—of the very highest grade in every detail

And the price is at least $1,000.00 less than asked for other cars of like quality—without the Haynes reputation.



To Dealers

Just a word to dealers. As is our usual custom, we are only manufacturing a limited number of Haynes cars for 1911. Last year our output was fairly "grabbed" by telegraph. This year in our Model 20 Haynes we are offering even a greater value, and have unquestionably, in this Model 20, the best and quickest selling car on the market. We want only thoroughly reputable dealers handling the Haynes cars. To such dealers, who may be interested, we suggest getting into quick communication with our factory.

$2,000.00 I

Top, Dust Hood, Glass Front, Prest-O-L
Bosch Dual System Magn
Gray & Davis I
MADE IN TOURING, SUBUR

The I
Hay
Advert
Is The
Its

Best
nes
sement
Car
elf

Or $1,000 Less

HAYNES

The Car For the Man Who Wants a Real Automobile

without paying a fancy price or excessive profits. We do not build an automobile to sell around the price charged for the common-quality cars—because there is a value to be had in automobiles impossible to furnish at such a price.

Automobiles that satisfy cannot be built in a day. The policy of the Haynes factory is to put out a car that is *in every respect* in keeping with the well known Haynes reputation—to keep *the quantity down* in order to hold *the quality up.*

We make only a limited number of cars each season. Each car is a piece of mechanical perfection—thoroughly tested and perfected in every detail. We have no desire to manufacture the *most* automobiles. We have a great desire to be the manufacturer of the *best* automobile on the American market sold for $2,000. We unquestionably have a National Supremacy on a car at that price in our Model 20 Haynes for 1911.

We are sure of enough discerning buyers willing to pay a fair price for a thoroughly high grade Haynes car to quickly take the entire output of our factory. To pay the fancy price for an automobile is now unnecessary.

The Car That Satisfies

An automobile is put to the severest test of any piece of machinery.

It must be made to stand the roughest usage under all conditions.

Its parts must be strong and of the very best material.

It must be thoroughly adjusted—tested—"worked in."

It must be interchangeable in every part—and every part must be standardized. All adjustments must be convenient and easily made. It must run quietly—smoothly—speedily. It must have ample power—ample strength without excessive weight—it must have beauty of line—finish—and general appearance.

Only years of actual test can perfect such a car. And just such a car is the Haynes Model 20 for 1911. The price is sufficiently high to give you all these features—yet it is $1,000.00 less the cost of many other high grade cars having them.

The Car That Attracts the Best Agents

The Haynes car has now been so long on the market that it has a wide reputation. Haynes agents are everywhere—and only the better class of agents and dealers are chosen to represent it. No matter where you tour you are always in touch with a reputable, courteous Haynes dealer. He buys the Haynes car because he knows its value—and because he is sure of quick sales. The Haynes agency is a thing to be prized—and Haynes agents can be depended upon

Specifications are not given in this advertisement—which is written not to make actual sales, but to give you the impression that the Haynes car for 1911 should be carefully considered by every prospective purchaser. We want to send you booklets—printed matter, and specifications, which tell you all about this supreme car With it we will give you the names of famous owners of Haynes cars—testimonial letters—and other information of importance to prospective buyers, and where you can get a demonstration. Will you write for the book? Use reply blank which is printed here for your convenience.

We will also put out a limited number of big, seven passenger palace cars, with fifty horse power, for those who prefer a car of this size

Fully Equipped

...ite Tank, $75.00 Warner Auto Meter,
...to, Robe and Foot Rail,
...mps—and All
...GAN AND HIKER MODELS

Haynes Automobile Company

206 Main St., Kokomo, Indiana

Reply Blank

Haynes Automobile Company
206 Main St
Kokomo, Indiana

Please send me your printed matter, testimonials, and the names of prominent owners of Haynes cars, together with such other information as is important to prospective automobile buyers

Name _____

Town _____

State _____

The Senator's Secretary

IF YOU have ever been cast away at sea in an open boat, under a tropic sky, with all hope of rescue gone, gasping for the want of a few drops of water and starving for the want of a few crumbs of food; if you have been in this predicament and suddenly there came a sail on the horizon, a sail belonging to a ship that picked you up and gave you to eat and drink—not much of a ship, perhaps, yet a heap better than an open boat; and mouldy food and poor water, yet food and water just the same—if this has ever happened to you, you know how the Republicans of this Congress felt during the last two weeks of the session.

They were out on a waste of waters in a leaky boat, with no port in sight save the bottom, when along came a rescuing ship in the shape of news from home, from the districts and the states, that there was a gradual shift toward the regulars out there. Things, they learned, were looking up a little for President Taft and his friends in Congress; the people were beginning to swing slowly, mayhap, but still to some extent, back to the support of the Administration and it might not after all be a total loss, with no insurance, at the coming election.

It wasn't so wide as a Roosevelt reception or so broad as a wholesale indorsement, but it was something. It helped to cheer them up. Those regulars, in both Senate and House, had been going about for weeks holding grand lodges of sorrow, and telling one another mournfully it was all over but the shouting, and that most of them never would get to Washington again on a mileage basis of twenty cents a mile, but would have to buy regular trippers' ten-day-stopover tickets. Then there came a few, faint evidences that the pendulum had begun to swing slowly in their direction—that there were a few, faint breezes of approval here and there; and the happiness of those statesmen and patriots was pathetic to see.

Statesmen Cheered by Trifles

They smiled and laughed and gurgled and burbled like a lot of children sent out on a holiday. They held long I-told-you-so sessions and interpreted the smallest sign of a favoring breeze as a hurricane of approval. If, as chanced in many instances, a Representative received a letter from a constituent praising something he had done or Congress had done, he exhibited it to all comers with many slappings on the back and loud exclamations of pleasure, and the receipt of such a letter was a novelty in most cases, for constituents have been writing the other kind all winter.

Congress passed a few bills on which there never should have been any disposition to renege, and then exhibited childish wonder that it, the legislative branch of the Government, could really pass bills, and a childish delight over what had been accomplished.

"Why, what do you think of that?" exclaimed these exultant statesmen. "Here we have been and gone and done something the people seem to want—have shown a little human intelligence—and they are beginning to think that, perhaps, we aren't so bad after all. Ain't it great? Can you beat it? We have exercised a few of our legitimate, constitutional functions, and have tried to be on the level, to a small degree, with our party platform and our President's recommendations; and they really are pleased with it. Three cheers!"

Passing by the thought that it doesn't take much to elate a despondent statesman, and that in the country of the blind the one-eyed man is king, there is no doubt that during the month of June the situation cleared to some extent for the Republicans so far as notice of approval sent to Washington or brought there is concerned. Now and again came a word of praise where, mostly, during the winter and spring, was nothing but denunciation. As I have previously pointed out, we are coming to be a volatile nation, and what is the fad in the winter is rarely the fad in the summer. In the winter there was a fierce season of disapproval. That, naturally, could not be held at this high state. The people are too busy to bother all the time with politics. Hence, after setting down their ideas, most of the fellows who were, and maybe still are, of the opinion that a change will do everybody good began to look after the crops and to attend to business. This gave the regular politicians a chance and they responded nobly by putting over a few conventions where Taft and the tariff and a few other things were indorsed, giving the outside appearance of a return to harmony, regularity and satisfaction.

It was a straw, but the politicians in the Administration and in Congress clutched at it. Congratulations were as thick as sand-flies along the Potomac in June. A light was breaking, they said—a glimmer that would develop into a glorious dawn along about next November; and they sang peans of praise as they adjourned in the House, such peans of praise as There's a Hole in the Bottom of the Sea, For He's a Jolly Good Fellow—each singer referring to himself—and Merrily We Roll Along. Over in the Senate they celebrated more decorously, for the idea that Eugene Hale and Joseph Bristow and Doctor Gallinger and Senator Heyburn would allow that any person is a jolly good fellow, even with the utmost of poetic and musical license, is far beyond the realms of speculation or reason.

What it all proved can be comprised in two statements of fact: (a) The majority of the majority of the Congress of the United States—the regulars, led by Aldrich and Cannon—finally awoke to the fact that there is a revolt on in this country against the old, arbitrary, Bourbon rule of the Republican party, selfish and self-seeking, and endeavored to stay that revolt by passing a few of the bills they had decided arbitrarily they did not intend to pass, not because the people did not want those laws, but because they themselves did not want them; and (b) a pleasant and hitherto complaisant President abandoned a very dignified but totally ineffective judicial attitude in his job and assumed an effective executive attitude.

That is all there is to it. A gleam of understanding of the real situation seemed to shed its beauteous light on the Capitol and the White House about the same time. Everybody woke up. They found their ship, the Grand Old Party, heading toward the reefs, where she has been heading for many months past; and, all at once, the Captain, who had been viewing the beauties of Nature and complaining that some of the passengers were infernally insistent on action, went on the bridge and gave a few orders. He rang the jingle-bell to back her up and head her the other way. The crew, who had been standing about on deck and cursing their luck, jumped to work, and presently the G. O. P. was headed the other way, with a mighty stormy sea ahead of her, to be sure, but steering for the open and not toward the reefs.

Why the President is Elated

All in all, Mr. Taft came through this session of Congress in much better shape than he could have anticipated, but only because he quit being a judge in the President's chair and became—what he is—the Boss of the United States, including the Congress thereof. Good nature is a delightful attribute of the human kind, but the good-natured man never gets anywhere except into the good-fellow class. When you hear a Congress universally speaking of a President as a nice man you can put a bet down that that Congress is doing what it pleases with that President. But when you observe a Congress waving its arms in the air and using rough, triangular words about a President, you can set it down that that President is doing what he pleases with Congress.

Of course, it can be and will be claimed for Mr. Taft that he accomplished much of what he intended to accomplish, and that is true. He deserves all the credit he will get. The trouble with his program is that he waited until a quarter of twelve to get his results instead of springing them along through the working hours, thus heading off much of the protest that has arisen over his inaction and the evident disposition of Congress to play horse with him. A great deal of the present dissatisfaction with the Republican party that exists throughout the country might have been averted if Mr. Taft had begun to give orders the first week in December instead of waiting until the last of June.

The dispatches said, after the close of Congress, that Mr. Taft was elated, and he had a good right to be. What promised to be a disaster turned out to be a disturbance. The only reason it turned out that way was because Mr. Taft took hold of things himself and forced the majority in Congress to do some of the things he had planned during the first part of his Administration. Moreover, Mr. Taft is more easily elated than some.

Still, it looked a little like old times when the President abandoned his trip to New Haven and told Congress it must do what he wanted, and the people wanted, in relation to several measures, or be prepared to stay in Washington all summer. Any Congress and every Congress will play fast and loose with a President just so long as that President is complaisant. The minute a President gets up, bangs on his desk, issues an order and tells how he will enforce it, the Congress becomes as docile as a guinea-pig. Congress realizes—always ahead of a President, because the leaders of Congress have been in the atmosphere longer and know better—just how great the power of a President is, especially as regards that Congress itself. Every law passed by Congress must be approved by the President. Every law passed by Congress has behind it some man or group of men who want that law passed for reasons of their own, either personal or political. Why should not a President, holding this whip-hand, get anything and everything he wants—everything, that is, based on real demand and real good for the people? Why should a Congress play horse with a President when a President, by the mere act of taking the reins, can play horse with a Congress until he is tired of the game?

The Cloudy Horizon

At that, the playing horse was not all one-sided at the last as it had been during the session. Congress liked to drive and did not let go the whip without a protest and without pay, said pay being a rivers and harbors bill as full of pork as a packing-house, and a public buildings bill jammed to the guards with appropriations for public buildings in various metropolises in difficult districts and in districts where Democrats had been amenable. Mr. Taft said he never would sign another rivers and harbors bill like this, but he signed this. Like the wool schedule in the tariff bill, it was indefensible, but became law.

No matter if the Republicans did pass a railroad bill, a postal-savings-bank bill, admit two new states and redeem sundry other platform pledges, they are not yet out of the woods, although they are nearer the edge than they were a month before Congress adjourned—some nearer, that is. A man who is extremely hungry may think a ham sandwich a most delicious repast when it really is a very ordinary sort of food. The regular Republicans in the Senate and House were very hungry. The crumbs of consolation and commendation they found during the last days of the session, when they were doing what they never should have hesitated to do, seemed, and still seem, like a feast to them.

The situation has cleared somewhat for the Republicans, but there are plenty of clouds in the sky. A revolt that has been two years in the forming does not die away because of a railroad law and a postal-savings-bank law and a few other laws. The protest is against the system. Hence, even though the chances are better now than they were three months ago, they are as yet none too good. If the Republicans carry the next House they will prove again, and more conclusively than ever before, that the Democratic party isn't fit to carry anything, not knowing how to take advantage of the greatest opportunity it has had in years.

There are two notes of sorrow heard, and those come from the lutes of Nelson W. Aldrich and Eugene Hale, two Senators who, when things were blackest, declared themselves out of it, never to return. It is painful, too painful for words, but is it possible they crossed their bridges before they came to them?

In the bungalow

CAMPBELL'S Tomato Soup is one of the good things that make your summer bungalow home-like and comfortable.

No work nor worry about it; no discomfort.

You need only enough heat to boil water; and in three minutes you have an appetizing wholesome dish that is welcome anywhere in any season.

Wherever you go you can get

Campbell's Tomato Soup

The grocer nearest to your summer home will supply you with any or all of the Campbell's Soups.

Insist on having what you ask for.

Or if you are going to an out-of-the-way place where no grocer is near, just write us your address, with the assortment of our soups that you want; and we will see that some grocer delivers them for you at the nearest railway station.

Could anything be simpler?

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus, Beef, Bouillon, Celery, Chicken, Chicken Gumbo (Okra), Clam Bouillon, Clam Chowder, Consommé, Julienne, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Mutton Broth, Ox Tail, Pea, Pepper Pot, Printanier, Tomato, Tomato-Okra, Vegetable, Vermicelli-Tomato

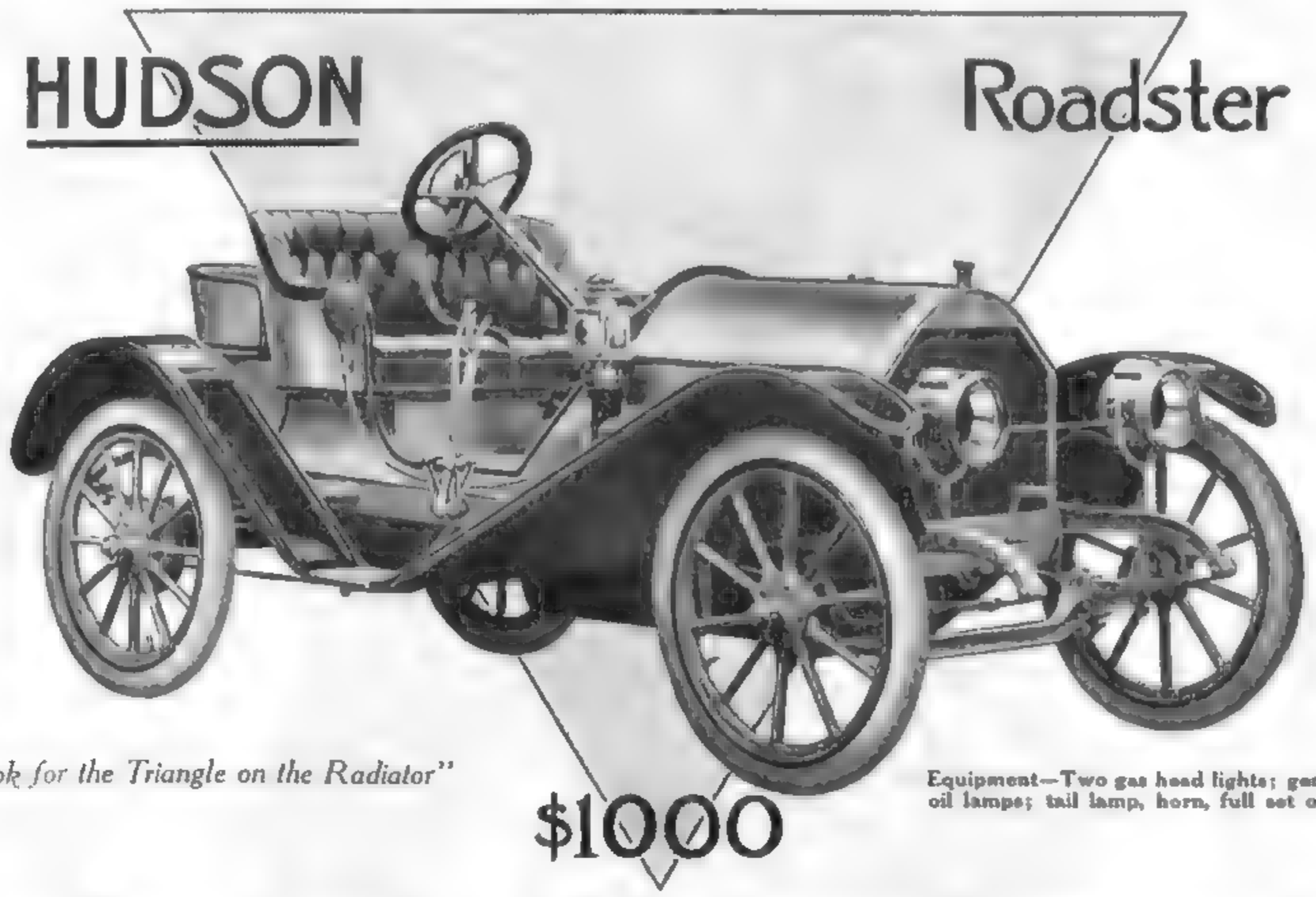
Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

In hot weather you find Campbell's Menu Book particularly handy.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
CAMDEN N J

Look for the red-and-white label

I'm a bold robber. Beware!
I reach *Campbell's Soup* from this chair.
That is the treasure
I filch at my pleasure;
And carry away to my lair.



"Look for the Triangle on the Radiator"

Equipment—Two gas head lights; generator; two side oil lamps; tail lamp, horn, full set of tools and jack.

Thirty Per Cent of Hudson Owners Saving Money Every Day

Our records show that 30% of all Hudson cars delivered are being used by either physicians or for commercial purposes. These users tell us that they are saving money by the use of Hudson cars. Physicians who are using them are getting better service than they have ever gotten from any other make of car and are getting much more service at less cost than they could get from using horses. The business institutions find that the Hudson does so much work, saves so much money in salaries and costs so little to maintain that they rapidly pay for themselves.

A car that is used by physicians or for commercial purposes gets the hardest service possible to ask of a motor car. Every Hudson that is being used for business purposes is a standard pleasure car model. We have never built commercial cars. But the shrewdest buyers in the world prefer Hudsons over all others for service, for quality, for strength, power, endurance and low maintenance cost

Think what an opportunity to buy a Hudson means to you. You will save at least $250 at the start. In other words, to get the same value in any other car you would have to pay that much more. If you want to use the car for business the Hudson will not only save you money at the start but will save you money every day you use it.

We ask you to read the letters we are reproducing on this page. Note they are from different parts of the country, telling of Hudson cars being used for different purposes.

EMERYVILLE, CAL., May 18, 1910.

Hudson Motor Car Company,
Detroit, Mich

Gentlemen:—

We are sending you under separate cover a 5 x 7 negative of the Hudson car with our Mr. E. G. Hill at the wheel. This car has been driven now in the neighborhood of 10,000 miles and a short time ago we had the engine taken down for the purpose of examination, and found everything in perfect condition. We have found with the use of an automobile for salesman's work that he is able to cover fifty per cent more territory and cover it thoroughly, and we feel that the Hudson car has more than paid for itself already. It has been such a success that one of our Southern California salesmen purchased one of the same type.

Yours very truly,
PACIFIC MANIFOLDING BOX CO.
(Signed) CLARENCE L. JOHNSTON,
Sales Manager.

To drive a car 10,000 miles and find it in perfect condition means that it must be a perfect car at the beginning.

LOS ANGELES, May 16, 1910.

Hudson Motor Car Company,
Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen:—

We were rather doubtful for a long time as regards an automobile for commercial use—especially as to mileage results. As an experiment we invested in a Hudson car which we have used continuously and driven 10,000 miles over the roughest and the smoothest roads. I cannot say enough as to the durability and economy in connection with this car. It is always ready for the job coming and going and as to the treatment given us by the factory and the local representative, nothing could be better. To put it in as few words as possible—we have run this car 10,000 miles and it has not cost us a cent for repairs."

Yours truly, CHANSLOR & LYON SUPPLY CO.
(Signed) J. Stanley Clemence.

E. L. Robart & Sons of Brookline, Mass., are upholsterers and cabinet makers who do a great deal of their kind of work throughout their vicinity. Their letter illustrates three things—the dependability of the car, that it is paying for itself by saving of salaries, and the treatment the buyer gets from Hudson dealers.

BROOKLINE, MASS., June 8, 1910.

Hudson Motor Car Company,
Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen:—

We have been using our Hudson Car for commercial purposes for the past six months. It is being run the greater part of each day. Before we purchased the car we had to have four men on the road estimating all the time. Now one man is able to attend to the same amount of work. The car meets every requirement to which it is subjected. We also wish to speak of the kind and courteous treatment we are receiving from your Boston representatives.

Yours very truly, (Signed) ROBART & SONS.

The man who has owned other cars is the man who is most competent to judge motor car values. He has paid for his knowledge and information. Such a judge is Dr. P. S. Mitchell of Iola, Kansas. Read what he says about the Hudson car.

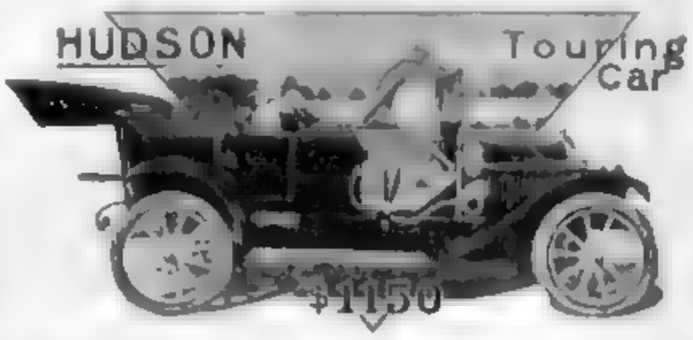
"My Hudson roadster is the sixth car I have owned, all others being of other makes. I practice medicine in this town of 10,000 inhabitants and go into the country in a radius of sixteen miles every day or more. With my former cars I also depended upon my horse and buggy during the bad weather. When I purchased a Hudson, I determined to test the dependence of a motor car the year around. I therefore laid up my Ford on October 1, 1909, and loaned out my horse. The winter was an ideal one for this locality. The car has done all my work satisfactorily every day, in the country, to town, through mud and snow, over frozen ground, rocks, through ruts and sleet without a mishap, to the marvel of the local motorists who drive many makes of cars.

After having been in the habit of cleaning spark plugs every day, adjusting carburetors every few days, grinding valves every month and sending my magneto in for repairs every few hundred miles—experienced with other cars I have owned, it certainly is a source of great satisfaction that I have the same dry cells that came with the car, that the magneto has not been touched, nor has the carburetor. The spark plugs have not been out and it has not missed fire once.

The Hudson is classy in appearance, practical for work, reliable for pleasure, powerful in mud and on hills, speedy when needed and I can run slower on high speed than any one of the sixty cars in town."

When the Hudson was first announced it stood out over all cars in its class from the standpoint of looks, size, speed, power, comfort and mechanical excellence. Letters from our users—hundreds of them—prove that the Hudson stands out just as pronounced from all other cars in its class from the standpoint of dependability, reliability and low cost of maintenance

The evidence is conclusive that the Hudson is the best buy to be had in America—the best value for the money ever offered by any motor car manufacturer. Get in touch with the Hudson dealer in your locality today. He may be able to give you an early delivery. In the meantime we would like you to have a Hudson catalogue and Hudson literature. A postal card will bring them to you or if more convenient fill out and return the coupon



The Hudson touring car is not only safe, strong and inexpensive to maintain, but is big, handsome, comfortable.

There are many cars which have the size, power, selective sliding gear transmission, and are as good looking as the Hudson, ***but they sell for more than Hudson prices.*** From the high-priced class the Hudson is set off by price; from the low-priced class, by quality. Both Hudson models completely described in the Hudson catalog

CUT OUT AND MAIL S. E. P.

Hudson Motor Car Co.,
Detroit, Mich
Mail New Hudson Catalog to

Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit, Mich.

Licensed Under Selden Patent

Yours truly

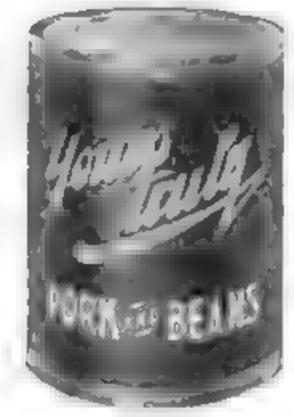
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

PORK AND BEANS

It's the delicious **new** flavor of **Yours truly** Pork and Beans—the **true** flavor of properly cooked, choice, hand-picked beans—the streak-o'-lean-Pork and the delightful accompanying sauce.

These are the things that please **"yours truly"**—the things never before combined so successfully in pork and beans.

The New Bean with the New Flavor



—And every can is thoroughly sterilized just before filling.

That's another reason why they are better.

The inimitable flavor of **Yours truly** Pork and Beans—tender, mealy and whole—is thus protected against the slightest contamination.

Truly—you should try these truly wonderful Pork and Beans.

Ask your Grocer—Insist on **Yours truly.**

MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM

TOILET POWDER

One Touch of Mennen's Soothes the Whole World's Skin

Positive relief for **Prickly Heat, Chafing and Sunburn**; deodorizes **perspiration.** For over a quarter of a century it has been the **standard toilet preparation.** Remember to ask for **Mennen's,** and accept no substitute.

Sample box for 2c stamp

GERHARD MENNEN CO. 10 Orange Street, Newark, N. J.

The Pioneer Makers of Talcum Powder

Is Your Child's Foot Supported or Distorted?

Health depends absolutely on proper footgear. The foot must have room to develop properly, and comfort for active play.

EDUCATOR SHOE Lets the child's foot Grow as it should

$150.00 Free Educator Scholarship

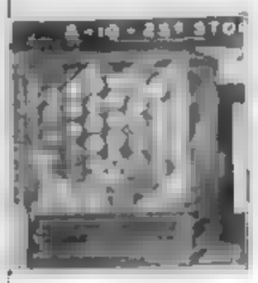
For one child in each state in the Union
See your dealer or write direct to

Dept. A
14-20 High St.

RICE & HUTCHINS

BOSTON MASS.

An Opening for a Retail Store



If you think of starting a store, we can help you. My success in finding openings where new retail stores are needed. I know about conditions in every part of the U. S. On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and make a good living from the beginning. No charge for information in writing, use a 20c piece to mark location on a map.

Edw. B. Moon, 8 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

DETROIT COLLEGE OF LAW

Malcolm McGregor Secy
99 Home Bank Bldg Detroit, Mich

Cosmopolitan School of Music and Dramatic Art

Auditorium Bldg Chicago, Ill

CLARK'S ARABIC ORIENT CRUISE

FEB 4 $400

FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York.

AILSA PAIGE

(Continued from Page 17)

on his knees, with the lace to his lips—and the child wife crying. . . . He neither asked nor accepted satisfaction; he threatened the—law! And that settled him with her, I reckon, and she demanded her freedom, and he refused—and she took it.

"Then she did a ve'y childish thing; she married the boy—or supposed she did ——" Celia's eyes grew dark with wrath:

"And Colonel Arran went into co't with his lawyers and his witnesses and had the divorce set aside—and publicly made this silly child her lover's mistress and their child nameless. That was the justice that the law rendered Colonel Arran. And now you know why I hate him -and shall hate and despise him while the breath of my woman's body endures!"

Ailsa's head was all awhirl; lips parted, she stared at Celia in stunned silence, making as yet no effort to reconcile the memory of the man she knew with this cold, merciless, passionless portrait.

Nor did the suspicion occur to her that there could be the slightest connection between Celia's contempt for Colonel Arran and Berkley's implacable enmity.

All the while, too, her clearer sense of right and justice cried out in dumb protest against the injury done to the man who had been her friend and her parents' friend—kind, considerate, loyal, impartially just in all his dealings with her and with the world, as far as she had ever known.

From Celia's own showing the abstract right and justice of the matter had been on his side; no sane civilization could tolerate the code that Celia cited. The day of private vengeance was over; the era of dueling was past in the North—was passing in the South. And, knowing Colonel Arran, Ailsa knew also that twenty-odd years ago his refusal to challenge had required a higher form of courage than to face the fire of a foolish boy's pistol.

And now, collecting her disordered thoughts, she began to understand what part emotion and impulse had played in the painful drama—how youthful ignorance and false sentiment had combined to invest a silly but accidental situation with all the superficial dignity of tragedy.

What must it have meant to Colonel Arran, to this quiet, respectable man of the world, to find his girl-wife crying in the moonlight and a hot-headed boy on his knees mumbling the lace edge of her skirts?

What must it have meant to him—for the chances were that he had not spoken the first word—to be confronted by an excited, love-smitten, reckless boy and have a challenge flung in his face before he had uttered a word?

No doubt his calm reply was to warn the boy to mind his business under penalty of law. No doubt the exasperated youth defied him—insulted him—declared his love—carried the other child off her feet with the exaggerated emotion and heroics. And, once off their feet, she saw how the tide had swept them together—swept them irrevocably beyond reason and recall.

Ailsa rose and stood by the open window, looking out; but her thoughts were centered on Colonel Arran's tragedy and the tragedy of those two hot-headed children whom his punishment had outlawed.

Doubtless his girl-wife had told him how the boy had come to be there and that she had banished him, but the clash between maturity and adolescence is always inevitable; the misunderstanding between ripe experience and Northern logic and emotional inexperience and Southern impulse was certain to end in disaster.

Ailsa considered, and she knew that now her brief for Colonel Arran was finished, for beyond the abstract right she had no sympathy with the punishment he had dealt out, even though his conscience and civilization and the law of the land demanded the punishment of these erring ones.

A deep, unhappy sigh escaped her. She turned mechanically, seated herself and resumed her sewing.

"I suppose I ought to be asleep," she said. "I am on duty tonight and they've brought in so many patients from the new regiments."

Celia bent and bit off her thread, then, passing the needle into the hem, laid her work aside.

"Honey-bud," she said, "you are ve'y tired. If you'll undress I'll give you a hot bath and rub you and brush your hair."

"Oh, Celia, will you? I'd feel so much better." She gave a dainty little shudder and made a wry face, adding:

"I've had so many dirty, sick men to cleanse—oh, incredibly dirty and horrid!—poor boys—it doesn't seem to be their fault, either; and they are so ashamed and so utterly miserable when I am obliged to know about the horror of their condition. . . . Dear, it will be angelic of you to give me a good hot scrubbing. I could go to sleep if you would."

"When I finish with you, Ailsa, you must bundle right into bed," Celia suggested, "because you haven't any too much time to sleep, and poor Letty will be half dead when she comes off duty."

. . . . . .

Letty really appeared to be half dead when she arrived, and bent wearily over the bed where Ailsa now lay in rosy slumber.

"Oh, you sweet thing!" she murmured to herself; "you can sleep for two hours yet, but you don't know it." And, dropping her garments from her one by one, she bathed and did up her hair and crept in beside Ailsa very softly, careful not to arouse her.

But Ailsa, who slept lightly, awoke, turned on her pillow, passed one arm around Letty's dark curls.

"I'll get up," she said drowsily. "Why didn't Flannery call me?"

"You can sleep for an hour or two yet, darling," cooed Letty, nestling close to her. "Mrs. Craig has taken old Bill Symonds and they'll be on duty for two hours more."

"How generous of Celia—and of old Symonds, too. Everybody seems to be so good to me here."

"Everybody adores you, dear," whispered Letty, her lips against Ailsa's flushed cheek. "Don't you know it?"

"You quaint little thing!" said Ailsa, looking at Letty. "You certainly are the most engaging girl I ever knew."

Letty merely lay and looked her adoration, her soft cheek pillowed on Ailsa's arm. Presently she said:

"Do you remember the first word you ever spoke to me?"

"Yes, I do."

"You asked me to come and see you."

"Who wouldn't ask you?"

But Letty only sighed and closed her eyes, nor did she awaken when Ailsa cautiously slipped out of bed.

She still had an hour and more; so she dressed and went out for a breath of fresh, sweet air to fortify her against the heavy atmosphere of the sick wards.

In the darkness she could hear the ground vibrate under the steady tread of a column of infantry passing, but she could not see them—could distinguish no motion against the black background of the woods.

Standing there on the veranda she listened to them marching by. From the duration of the sound she judged it to be only one regiment, probably a new one arriving from the North.

A little while afterward she heard on some neighboring hillside the far outbreak of hammering, the distant rattle of wagons, the clash of stacked muskets. Then, in sudden little groups scattered over the darkness, campfires twinkled into flame. The new regiment had pitched its tents.

It was a pretty sight; she walked out along the fence to see more clearly, stepping aside to avoid collision with a man in the dark who was in a great hurry—a soldier who halted to make his excuses—and instead took her into his arms with a breathless exclamation.

"Philip!" she faltered.

"Darling! I forgot I was not to touch you!"

He crushed her hands swiftly to his lips and let them drop.

"My little Ailsa! My—little—Ailsa!" he repeated under his breath and caught her to him again.

"Oh—darling—we mustn't," she protested faintly. "Don't you remember, Philip? Don't you remember, dear, what we are to be to one another?"

He stood, face pressed against her burning cheeks; then his arm encircling her waist fell away.

"You're right, dear," he said with a sigh so naïvely robust, so remarkably hearty, that she laughed outright a very tremulous and uncertain laugh.

"What a tragically inclined boy! I never before heard a 'thunderous sigh'; but I had read of them in poetry. Philip, tell me instantly how you came here!"

"Ran the guard," he admitted.

"No! Oh, dear! oh, dear!—and I told you not to. Philip! Philip! Do you want to get shot?"

"Now you know very well I don't," he said, laughing. "I spend every minute trying not to. . . . And, Ailsa, what do you think? A little while ago when I was skulking along fences and lurking in ditches—all for your sake, ungrateful fair one!—tramp—tramp—tramp comes a column out of the darkness. 'Lord help us,' said I, 'it's the police guard or some horrible misfortune, and I'll never see my Ailsa any more!' Then I took a good squint at 'em and I saw officers riding with about a thousand yards of gold lace on their sleeves and I saw their music trudging along with that set of silver chimes aloft between two scarlet yaks' tails, and I saw the tasseled fezzes and the white gaiters, and 'Aha!' said I, 'the Zou-Zous! But which?'

"And, by golly, I made out the number painted white on their knapsacks, and, Ailsa, it was the Third Zouaves, Colonel Craig!—just arrived! And there—on that hill—are their fires!"

"Oh, Phil!" she exclaimed in rapture, "how heavenly for Celia! I'm perfectly crazy to see Curt and Steve ——"

"Please transfer a little of that sweet madness to me."

"Dear—I can't, can I?"

But she let him have her hands and, resting beside him on the rail fence, bent her fair head as he kissed her joined hands, let it droop lower, lower, till her cheek brushed his. Then, turning very slowly, their lips encountered.

Ailsa opened her blue eyes as Berkley raised his head, looking at him vaguely in the dusk, then very gently shook her head and rested one cheek on her open palm.

"I don't know," she sighed. "I—don't—know ——" and closed her lids again.

"Know what, dearest of women?"

"What is going to happen to us, Phil. . . . It seems incredible—after our vows—after the lofty ideals we ——"

"The ideals are there," he said in a low voice. And in his tone there was a buoyancy, a hint of something new to her—something almost decisive, something of protection which began vaguely to thrill her, as though that guard which she had so long mounted over herself might be relieved—the strain relaxed—the duty left to him.

She laid one hand on his arm, looked up, searching his face, hesitated. A longing to relax the tension of self-discipline came over her—to let him guard them both—to leave all to him—let him fight for them both. It was a longing to find security in the certainty of his self-control, a desire to drift and let him be responsible, to let him control the irresponsibility within her, the unwisdom, the delicate audacity, latent, mischievous, that needed a reversal of the rôle of protector and protected to blossom deliciously into the coquetry that she had never dared.

"Are you to be trusted?" she asked innocently.

"Yes, at last. You know it. Even ——"

"Yes, dear."

She considered him with a new and burning curiosity. It was the feminine in her, wondering, not yet certain, whether it might safely dare.

"I suppose I've made an anchorite out of you," she ventured.

"You can judge," he said, laughing, and had her in his arms again and kissed her consenting lips and palms, and looked down into the sweet eyes, and she smiled back at him, confident, at rest.

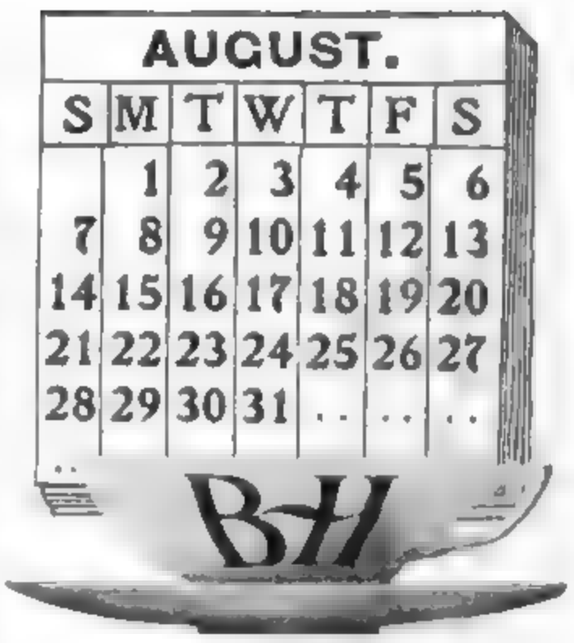
Presently she smiled to herself, looked at him, still smiling.

"Shall we go into Doctor West's office and have supper, Phil? I'm on duty in half an hour and my supper must be ready, and I'm simply dying to have you make up for the indignity of the kitchen."

"You ridiculous little thing!"

"No, I'm not. I could weep with rage when I think of you in the kitchen and—and —— Oh, never mind. Come, will you?" And she held out her hand.

Her supper was ready as she had predicted, and she delightedly made room for him beside her on the bench and helped him to freshly-baked bread and ancient tinned vegetables and some doubtful boiled



Real Coffee Every Day Without Harm

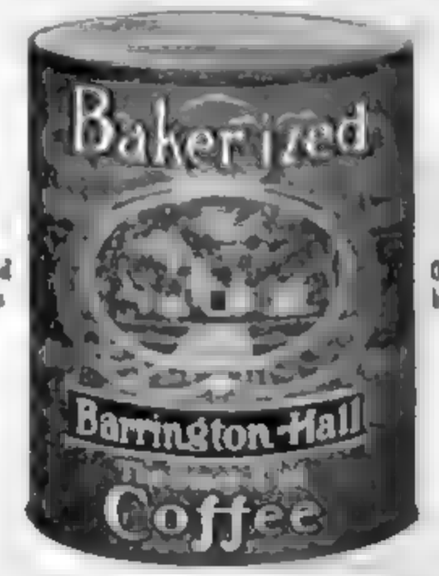
Suppose you were to hear of a kind of coffee as delicious as the finest you ever tasted—AND more economical than any you have ever used—AND free from the indigestive and nerve-racking qualities which you have always believed were necessary evils of coffee.

Wouldn't you accept a free trial of that kind of coffee?

Barrington Hall
The Baker-ized Steel-Cut Coffee

Thousands of people have read about **Barrington Hall** coffee, just as you are reading about it—have doubted if it could be true, just as you may be doubting—BUT have written for a free trial can.

They are now enjoying good coffee of full strength regularly every day. Many of them voluntarily write and say that this is the *only* coffee which they can enjoy without harm.



Sealed by us — Opened by you

A deliciously smooth and fragrant coffee. Mellow, fine and satisfying, with a delightful lingering after taste. It touches the spot, invigorates the spirits, braces the nerves.

In a neat little book you may read all about this coffee—how it is selected, why it is cut with steel knives instead of being ground, why the coffee chaff is removed, why it makes more cups per pound. This booklet and a

TRIAL CAN FREE

Simply send us your grocer's name and we will mail you enough Barrington Hall to make six cups of delicious coffee. We can use Ladies' or Gentlemen's name. Everyone who tries Barrington Hall coffee finds it the best every day—without fail.

BAKER IMPORTING CO.
116 Hudson Street
New York, N.Y.

Baker Importing Company
New York
Minneapolis

I enclose send me free sample can of Barrington Hall Coffee and book let "The Coffee Without A Regret." In consideration I give my grocer's name (on the margin).

Name _____

Address _____

BH BH BH BH

"I only wish I had another face to shave—"

COLGATE'S
ANTISEPTIC
RAPID-SHAVE POWDER

makes shaving a pleasure.
Softening—soothing—sanitary.

1. No rubbing in lather with the fingers.
2. No making it in a cup.
3. No rubbing soap on the face.
4. No caking of soap on the razor's edge.
5. No soap that touches brush or skin is used again.
6. Not a moment or a motion wasted.

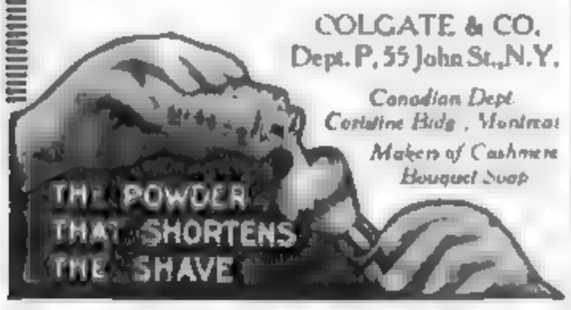
Just powder the wet brush, lather your face.

The quickest, cleanest way of making a lather as lasting and delightful as that of our famous shaving stick.

Trial Box for 4 cents.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. P, 55 John St., N.Y.

Canadian Dept. Coristine Bldg., Montreal
Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap



1898-1910

John Muir & Co.
SPECIALISTS IN
Odd Lots

Distance from the market no longer prevents trading in stocks and bonds. Under our plan of monthly payments you can buy and rest secure against sudden breaks in the market.

Send for Circular A, "Odd Lot Investment"
Members New York Stock Exchange
71 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

5 ROMPERS $1

Dealers' and Middlemen's Profits Eliminated

Choice of Pink or Blue Checked Chambray with neck, collar and belt bound in white **5 Suits $1**

Assorted Checks and Striped Madras with yoke rolling collar, belt and pocket piped in white. **3 Suits $1**

Tan or Cadet Blue Linen—the highest grade [illegible] **2 Suits $1**

Consumers' Apron Co. [illegible]

All charges prepaid and goods guaranteed as represented

meat, all of which he ate with an appetite and a reckless and appreciative abandon that fascinated her.

"Darling!" she whispered in consternation, "don't they give you anything in camp?"

"Sometimes," he enunciated, chewing vigorously on the bread. "We don't get much of this. And the onions have all sprouted and the potatoes are rotten."

She regarded him for a moment, then laughed hysterically.

"I beg your pardon, Phil; but somehow it reminded me of our cook feeding her policeman—just for a second, darling——"

They abandoned any effort to control their laughter. Ailsa had become transfigured into a deliciously mischievous and bewildering creature, brilliant of lip and cheek and eye, irresponsible, provoking, utterly without dignity or discipline—a perfect witch of perversity in delicate gray garb where the red heart glowed under the blue peril of her eyes.

She taunted him with his appetite, jeered at him for his recent and marvelous conversion to respectability, dared him to make love to her, provoked him at last to abandon his plate and rise and start toward her. And, of course, she fled, crying in consternation, "Hush, Philip! You mustn't make such a racket or they'll put us both out!"—keeping the table carefully between them, dodging every strategy of his, every endeavor to make her prisoner, quick, graceful, demoralizing in her beauty and abandon. They behaved like a pair of very badly brought-up children until she was in real terror of discovery.

"Dearest," she pleaded, "if you will sit down and resume your gnawing on that crust I'll promise not to torment you. . . . I will, really. Besides, it's within a few minutes of my tour of duty ——"

She stopped, petrified, as a volley of hoof-beats echoed outside; the clash of arms and accouterments rang close by the porch.

"Phil!" she gasped.

And the door opened and Colonel Arran walked in.

There was a dreadful silence. Arran stood face to face with Berkley, looked him squarely in the eye where he stood at salute. Then, as though he had never before set eyes on him, Arran lifted two fingers to his visor mechanically, turned to Ailsa, uncovered, and held out both his hands.

"I had a few moments, Ailsa. I hadn't seen you for so long. Are you well?"

She was almost too frightened to answer; Berkley stood like a statue, awaiting dismissal and, later, the certain consequences of guard-running.

And, aware of her fright, Arran turned quietly to Berkley.

"Private Ormond," he said, "there is a led horse in my escort in charge of Private Burgess. It is the easier and—safer route to camp. You may retire."

Berkley's expression was undecipherable as he saluted, shot a glance at Ailsa, turned sharply and departed.

"Colonel Arran," she said miserably, "it was all my fault. I am too ashamed to look at you."

"Let me do what worrying is necessary," he said quietly. "I am—not unaccustomed to it. . . . I suppose he ran the guard."

The ghost of a smile—a grim one—altered the Colonel's expression for a second, then faded. He looked at Ailsa curiously. Then:

"Have you anything to tell me that—perhaps I may be entitled to know about."

"No."

"I see. I beg your pardon. If you ever are—perplexed—in doubt—I shall always——"

"Thank you," she said faintly. . . . "And—I am so sorry ——"

"So am I. I'm sorrier than you know—about more matters than you know, Ailsa ——" He softly smote his buckskin-gloved hands together, gazing at vacancy, then lifted his head and squared his heavy shoulders.

"I thought I'd come when I could. The chances are that the army will move if this weather continues. The cavalry will march out, anyway. So I thought I'd come over for a few moments, Ailsa. . . . Are you sure you are quite well? And not overdoing it? You certainly look well; you appear to be in perfect health. . . . I am very much relieved. . . . And—don't worry. Don't cherish apprehension about—anybody." He added, more to himself than to her: "Discipline will be maintained—must be maintained. There are more ways to do it than by military punishments. I know that now."

He looked up, held out his hand, retained hers and patted it gently.

"Don't worry, child," he said; "don't worry." And went out to the porch thoughtfully, gazing straight ahead of him as his horse was brought up. Then, gathering curb and snaffle, he set toe to stirrup and swung up into his saddle.

"Ormond!" he called

Berkley rode up and saluted.

"Ride with me," said Colonel Arran.

"Sir?"

"Rein up on the left." And, turning in his saddle, he motioned back his escort twenty paces to the rear. Then he walked his big, bony roan forward.

"Ormond?"

"Yes, Colonel."

"You ran the guard?"

"Yes, Colonel."

"Why?"

Berkley was silent.

The Colonel turned in his saddle and scrutinized him.

"Ormond," he said in a low voice, "whatever you think of me—whatever your attitude toward me is, I should like you to believe that I wish to be your friend."

Berkley's expression remained unchanged.

"It is my desire," said the older man, "my—very earnest—desire."

The young lancer was mute.

Arran's voice fell still lower:

"Some day—if you cared to—if you could talk over some—matters with me I should be very glad. Perhaps you don't entirely understand me. Perhaps I have given you an erroneous impression concerning—matters—which it is too late to treat differently—in the light of riper experience—and in a knowledge born of years—solitary and barren years ——"

He bent his gray head thoughtfully, then, erect in his saddle again:

"I would like to be your friend," he said in a voice perceptibly under control.

"Why?" asked Berkley harshly. "Is there any reason on God's earth why I could ever forgive you?"

"No; no reason, perhaps. Yet you are wrong."

"Wrong!"

"I say so in the light of the past, Berkley. Once I also believed that a stern, uncompromising attitude toward error was what God required of an upright heart."

"Error! D-do you admit that?" stammered Berkley. "Are you alive to what you did to—her?"

Colonel Arran, upright in his saddle and white as death, rode straight on in front of him. Beside him rode Berkley, his features like marble, his eyes ablaze.

"I am not speaking for myself," he said between his teeth. "I am not reproaching you, cursing you, for what you have done to me—for the ruin you have made of life for me, excommunicating me from every hope, outlawing me, branding me! I am thinking now only of my mother. God!—to think—to think of it—of her ——"

Arran turned on him a face so ghastly that the boy was silenced. Then the older man said:

"Do you not know that the hell men make for others is what they are destined to burn in sooner or later? Do you think you can tell me anything of eternal punishment?" He laughed a harsh, mirthless laugh. "Do you not think I have learned by this time that vengeance is God's—and that He never takes it? It is man alone who takes it and suffers it. Humanity calls it justice. But I have learned that what the laws of men give you is never yours to take; that the warrant handed you by men is not for you to execute. I—have—learned—many things in the solitary years, Berkley. . . . But this—what I am now saying to you, here under the stars—is the first time I have ever, even to myself, found courage to confess Christ."

. . . . . .

Very far away to the south a rocket rose—a slender thread of fire. Then, to the northward a tiny spark grew brighter, flickered, swung in an arc to right, to left, dipped, soared, hung motionless, dipped again to right, to left, tracing faint crimson semicircles against the sky.

Two more rockets answered, lowering, curving, fading, leaving blue stars floating in the zenith.

And very, very far away there was a dull vibration of thunder or of cannon.

TO BE CONTINUED

"Tile For The Bathroom"

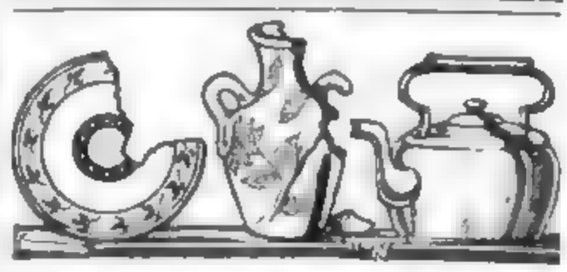
is the title of an informing book intended for every owner of a home already built or now building, to prove that the use of tile in a bathroom is not only attractive, but also necessary. Tile is the sanitary and inexpensive covering for the walls and floor of the bathroom. The book will be sent free on request.

Also these other books, if you are interested:

"Tiles on the Porch Floor"
"Tiles for Fireplaces."
"Tiles for the Kitchen and Laundry."

The Associated Tile Manufacturers

1215 Seventh Ave. Beaver Falls, Pa.



Glue won't hold in hot water
Solder won't last over fire

Cæmentium does both. You can mend plates, vases, kettles, furniture, loose handled knives, etc., instead of having to replace them. Fish glue fails because it decays—is affected by age, by changes of temperature and by water.

CÆMENTIUM

"Sticks Everything, but is Not Sticky"

Is a mineral paste. When thoroughly set it is not affected by water, fire or chemicals. It comes ready to use in patented air tight tins. Never be without it, it will save you many a dollar. At hardware, crockery, department, grocery and stationery stores.

If your dealer hasn't it, we will send you a full sized tin of it upon receipt of his name and the price—25c.

Write for free booklet, "Little Things Out of Every Day Life."

CÆMENTIUM SALES CO.
SOLE AGENTS FOR U. S. A.
120 P Boylston St., Boston
50 P Church St., New York
79-P Wabash Ave., Chicago

Save ½ Your Gas

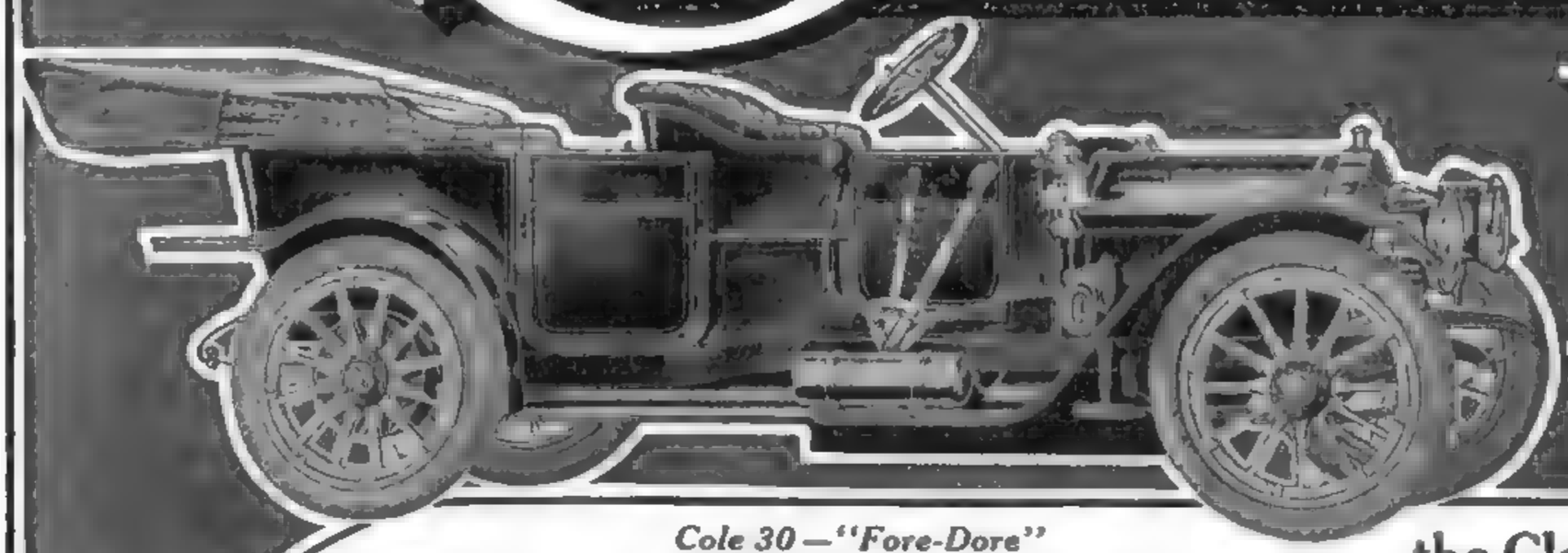
[illegible] Territory for Capable Agents. Address Specialties Co., 23 E. 26th Street, New York City

MONEY—[illegible]

Liberty Refining Company, Pittsburgh Life Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

COLE 30—1911

The Car You'll Be Proud To Own



Cole 30—"Fore-Dore"
36 H. P. Touring Car

—the Classiest Car of Them All

There's an indescribable satisfaction in flying over the road in a car the quality of the ***1911 Cole 30,*** and the man who owns this roomy, luxuriously appointed car will be proud to show his nameplate in the company of the largest and highest priced cars. No car ever made excels, mechanically, the ***1911 Cole 30*** — no matter what its price. It is the sturdiest, most rugged, most practical car you could wish for — a car for long, rough trips — for short, fast runs — in fact, an all 'round car for city, or country use, and it has the same graceful, effective, fetching lines, the same rich upholstering and the same quiet running quality for which you must pay a thousand dollars more in other cars.

Cole 30 "Fore-Dore" Touring Car

Glance at the illustration — looks for all the world like one of those big, five thousand dollar cars — doesn't it?

And it is, too, in all save price. ***Mere Pictures and words can't begin to show these cars as they are.*** When you see them you will understand why — nay, more, you will marvel — the facts seem too good to be true — one can scarcely believe that such a car — the most up-to-date car on the market — can be sold for only $1,650, because you have never before seen the equal of this ***Cole 30 "Fore-Dore" Touring Car*** sold for less than $3,500. Our 1911 ***Cole 30 "Fore-Dore"*** Touring Car has the same graceful, symmetrical lines to be found in the new popular models of the highest priced cars on the market.

It is luxurious, powerful and speedy — ***a car you'll be proud to own.*** Low in price — economical in up-keep — yet with all the perfections and appointments of the most expensive cars. Compare it with any car costing up to $2,500. We are willing to abide by your judgment.

Economical In Fuel

On May 19th the Chicago Motor Club arranged an Economy Run over Chicago-Lake Geneva Course and return — 191 miles — open to all makes of cars.

A *Cole 30 Touring Car* — a stock car — driven by Johnson — carrying four passengers — total weight 2,950 pounds — carried off the final record of 23.6 miles to gallon of gasoline.

Why $1,600 for 1911 Larger Cars—36 H. P.

Our cars of 1910 season were mechanically perfect — experience developed no weaknesses whatever — and our 1911 models are not materially altered in any way. Increasing the bore and stroke of our cylinders and making slight changes in the valves increases the power rating of the ***Cole 30*** to 36 H. P. All ***Cole 30*** models have the lengthened wheel base — 115 inches — 7 inches longer than our 1910 models; this means 7 inches more body room for the comfort of the passengers, making large, spacious cars you'll be proud to own. The lengthened wheel base and body, the full floating axle, higher wheels, larger tires and more powerful engines make a larger and better car — and this and the advanced cost of materials adds considerable to the actual cost of building the 1911 ***Cole 30*** — yet we have added but $100 to its selling price.

$1,600 And You Will Be Proud To Show Your Nameplate

Parts upon which safety and durability depend are made twice as strong as necessary without any regard for cost, and its mechanism has been simplified without the sacrifice of quality — means less liability of damage, less repair expense.

The Unit Power Plant Means Extreme Silence

Its perfect smoothness of operation is largely accounted for by its unit power plant, designed upon mechanically correct principles and constructed of the highest grade materials with the nicest accuracy.

36 H. P. in a five passenger car affords an amazing amount of reserve energy — enabling you to mount the most stubborn hill — sending you along the road as fast as you care to go — and in absolute silence.

Easy On Tires

The weight of the ***Cole 30*** has been kept down to the lowest possible notch, so as to minimize cost of upkeep. Too often tires are over-loaded — the larger the wheel — the larger the tire — the less burden on them. It will have 34 inch wheels — 2 inches larger than last season — and 4 inch tires as against 3½ last season — and that extra half inch will save you lots of tire repair expense and 34 in. wheels assure road smoothness.

Why You Should Order Now

We can only build a certain number of cars for the coming season — and build them right — and we shall not indulge in a sensational selling season at the expense of quality.

That's why we say to you, Mr. Motor Car Buyer — don't wait 'till Spring — you'll be disappointed. If you want to secure the biggest motor car value to be offered this season — the time to choose is ***NOW*** — see this car at once and decide if you want one, for orders must be filled in rotation — delay might mean our inability to supply you.

If you will take the trouble to have our local agent demonstrate the car, which he will be glad to do without imposing any obligations whatever upon you, we will prove to you that we have stated herein here — that the ***Cole 30*** is the equal of any car on the market today, at any price.

Some Cole 30 Records That Prove Speed and Endurance

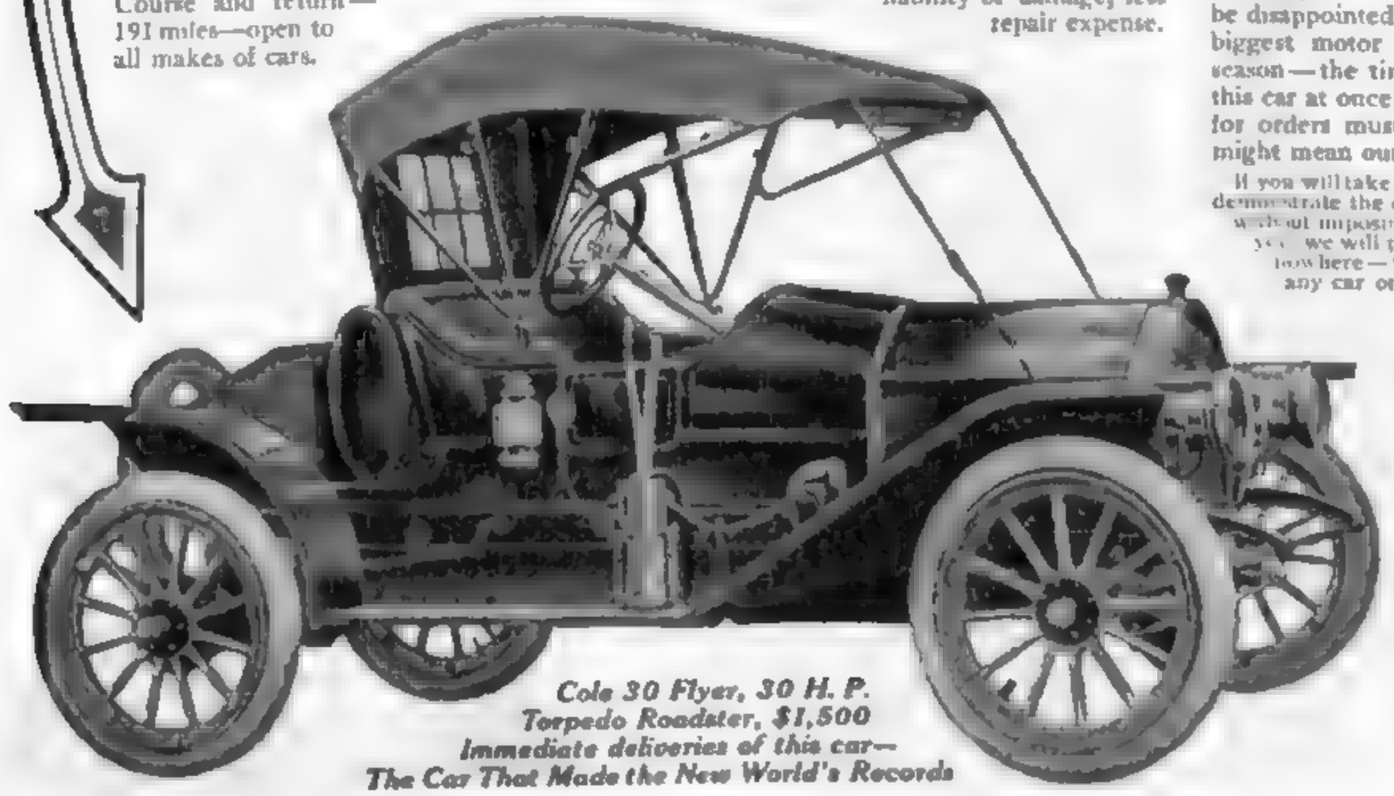
That racing at high speed more effectually proves the reliability of a motor car than any other test that could be given it, has been demonstrated beyond all question and the fact that during the year that has just passed, a ***Cole 30*** established a new world's record at Los Angeles, and the same identical car, a stock car, with Bill Endicott at the wheel, made a clean sweep at Atlanta — that the ***Cole 30*** is the only car of its class that ever finished a 24 hour endurance race — not a flat tire — motor in perfect condition at finish. In the Jacksonville-Savannah endurance run a ***Cole 30*** led at the finish after two days over rough, sandy roads without a single defect.

These records amply demonstrate how unusually rugged, how easy on tires, how perfect its lubrication, how thoroughly dependable, even under the severest tests, is the ***Cole 30*** — they are your assurance of speed and endurance to the full limit of mechanical possibilities, at a far less outlay for operation and up-keep than is possible with any big, high priced motor car.

Specifications Cole 30

Motor — L-head type, 4 cylinder, 4 cycle, 4½ inch bore, 5 inch stroke, 36 horsepower. **Ignition** — Dual type with [illegible] **Carburetor** — 1½ inch dual jet type. **Drive** — Shaft, direct to Level gears on rear axle. **Axles** — Rear are lever gear, full floating type. Hyatt roller bearings. Front I-beam with ball bearings and ball thrust bearings in steering yoke. **Brakes** — [illegible] inches in diameter, 3 inch face. One pair external operated by a foot pedal and one pair internal operated by hand lever; both acting directly on wheel drums. **Steering Gear** — Worm and sector. Pressed steel 17 inch steering wheel, aluminum spider. **Frame** — Double drop pressed steel, channel section, width, 32 inches rear, 28½ front, height [illegible] inch drop in rear. **Wheels** — Artillery type, [illegible] **Wheel Base** — [illegible] **Tires** — [illegible] **Clearance** — [illegible] inches. **Tread** — [illegible] inches. **Springs** — Front semi-elliptic, [illegible] rear, [illegible] **Control** — Spark and throttle levers on steering column, [illegible] **Clutch** — Leather faced cone, operating in oil, [illegible] **Gasoline Capacity** — [illegible] **Oil Capacity** — [illegible] **Bodies** — All sheet steel with ash frame. **Upholstering** — [illegible] Leather, over curled hair and deep coil springs. **Painting** — Regular. **Equipment** — One pair side oil lamps and tail lamp, two Solar [illegible] lamps mounted with generator back. Tire [illegible] tools in tool bag, tool and repair kit for tires and pump. Weight approximately [illegible] pounds.

Palace Touring Car, 36 h. p. - $1,600
Cole Flyer, Torpedo Roadster, 36 h.p. 1,600
"Fore-Dore" Toy Tonneau, 36 h.p. 1,650
"Fore-Dore" Touring Car, 36 h.p. 1,650



Cole 30 Flyer, 30 H. P.
Torpedo Roadster, $1,500
Immediate deliveries of this car—
The Car That Made the New World's Records

Mr. Dealer: 1911 Will Be A Cole 30 Year

More than half of our output is contracted for and before Sept 1st, the balance is sure to be taken by responsible dealers. It is not a question of selling our output, but of placing it in the hands of the most desirable dealers — real live wires, fully competent to successfully demonstrate the superior quality of this car and ready and willing to handle the thousands of prospective buyers our advertising is certain to produce.

We are thoroughly satisfied that our ***1911 "Fore-Dore" and Flyer (Torpedo Roadster)*** will be the biggest selling successes of the season and mighty profitable to the dealers fortunate enough to secure agencies for the ***Cole 30*** line — can be seen Aug. 15, at factory, or at our distributers.

Do you want to be one of the lucky ones? If so, today is the time to get busy — right now. If not rated at Dun's or Bradstreet's send references in order to have application receive consideration.

C. P. Henderson, Sales Department,
Cole Motor Car Company,
Manufacturers, Indianapolis, Ind.

Points for City Farmers

By DAVID BUFFUM

CAN a city man who takes up farming make it pay? This is a question that has been asked a great many times, and will doubtless continue to be asked as long as there are town-dwellers who hear the call of the soil and feel the impulse to respond to it.

In the abstract, the question can be quickly answered. Yes, it is entirely within the power of the city man, even though he has lived in cities all his life and had no experience in agriculture, to become a good farmer and to run his farm on a paying basis. But, just as the success of farmers who were born to their calling varies greatly with different individuals, so will the success of those who take it up as an afterthought or a recreation. Nor is it so easy a thing that it can be taken up offhand with no technical knowledge or experience. It must be learned, like any other business.

Failure to realize this fact has caused a great deal of disappointment to beginners, and has also made the school wherein they have gained their knowledge a needlessly expensive one. And yet this fact should be apparent to all and the necessary knowledge not come too high. The prospective farmer should read, study, think and observe long before he actually begins operations. Above all, he should note the way things are done on the best-managed and best-paying farms, and, when he finally formulates a scheme of agriculture for his own, remember that there are still a great many unforeseen contingencies for which he is not prepared and for which he cannot be prepared till he has gained a certain amount of experience. He must realize, too, that there are always points in farming that are not mentioned in his authorities and that the beginner rarely thinks of, although they seriously affect the result and are always thought of by those who have had to get their living from the land.

This latter fact is illustrated by a kind of experience that very frequently comes to the beginner, especially if he be an enthusiast in his adopted calling. Good agricultural methods seem to him so simple and so easy to follow that he is surprised at those that he constantly sees, and there is roused in him a feeling something like contempt for the ordinary farmer and his ways. Farmer Brown, for instance, whose land lies just across the way, is not very thorough in getting the ground ready for his corn. The superficial methods that he follows (one can hardly call them careless, for they are evidently in keeping with some fixed and time-honored plan, even if not a good one) seem to Mr. Newfields too easy—they are considerably at variance with his ideas of good tillage. That the resultant crop will be a small one seems a foregone conclusion. And in Farmer Brown's cow-barn, notwithstanding the fact that in the main it is well kept and fairly neat, there are festoons of cobwebs hanging from the ceiling and the window-panes are dingy from long lack of washing.

Why Farmer Brown Grinned

If he mentions these things to Farmer Brown—his point of view is rarely disputed. "Germs in them cobwebs? Well, yes, I s'pose there is. But you see it takes a good deal o' time an' labor to keep a stable as you would a model barn; and, with so many things to do on a farm, and most always a little short-handed on help, about all we can do is to keep things sort o' respectable without goin' in for a very fancy job. 'Tain't as if I had a lot o' help same as you have." And, indeed, the difference in this respect is rather marked, for Farmer Brown has only one hired man, while the man from town has five.

"But don't you think 'twould pay to hire more help and keep things right up to the mark? It's a principle in business that, if you can make a good profit on the labor you hire, the more men you can use the more profit you make."

I can fancy Farmer Brown, unless he is very different from most men of his kind that I have seen, shifting his quid before replying, and not in the least surprised or impressed by the "business principle" he has heard enunciated. "Yes," he answers quietly; "I know that's a theory, Mr. Newfields, and I ain't sayin' it mightn't be all right when it's worked out right. But good help is high and mighty scarce, and I've generally gone the other way—hired as little as I could."

These remarks, along with what he has observed on Mr. Brown's and other neighboring farms, usually convince Mr. Newfields that the one great thing needed in the neighborhood is a good object-lesson, and he starts in, to use the exact phrase that I have heard used many times in such cases, to "raise a crop that is a crop and show these fool farmers how to farm."

As Mr. Newfields is putting in his corn, Farmer Brown, notwithstanding his allusions to his multifarious duties and the preciousness of his time, seems to have abundant leisure for leaning over the fence and taking careful note of what is going on. He makes no comments, but nothing escapes him—the trim straightness of the rows, the amount and kind of fertilizer used, the number of hired hands. And on his tanned face—or perhaps I should say, more properly, beneath it, for it is hardly on the surface—there lurks an inexorable, never-changing grin.

The Crop That Cost Too Much

This grin, though doubtless supposed by its wearer to be duly and politely concealed, is glaringly obvious to Mr. Newfields and likewise a bit irritating. What causes it? Amusement—or contempt? This seems hardly supposable, for the work is being done better than it was in the Brown cornfield and there is no question but that Brown, who is by no means lacking in intelligence, knows it. As time passes and the crop matures the grin is still in evidence; apparently it is of the kind that does not come off. And it is no wonder that Newfields feels a decided satisfaction when he finally says: "Well, I've beaten you at your own game, Neighbor Brown: my corn crop is heavier than yours."

"Yes," observes Brown, "it's a bit heavier, I guess. But, you see, I have my livin' to get and I can't afford to pay out more for growin' crops than I'll get from them."

Newfields' face grows suddenly sober at this come-back, an awful doubt entering his mind

"Do you mean that's what I've done?" he asks.

"Well, I couldn't say, of course; but that's the way it looks from my side o' the fence. There's been considerable labor connected with it, and labor is pretty high, you know."

Newfields hurries home and examines his books—for he has kept a faithful account of all his farming operations. Yes, Farmer Brown was right: the crop did cost more than it came to! And here, at last, was the explanation of that exasperating, season-long grin.

Now, it is really of little consequence with what kind of grins one's neighbors choose to decorate their faces. What is of consequence is the fact that Newfields did not beat Brown at his own game, for the triumph of raising a big crop, at a cost of more than it would bring in the market, is no triumph at all. And the lesson to be drawn from such experiences—which I believe come to practically all enthusiastic farmers in their early days of farm management—is not that Farmer Brown's methods of farming should be copied, for they may or may not be the best ones; but that at least his way of producing things at a profit should be carefully studied. For the ability to produce things at a low cost is one of the first lessons for the farmer to learn To have one's goods of the highest quality and always to sell in the best markets are both, of course, important points; but a too-high cost of production is a handicap that usually offsets these advantages.

In the rival cornfields, Newfields, zealous for the very best culture, used a great deal of expensive hand labor; Brown did not touch his corn with a hoe at all, but when the young plants were some six inches high, went over the whole field with the smoothing harrow and followed up this wholesale weeding by keeping the cultivator at work till the corn was too large to admit of it. The expense of this method is not more than one-sixth of that of hand cultivation. To those unaccustomed to it, it looks crude and harsh, as it cannot be denied that the harrow occasionally uproots a spear of corn; but, in the main, it does the work better than it is usually done by hand, and the loss of an occasional hill is of little consequence when compared with the saving in expense.

Take, too, the cobweb-hung cow-stable and dingy windows, to which we have referred. The enthusiastic agriculturist who views these unsanitary features with disapproval and disgust is often surprised at the care that is taken, in just such stables, to have the milking done in the most cleanly and approved way—the cows' udders as well as the hands of the milkers carefully washed and the milk immediately put into cans where it is protected from any floating impurities in the atmosphere. This, it will be seen, is all of a piece with the harrowing of the corn and the indifference to straight rows that so often accompanies it. The farmer neglects to sweep his ceiling and wash his windows because he has learned that, under all ordinary circumstances, he can get along without this extreme cleanliness—and against those that are out of the ordinary he takes his chances. But he follows the up-to-date methods in milking and butter-making because he knows they are essential to his success; without them he could not depend upon the quality of his butter.

Now, I do not mean to imply, by any means, that the highest degree of cleanliness in a stable is not worth while, for it assuredly is and should always be insisted upon when possible. But I mean that the accent should be put in the right place and the things that are most essential always kept sharply in view. It is in this that economy in production largely lies; and the beginner in agriculture can almost always learn something in this direction from those who get their living from the land. His attitude toward them should be that of a student, not a critic. He may find, and doubtless will find, much that is open to criticism and much that it would not be wise to imitate; but he should remember that all agriculture which costs more than it brings in is bad agriculture; that he is seeking the knowledge by which he can avoid this, and that the wise farmer is the one who keeps his eyes and ears open, examining with care all systems of farming, good and bad, and adopting for his own use whatever he may find in any of them that serves his purpose.

Henroost Bookkeeping

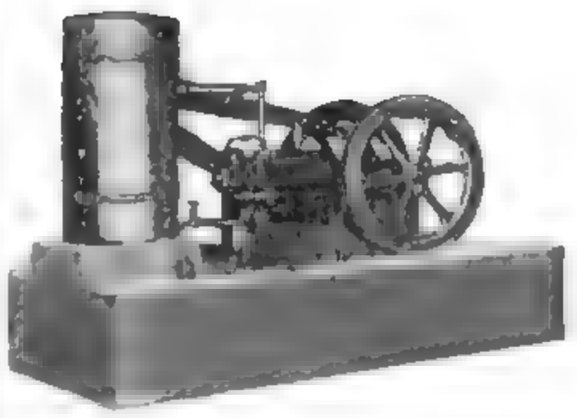
With the practical end of agriculture once learned, the city man has usually one point in his favor over the farmer who is born to his calling. For, strange as it may seem at first, a certain amount of city training is of great benefit to a farmer. Accuracy in business methods is indispensable in the city; and whoever does business there is accustomed to enter in his books all items of expenditures and receipts, trusting little or nothing to his memory or impressions. This the average farmer rarely does. I recall the look of amazement I once saw on the face of an old farmer who, in conversation with his neighbor, an erstwhile town-dweller, observed that "Hens pay pretty well, I cal'late; but nobody knows—or at least nobody round here knows—just how much"

"I can tell you just how much," said the man from town, taking down his books. "Last year mine paid me $1.12 a hen, and the year before $1.05."

"Gosh!" said the old man, in undisguised admiration. "All down to a cent. Gosh!"

And the subcutaneous grin on his face—for he had long been viewing his neighbor's methods with the amused conviction that they could not possibly pay—was wiped out as if by magic. Moreover, he began to keep more hens himself, and to keep books, and at the time of his death had some fifteen hundred that were paying him an average profit of a dollar a year a hen.

It is a matter of fact that many of the most successful farmers—those who have



Send for our free book on home up-keep and learn how to make lasting improvements of concrete about your home or farm.

With this book of instructions and suggestions you can make yourself, or have made under your direction, curbs, posts, walks, steps, watering troughs, feeding floors, rollers, urns, flower boxes and many other practical and beautiful things.

The book

"Concrete Construction About the Home and on the Farm"

is complete, non-technical and profusely illustrated. It tells everything you need to know, including the kind of cement to use. That kind is Atlas.

ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT

MAKES THE BEST CONCRETE

because of its absolute purity and uniform quality. It is the standard brand, the brand bought by the Government for the Panama Canal. It is made only of genuine Portland Cement Rock. It contains no furnace slag.

WE ALSO MAKE STAINLESS
ATLAS-WHITE
PORTLAND CEMENT
FOR DECORATIVE PURPOSES

OTHER BOOKS:

Concrete Houses and Cottages	Vol. I. Large Houses	$1.00
	Vol. II Small Houses	1.00
Concrete in Highway Construction		1.00
Concrete in Railroad Construction		1.00
Reinforced Concrete in Factory Construction (delivery charge)		.10

Concrete Cottages, Free Concrete Garages, Free

If your dealer cannot supply you with Atlas, write to

THE ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT CO.
DEPT. 62 30 BROAD ST., NEW YORK

Largest productive capacity of any cement company in the world. Over 50,000 barrels per day.

lifted their calling from the plane of a mere means of subsistence to the dignity and proportions of a true business—have had more or less training in the mercantile or industrial life of cities. One of the best farmers I ever knew had been, by turns, storekeeper, bookkeeper and bank clerk; and one of the best-managed and best-paying country properties was built up by a retired business man who, though born and raised on a farm, had spent practically his whole life in the city. Perhaps the best illustration of this point, however, is furnished by a company of business men who, wishing to put the question of the profitableness of farming in the Eastern states to the severest possible test, bought a large tract of ordinary New England land and commenced farming on it as a purely business enterprise. Some little time was spent at first in learning how, but, once under way, the enterprise was entirely successful and paid satisfactory dividends.

These instances, and others that could be cited, are more illuminating than any amount of argument. The city man may set it down as an assured fact that if he can run his store or his shop or his factory at a profit, so he can his farm—provided only that he goes about it in the same way, learning its principles and details first and then bringing to bear upon it the knowledge that he has of business methods.

But, if he can make a profit, how much profit? How much net income is it possible to derive from a hundred-acre farm? These questions, which I have often been asked, are utterly impossible to answer. For not only does the profit vary with the kind of farming that is carried on, but it varies greatly in the same kind. But, in figuring the profit that can reasonably be expected, only conservative figures are in anywise safe—that is, what any ordinarily good farmer realizes from his dairy, his sheep or his poultry, is all that the beginner should count on. It is true that these figures can almost always be amplified by better management. For instance, a dollar a head a year is about what is ordinarily realized from poultry when kept in large numbers. As much as twice that amount is not infrequently realized and sometimes even more. But these very large profits are usually made where only a small flock is kept, where market conditions are unusual or where a closer degree of attention is given than most men would care to bestow. And, as one dollar is what is figured on by the majority of good poultrymen, who understand the business and have followed it for years, it is unwise for the beginner to count upon much more.

Exaggerated Profits

Whoever has received as many inquiries as I have about farming and its profits will realize, to some extent, how many people there are who do not think of agriculture as a calling in which a man must think and study and work to obtain results, but simply as one in which the profits are easy. Fully three-fourths of the inquiries concern such specialties as squab-raising, mushroom-growing, bee-keeping, the raising of turkeys or pheasants or of chicks for broiling—specialties in which there are popularly supposed to be large profits and very little work. Let me say once for all that there are no easy profits. In these specialties, it is true, there is very little heavy labor. But they require, no less than any other thing, the two great requisites to success—care and attention; and they suffer even more than most other things if these are relaxed even in the smallest degree.

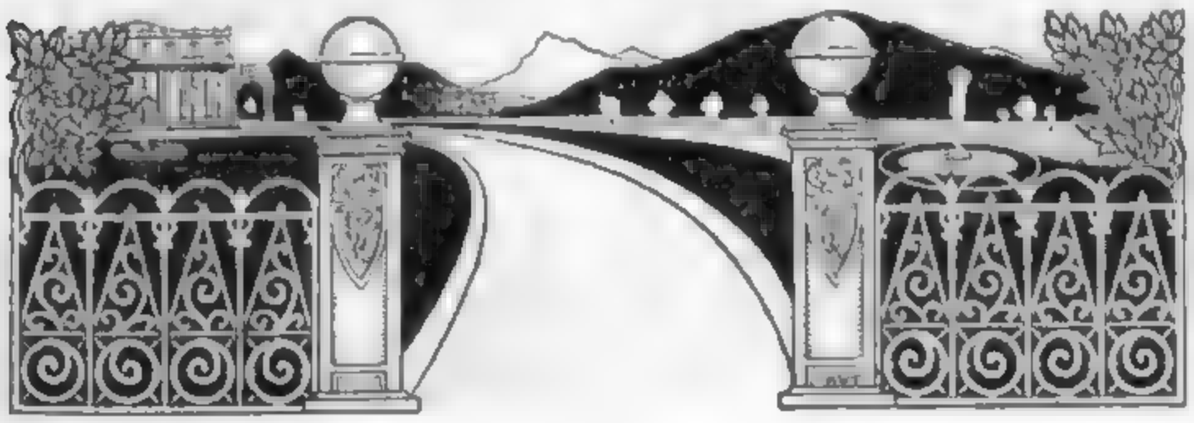
There is no doubt that this overoptimistic view—this faith or, at least, hope in profits that are both large and easy—comes, in some degree, from reading, in the different farm periodicals, the stories that others have to tell of their successes. And yet, if read rightly, these stories ought not to mislead. Why do these people wish to tell of their successes? Simply because no credit would attach to them if they were easy, and the writers have tasted the sweets of victory. And as the story of any general success rarely dwells very much upon the failures by which it was punctuated one has, in reading it, to look a little between the lines. If Mr. Jones, for instance, tells how he made his flock of Dorkings pay him a net profit of two dollars a year a hen, he does not think it necessary to tell of the long struggle he had last year to rid his hens of lice, nor of the number of chicks that he lost the year before because he failed to give them enough green feed. He simply says: "Keep your houses free from vermin and feed your chicks plenty of green food." And in the same way Smith, who began farming five years ago and is now selling his butter at fifty cents a pound, does not feel it incumbent upon him to tell of the difficulties he experienced in getting started, nor of the fact that, even now, he has an occasional churning that, for some inexplicable reason, is not good and therefore is not sent to his city customers, but is turned in at the village store for whatever it will bring.

The Agricultural Spree

Now, in point of fact, the rules for making the best butter are simple and very few in number, but they are inexorable and must be followed to the letter. Nor does it require any exceptional intelligence to make a profit of a dollar a year a hen—or more, if the conditions are right—from a lot of poultry. But it requires as much knowledge of what one is doing and as much attention to detail as any other business. These details, it is true, may fall chiefly upon hired helpers; but the owner, to succeed, must see that they are always attended to. So I say again that there are no easy profits

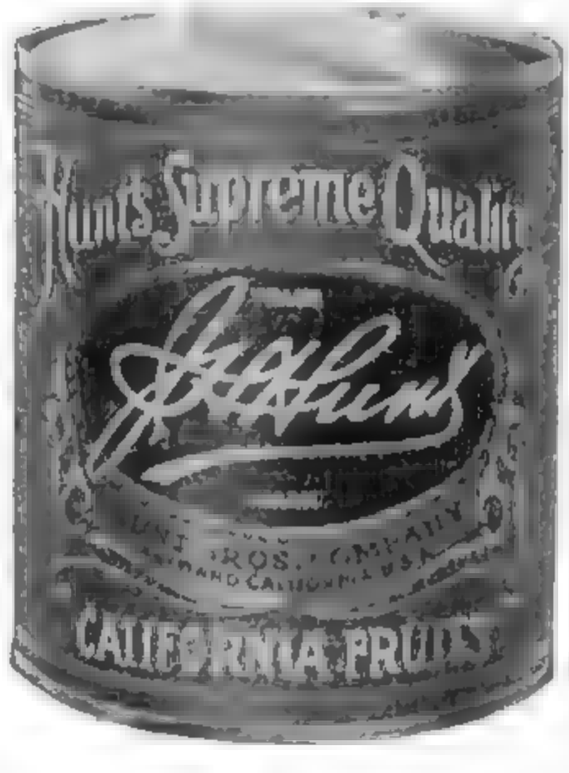
Though agriculture on account of these exactions is like every other calling, its profits in one sense may be said to come easier, for it differs from them all in that its prosecution is a pleasure rather than a task, and its triumphs have no physical or mental reaction. It is, of all occupations, the most fascinating; for, while many of its problems seem to have received a satisfactory solution, they are always capable of a more perfect one and its laws of a higher and better interpretation. The man, for instance, who has spent a lifetime in the breeding of horses or cattle is still unable to say that he has learned all there is to know about breeding; it still holds out for him questions of absorbing interest and has led him into fields whose confines he will never reach.

The joys of agriculture, however, are only for those who take it up in a sane and natural and wholesome way. I know there are many who say they do not care whether their farms pay or not; that they have them for pleasure only; and if they can have trim fields and handsome buildings and raise big crops and sleek cattle they are satisfied, even if the cost is far in excess of the value of the result. But these men are not farming at all: they are only out on an agricultural spree. And the end is like that of any other kind of spree—a feeling of dissatisfaction and disgust, and the loss of the very pleasure sought for. For he who handles his land in this way has always the unpleasant consciousness that he has accomplished nothing of any value; that he has thrown both scientific and business principles to the winds, and that the plainest and simplest farmer who tills the soil and gets a living from it has beaten him in the race. The pleasure is to him who does the thing rightly, even though he takes it up only as a pastime, and who makes his fields and flocks and herds yield him their increase.



In a Class by Itself

INSIST ON THIS LABEL



The kind that is **not** lye-peeled

In advance of legislation

For Sale By

Quality Grocers

HUNT BROS. COMPANY San Francisco, California

LARGEST CANNERS OF HIGHEST GRADE CALIFORNIA FRUITS

A beautiful booklet, "Hunt's California Canned Fruits" and "49 Dainty Dessert Recipes" 49 proven dishes will be sent free, if you will send us the name of your grocer.

W. K. Kellogg's Corner

Message No. 17

You Can't Accidentally Get Substitutes.

When the grocer offers the consumer a substitute for Kellogg's—the genuine—Toasted Corn Flakes, it isn't an accident.

The fact that, in spite of special inducements, imitations, cut prices and "deals," Kellogg's sells at its own legitimate price—in nearly double the quantity of all others combined—isn't an "accident" either. Quality, fair prices, fair treatment and fair profits are the answer.

See our full page in colors on the back cover of this issue.

The Genuine has this Signature

W. K. Kellogg

Made from Selected White Corn

Are You a Misfit?

If you don't "fit in" with your job, if you have that "square peg in the round hole" feeling; if your work is not congenial—*MAKE A CHANGE NOW FOR THE BETTER.*

The attached coupon is your chance. Mark it to-day opposite your chosen occupation and mail it to the International Correspondence Schools. Then the I. C. S. will tell you how you can qualify in your spare time for a well paid position where you *will* fit in, where you *will* advance, where you *will* be on good terms with yourself and your work.

Mark the coupon. Get in line to join the thousands of I. C. S. students who have had their salaries raised. 3882 VOLUNTARILY reported in 1909. During May alone 301 were reported.

Whoever you are, whatever your age, wherever you live, mark the coupon. Doing so involves neither expense nor obligation.

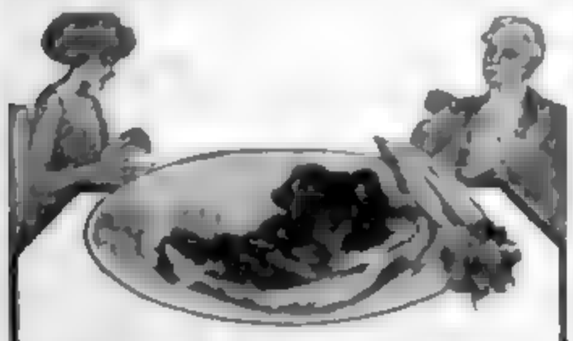
Now—**now** mark it ***NOW.***

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 1171, Scranton, Pa.

Please explain without further obligation on my part how I can qualify for the position, trade or profession before which I have marked X

Bookkeeper	Electric Wireman
Stenographer	Elec. Lighting Supt.
Advertising Man	Electrical Engineer
Show Card Writing	Mechan. Draftsman
Window Trimming	Mechanical Engineer
Commercial Illustrating	Telephone Expert
Industrial Designing	Stationary Engineer
Architect's Draftsman	Textile Manufacturing
Building Contractor	Civil Engineer
Architect	Concrete Construction
Chemist	Plumbing, Steam Fitting
Language— French	Mine Foreman
Banking	Mine Superintendent
Civil Service	Automobile Running

Name
Street and No.
City State



Just Try It On
STEAKS
and you will be delighted with the added zest given by

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

It improves Soups, Fish, Gravies, Chafing Dish Cooking, Welsh Rarebits and many other dishes.

Beware of Imitations.

John Duncan's Sons, Agts., N. Y.

THRIFT

School Money

NOT long ago several dozen boy and girl depositors were interviewed at a banking institution where they kept their money and asked whether they had any definite purpose in saving. A majority of those who were twelve years old or more replied that they were saving for an educational object, some having in view a college course, and others special training of various practical kinds, chiefly commercial and technical.

One family of five children, ranging from a girl of nine down to the baby, less than two, maintains, with individual home savings banks, a separate account for each youngster. The mother was a school-teacher before marriage, and though the father, a bank clerk, earns only a moderate salary, the children are all being provided for in the matter of education. When the oldest girl was born, the parents, both of thrifty Scotch descent, took out a home bank for the baby, opening the account with some odd money that had been given to the child as presents. They resolved that at least three dollars a month should be set aside for an educational fund, and kept making deposits at a little better rate than that until the second baby came, and they were able to do the same for it. Before the third child was born the father's salary was increased, so a bank was obtained for it also, and the same rate of saving was adhered to. The youngsters now have school money to their credit in amounts ranging from three hundred and thirty-four dollars for the oldest to forty dollars for the baby. The fifteen dollars saved on their behalf every month is largely made up by household work they have been taught to do, making it possible to manage without a servant. The children are also encouraged in earning small sums by gardening and odd jobs. Their bank accounts have taught them management, and the oldest girl, who is now far enough along in life to have plans, means to take a special course of instruction after leaving the public school, and become a librarian.

A public-school principal's baby had a couple of hens and a rooster given her when she was two years old, and the parents decided that whatever income was derived from them should go into an educational fund. The first eggs were set and the flock increased. Money received from eggs or chickens was put away, the family paying Baby for all that were used on the table. The baby is now ten years old, and her poultry plant has grown to quite a thriving little business. She has two hundred and eighty-six dollars put away toward schooling, and means ultimately to take a normal-school course and become a teacher. A younger brother, who also has a school fund, is paid ten per cent of the poultry profits for running the plant.

A Boy Farmer's Fortune

An orphan boy, who lived in an institution until he was ten years old, was adopted by a New England farmer to work for his board, clothes and schooling. For several months he had no money, but a widow a mile down the road offered him fifty cents a week to fetch her mail every evening and do a few chores. This money he kept in a baking-powder box, and at the end of his first winter on the farm he had seventeen dollars. Then he looked around for an investment, finally putting twelve dollars of his capital into a wheel-hoe which could be run by boy-power, having various attachments for cultivating, weeding, hilling potatoes and corn, and planting seed in rows. Farmers being busy with general crops in the spring months, he readily got enough garden work to keep him busy. He charged two or three dollars for putting the seed into the ground after it had been plowed and harrowed by horses. During May and June, by working spare hours and by taking advantage of moonlight evenings, he earned the cost of his wheel-hoe twice over. Through the summer also he kept it busy, charging two dollars a month for keeping a garden free from weeds. That brought him pretty fair wages for a boy, because he could go over an ordinary family truck garden in two or three hours, and five or six hoeings each month kept vegetables thriving.

By fall the boy had nearly seventy-five dollars in his tin can, and as his bent was decidedly mechanical he made arrangements with the farmer who had adopted him to let him spend part of the winter working for an old repair-man in the neighborhood. This old fellow ran a typical country machine-shop, containing tools with which he could fix almost anything from a traction engine to a watch. The boy soon caught the general drift of metal-working machinery, and proved so useful that the repair-man paid him small wages.

By the time he was fifteen this orphan had three hundred and fifty dollars in cash and the crude but comprehensive knowledge of mechanics that can be picked up in a country repair-shop, where the specialist is unknown.

When his public-school course was finished, this lad got a job in the shops of a large railroad system through the kindness of his engineer friend, and in three years, by economy with his wages and night study, he had enough money, together with the requisite groundwork, to begin a college course in mechanical engineering, and ultimately worked his way through. Today he is assistant superintendent in a large machine-shop, earns a good salary and is in line for promotion.

A Girl's Good Management

A widower with a grown daughter married a second time. The daughter disliked having a step-mother, and left home. In less than a year the father died, and the step-mother, then a widow, disappeared, leaving five children of her own in the old home. The daughter came back there to live, and as the widow put in no claim for the father's life-insurance money there was two thousand dollars with which to pay off debts and help the children begin life. They, of course, had rights in this money, and the daughter divided it into six equal shares of about three hundred dollars apiece after expenses had been met, and put fifteen hundred dollars in the bank for the children, keeping her own share. The father had lived in a rented house costing twenty dollars a month. They moved to a smaller one at twelve dollars. The oldest boy was put into a hardware store, where he earned thirty dollars a month as a clerk. The oldest girl got a place in another store at twenty dollars a month. The three younger children were sent to school and the daughter undertook to keep them all together upon the fifty dollars earned by the older youngsters. After two years of careful management the family got to a point where the daughter could send the working boy off with his share of the insurance money to take a course at a commercial school, where he paid a hundred dollars for tuition and the rest for expenses, while the others were kept at the public school. When the boy came back he got a railroad job at forty dollars a month, with better chances to rise. Then the oldest girl was given her share and went to study stenography. That gave her training which got her a position at thirty-five dollars a month. By this time the oldest boy was getting forty-five, and upon this eighty dollars a month they bought a home. The third child, a girl, had left school and got work on a trade journal which paid her eighteen dollars a month for six days' work. That bought her clothes and left her time to help at home, and she agreed to advance her share of the insurance money for the first payment upon the house which was purchased. The monthly payments on the house came to about the same as the rent. The fourth child, a boy, was feeble-minded, so the family put him into a state institution where he could be taken care of to the best advantage, and bought a lot next to their house with his share of the money, holding it for his benefit. When the youngest girl was ready to leave school the family followed the usual course, sending her to prepare herself as a teacher. Their combined earnings are now in excess of one hundred and seventy-five dollars a month, their home is paid for, and they are planning to build a cottage on the lot next door.

THE soothing, creamy, lasting lather of Williams' Shaving Stick, guarantees to the man who shaves, a satisfaction he will find in no other.

Williams' Shaving Stick

"The kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

Williams' Quick & Easy Shaving Powder

Shake a little on the moist brush and apply the brush to the face. The lather is instantaneous—the same emollient, creamy and satisfying lather that has made Williams' Shaving Soap famous. It is still Williams' Shaving Soap, though in powdered form.

Sample of either Williams' Shaving Stick or Williams' Shaving Powder mailed on receipt of four cents in stamps.

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

The tobacco with a regret
The regret is that you have wasted so many years before you began smoking ARCADIA
The great brotherhood of pipe smokers, who appreciate a soothing and meditative pipe, and are trying to find a tobacco that satisfies perfectly, will find their ideal in ARCADIA MIXTURE
If you have never had the luxury of smoking ARCADIA

Send 10 Cents and we will send a sample.

If you are a devotee send us a eulogy.

THE SURBRUG CO., 81 Dey Street, New York

American Flags

Size 8 ft. x 10 ft. **$1.98** Size 6 ft. x 10 ft. **$1.80** Size 5 ft. x 8 ft. **$1.70**

Fly Old Glory

Betsy Ross Flag Mfg. Co., 57 White Street, New York City

6% NET

PERKINS & CO Lawrence Kans

Spending Money Getting Low?

WITH the summer holidays half over and spending money getting low, most young people are commencing to think about replenishing empty purses If you are among the number THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has the remedy all ready for you.

Thousands of young folks are this summer turning what would otherwise be idle hours into bright, shining dollars. You can join them if you wish to do so, and you can continue the work in the fall. The best of it is, that it doesn't interfere with other work or household duties. You can devote just as much or as little time to it as you wish.

To any person we will pay a liberal weekly salary and an extra cash commission for looking after our renewals and for introducing THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL to new readers.

There is not one cent of expense to you. Your only investment is the whole or a part of your time. No expense is necessary and you can be just as successful as all the others have been. A line of inquiry will bring everything necessary for trying the experiment now.

Circulation Department

The Curtis Publishing Company

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Hay Fever

and Asthma are quickly relieved by the use of an effective device which we will send to any sufferer for seven days' free trial. They may then decide whether or not they want to keep it. This device filters the air of all foreign matter, dust and pollen which cause the irritation known as Hay Fever and produce paroxysms of Asthma.

No medicines are used—no operation is required The use of this marvelous device will bring quick relief to any sufferer. Persons who are compelled to breathe a great deal of dust find this device of immediate relief. It protects the sensitive membranes of the nasal cavities from all foreign matter in the air, thus eliminating the irritation

If you are troubled with Hay Fever or Asthma send your name and address. You can use this device seven days before deciding to keep it The Nasalfilter Company, 430 Globe Bldg., St Paul, Minn

BENJAMIN AIR RIFLE FOR MEN AND OLDER BOYS

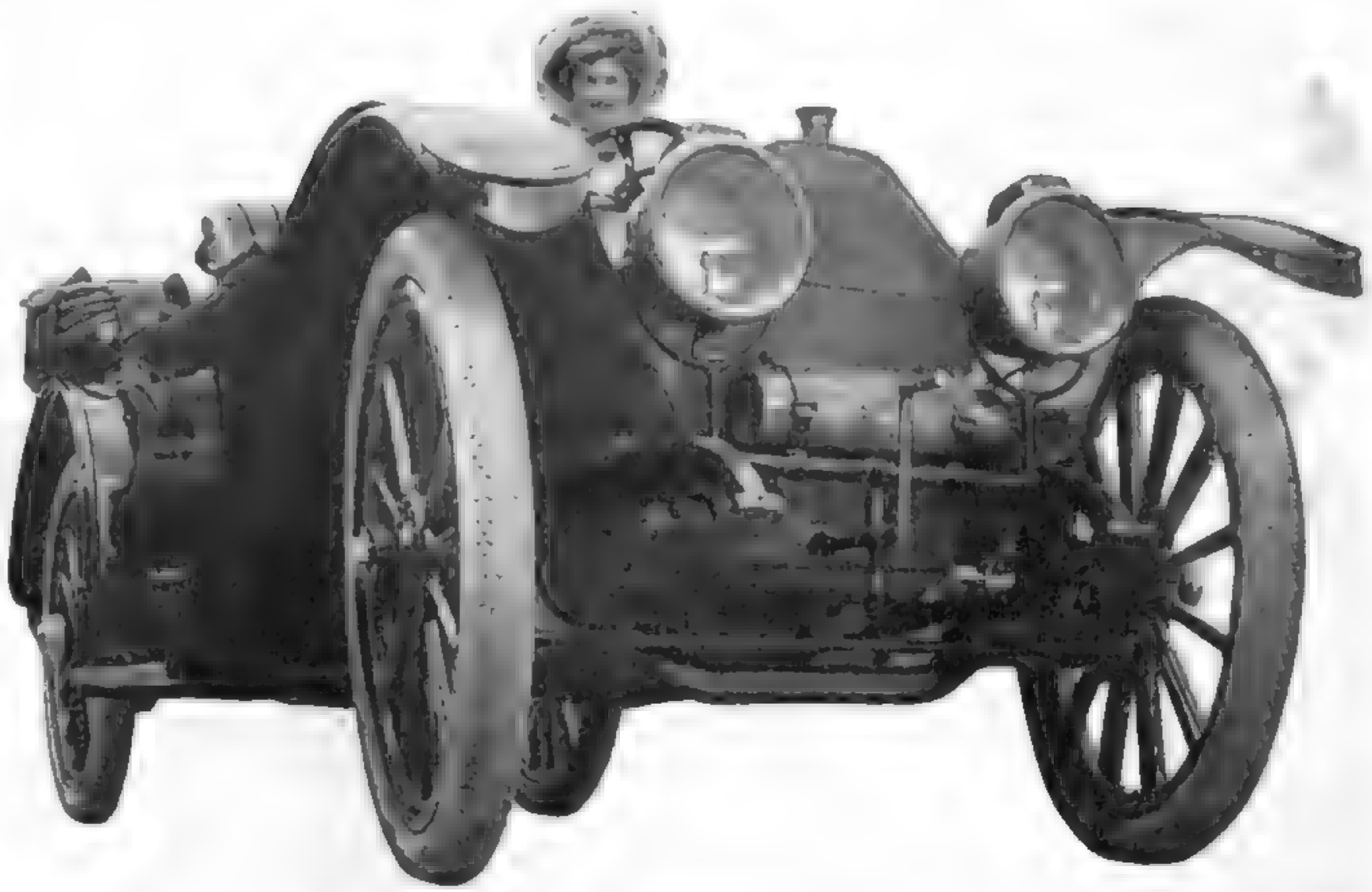
Benjamin Air Rifle & Mfg. Co., 502 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

$40 UP C/G PORTABLE CANVAS HOUSE

No center-pole or guy ropes. Defies strong wind winds. 3, 4 or 5 room sizes. Awnings work from inside. Parts of patented

For descriptive booklet address Dept. I

CARRIE GOODIE MFG CO., 307 Delaware St., Kansas City, Mo



An Invitation

To Experienced Motorists Everywhere to Ride in a

42-Inch-Wheel Owen

The 42-inch-wheel Owen rides comfortably over roads that the ordinary cars find impassable.

The Owen is being sent to the principal cities to demonstrate to experienced drivers, over the roughest roads, the 42-inch wheel, the left-hand drive and other features of the Owen that make touring in it a real comfort.

We invite you to ride with us on this demonstration. From all sections we have received word from presidents of corporations, from bankers and others owning cars that cost from $3,000 up, that they want to ride in this two-years-ahead-of-the-times car.

The picture above shows a 42-inch-wheel Owen as it would look coming over the top of a hill. The camera, of course, has distorted it somewhat, but it shows the double-drop frame and big wheels—prominent Owen features

The 42-inch wheels on The Owen make the car glide over the roughest, ruttiest roads. It will maintain a good speed on dirt roads where the mud is so deep that other cars cannot travel there.

The left-hand-drive, in addition to its many advantages for city traffic, is appreciated by all who know the dangers of passing cars on narrow roadways in the country. By sitting on the left side the driver knows how close he can drive to passing cars.

The Owen car is built for touring comfort. The wheels and underhung spring arrangement make it a flexible, easy gliding car that enables the passengers to ride in it without fatigue.

The center of gravity is low—the body of the car hanging closer to the ground than that of the average touring car of even 34-inch wheels.

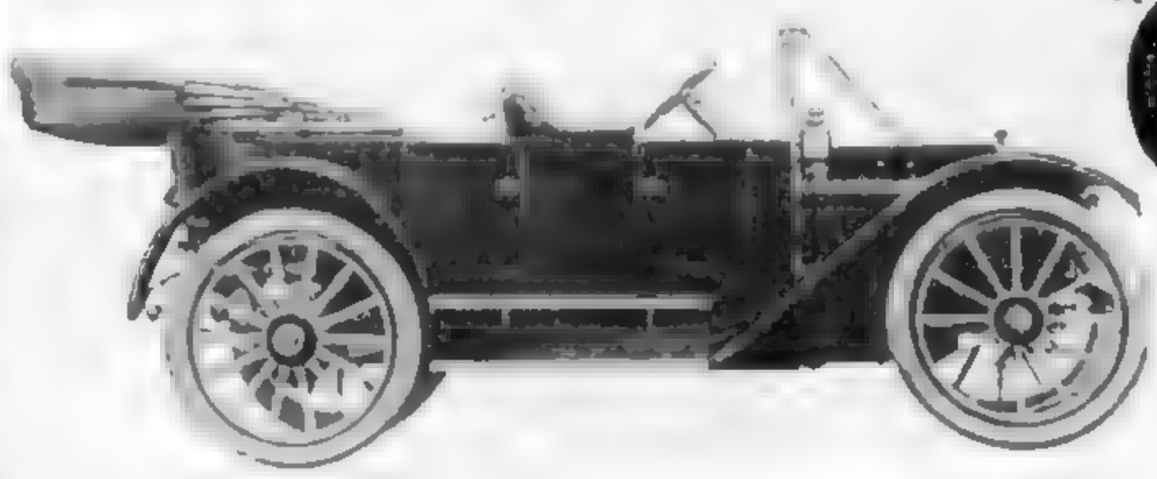
The Owen is staunchly built. It has a motor of power and endurance. The stroke is 6 inches, which gives flexibility and enables you to drive on the high from two to sixty miles an hour by merely advancing the throttle This without slipping the clutch.

The Owen will soon be in your town and we wish you would ride in it. Go over roads that have proved too much for the cars you know. You will then appreciate wherein The Owen is two years ahead of the times.

The 42-inch wheels, left-hand drive, long-stroke motor, as well as many other features now distinctively exclusive with The Owen, will, in two years, be standard with many of the best cars.

Send us your name and address now so we can arrange to take care of you when the car reaches your locality From some sections we have received so many inquiries that it will be impossible to take care of all

The Owen is sold fully equipped with top, folding windshield, speedometer, clock, electric lamps, gas tank, electric horn, luggage rack and other refinements and equipments needed for touring, such as tire chains and extra inner tube—all except the license tag. The price is $4,000



"The Two-Years-Ahead Owen"

Owen Motor Car Co.

1608 E. Grand Boulevard

Detroit, Michigan

The Money Side of the Ministry

(Concluded from Page 7)

write to her exactly as I felt. I was on my seventh page when my daughter Mary informed me that a gentleman desired to speak to me.

He was a tall, aged, excessively pallid man, in a painfully neat but infinitely shabby clerical suit, in a white tie which had been laundered into a stiff and rigid skeleton of its former self, and in congress gaiters the elastics of which had lost their elasticity, and which now gaped so as to show a pair of frequently darned but clean white socks. He bowed to me with a certain exaggeration of old-time courtesy, and after discussing the weather, the city and foreign missions, he brought the conversation to bear on the preparation of sermon.

"I have here," he said, suddenly lapsing into the professional book-agent intonation, "a selected volume of sermons, readily adaptable, that will save you the painful necessity of going to the bottom of your sermon barrel for new, or what is the same, old and forgotten sermons. I can offer you this valuable ——"

"Doctor Williams!" I cried. "Have I not the honor of addressing my old pastor, the Reverend Dr. Micah Williams?"

It was he. After supper we sat up until one o'clock in the morning talking about old times and new changes in the ministry. He told me how his salary, which had been eleven hundred dollars a year, had never been increased; how he had surrendered his position owing to irreconcilable differences with his congregation ("the truth of the matter is, they were tired of me"); how he had sought one position after another only to find that he was too old; how he had been forced to depend for his daily bread upon his sister's husband, and how, finally, he had been compelled to take up this position as book-agent to try, as he put it, "upon the strength of my former position to palm off worthless books upon other poor pastors. It is humiliating," he concluded, "humiliating."

The Clergyman's Pay

For three years the old man had been carrying his books—"predigested sermons" he called them—from village to village and door to door, and the frequent incivilities he had encountered and his own distaste for the work had embittered him against our whole system. He told me of scores of ministers all over the country trying desperately to keep up positions, to educate their families, or even barely to keep alive, upon beggarly pittances. He told me of pastors who dabble in real estate, and who do all manner of work, against which they rebel to eke out their insufficient incomes. One desperately poor minister embarked ignorantly upon a shady financial transaction and narrowly escaped going to jail. He told me of ministers without books, without newspapers, without money, without the food required to feed their families; of ministers who, through the meagerness of their salary or through the default of it, were in a perpetually dependent position; of ministers—men of character and integrity—obliged to cringe to the wealthier members of their congregations in order to retain their contributing membership.

"I have been looking into this subject," he said. "I have had time—plenty of time—to look into things. Here is an article that says that ministers do not average over six hundred dollars a year. Six hundred dollars—and you know the price of meat and eggs and milk and butter and vegetables and fruit and clothes, and the size of doctors' bills and dentists' bills.

"Here," he continued, fishing from the depths of his clerical coat the latest report of the Methodist Year Book—"Here are some actual figures. You can see for yourself that the average income of fifteen thousand five hundred and forty-five Methodist pastors is only eight hundred and sixty-four dollars, or about sixteen dollars and fifty cents a week. But even this average is too high, for it includes pastors who receive five and six and eight thousand dollars a year. Why, over half of all these men receive less than eight hundred dollars a year, and almost three thousand of them earn less than four hundred dollars—less than eight dollars a week."

"Less than eight dollars a week?"

"Yes," he replied, "less than eight, less than six; even less than four dollars a week. Here are some figures from the United States Census—you've got to believe them, you know." He read from a lead-pencil note on a smirched piece of paper the following:

"The average salary of all ministers of all denominations in the United States is, according to the census, twelve hundred and twenty-three dollars for cities of over three hundred thousand population in 1900; eleven hundred and ten dollars for cities of one hundred thousand to three hundred thousand; ten hundred and sixty-three dollars for cities from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand; nine hundred and seventy-two dollars for cities of twenty-five thousand to fifty thousand, and five hundred and seventy-three dollars for all other places."

A Possible Remedy

He launched into details. He gave me figure after figure of the salaries of Baptists, Unitarians, Universalists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Methodists, Hebrews, Christian Scientists, Roman Catholics, Congregationalists, waxing more excited as he spoke. It soon became unmeaning to me, for I can only remember one "statistic" at a time, and I soon forgot the number of dollars received by the average Baptist minister in Alabama and began to watch the face of my old pastor as it glowed under the excitement of his rapid, figure-laden speech. Suddenly I thought irrelevantly of a wonderfully touching sermon I had heard him preach almost forty years before on the Ten Talents of Silver.

"Why is it, Doctor Williams?" I asked.

"I do not know," he answered. "One old minister, who had just given up his place because, as he claimed, he no longer had the spring styles in theology, said it was a lack of Christianity among Christians. Another minister told me that there were too many churches, that the Protestant church members, even if they all attended, could be seated in half the churches. I myself have often seen five churches of five different competitive denominations trying to survive in a little town that could barely support one; and I have known many ministers who believed in swarming and who established mission churches to save their congregations carfare.

"There was an educator in Baltimore," he went on, "not a churchgoer and, I fear, not a Christian, who told me that the trouble was that there were too many ministers and too poor ones. He said the systems of instruction were poor, that the free instruction and the fellowships brought in too many men; that it was too easy for a pastor to get a parish. He said we ought to set higher standards of education, of work and of pay; and when we could not give a salary that would bring out the best there is in a man and attract the best type of man in the community we ought not to employ him at all. His proposal was: fewer pastors, better-trained pastors and better-paid pastors. I remember that he said, half jocularly, that he would favor a theological trust, with the elimination of superfluous plants, as he called them."

"Well," I said, "if a man can just live and bring up his children decently, and insure himself against old age and his family against his death, what else can he claim?"

"If," repeated Doctor Williams hotly, "if, if, if! If he can do all these things! But how can a man who earns less than enough to pay his bills take insurance? Do you realize how few of our ministers can afford three dollars a week for insurance premiums? Do you realize how many poor old ministers there are of sixty, seventy and eighty and more years, who actually are without bread—poor, old, worn-out men, half blind, lame, weak, with perhaps invalid wives—men with holes in their shoes and in their sleeves, with threadbare clothes, buttonless—men who have not five cents for carfare? The Boards of Ministerial Relief do what they can, but it is not enough; and it is always giving—not earning." He paused suddenly.

"Pardon me," he said. "I should not complain. It is time for me . . . to retire."

Before I went to bed that night I read over my seven-page letter to Esther. Then I tore it up.

No! not a Stropping Machine

But the only

Razor

that strops itself

You are an expert head barber.

That is, if you own an AutoStrop Safety Razor. For you can whip it out and strop a fine shaving edge onto it as expertly as he can; as readily and handily as he can, and just as quickly as he can.

And with that fine stropped edge, you can remove your beard just as feelinglessly as he does—with that feeling of a hot knife cleaving butter.

And after shaving you'll enjoy rubbing your hand against the healthy grain, just as you do after the head barber has shaved you.

The AutoStrop Safety Razor strops itself *automatically*. No other razor does this. And you don't have to remove blade to strop or clean.

TRY IT FREE (Dealers read this)

Some men lead a life of doubt—doubting everything, everybody. Doubt makes them failures.

Stop doubting the AutoStrop Safety Razor. Get one from your dealer today on 30 days' free trial. If it doesn't give you head barber shaves, dealer will willingly refund your $5, as he loses nothing. We exchange the razor you return, or refund his cost. Don't be modest about taking it back.

Will you keep on doubting and sweltering in shaving annoyance and expense, or will you 'phone or write your dealer to send you an AutoStrop Safety Razor on trial now while you are thinking about it?

"THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS"

There's one sure way to keep on having shaving bother and expense; i. e., don't send for "The Slaughter of the Innocents" booklet. It's free.

And there's one sure way to forget to send for it, and that's to put it off!

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 327 Fifth Ave., New York; 233 Coristine Bldg., Montreal; 61 New Oxford Street, London.

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

STROPS, SHAVES, CLEANS, WITHOUT DETACHING BLADE

Can you draw a Goose

$400.00 IN CASH PRIZES

Divided into 135 prizes of $100.00 to $1.00 each, will be given this year to the boys and girls who make the best drawings of the Famous RED GOOSE. Any boy or girl under 16 years of age can compete. Contest begins at once and ends Dec. 1st, 1910. Costs absolutely nothing to enter. Full details and proper entry blanks sent free on request. This contest is conducted in order to acquaint every boy and girl in America with the

Red Goose School Shoes

Finest and Best for Boys and Girls

Enter the contest and try to get one of the 135 prizes. Remember it's free.

Send 5 cents in coin or stamps for a copy of "The RED GOOSE Book" lithographed in seven colors, with sixteen poems and many pictures, by W. W. Denslow

Friedman-Shelby Shoe Co.
All-Leather Shoe Makers
907 St. Charles Street
St. Louis, U. S. A.

Red Goose

WHY THEY GO

(Concluded from Page 14)

I really believe I sh'd do as I oughter,
Banish all drugs and become a New Thoughter."

IX

Every spring is a special specific
For something-or-other of name scientific.
Choose the right spring
And it won't do a thing
But banish your ills without pills, bills or wills.
If you search you'll no doubt find the Waters of Truth
Or Mr. de Leon's famed Fountain of Youth:
In fact, Hank the Guide knows a spring far apart
Which cures all afflictions affecting the heart.
"Drink them there waters," says Hank, "twicet a day—
Heartaches and heartbreaks plum vanish away.
Hearts that's had thumps, mumps and grumps, lumps and bumps,
Wet by the nazzle
Of that magic sozzle,
Leap from the bog of despondency's dumps,
Start up again with harmonious jumps.
Show you the spring?" murmurs Hank.
"Not a bit!
'Most everybody is askin' for it.
Not love nor money can find it—besides,
Some spots in Nature is sacred to guides.
Yet sometimes, when moonlight falls pale, and there swells
Fairyland waltzes from all the hotels—
Sometimes, I say, a young couple or two
Tiptoe away to the hills for a view,
Up the dim elf-lanes, along the dull pines,
Through the deep dells where the witch-vapor shines—
See! they have vanished a while—then, perchance,
Radiant of face they come back to the dance.
Mrs. Van Chaperon's awful enraged.
Some whispers 'Fauncy!' and others 'Engaged!'
But the couple laugh sweet, like the thrushes that sing
From their hearts to the sky—they have sipped of the spring."

Maggie Mulrennin Mud-Hen

(Continued from Page 12)

level an immense body of water broke into the tunnel. As in the Savage, Ophir and Consolidated Virginia mines, this flood came apparently from a subterranean stream, entering the workings in such volume as to cause the miners to flee for their lives. It was claimed by some eminent geologists of that day and generation that the influx of water was due to striking an underground outlet of Lake Tahoe. At any rate, the Narcissus mine filled with water up to the six-hundred-foot level and the value of the stock on the San Francisco Stock Exchange slumped from one hundred and forty dollars to twenty-five cents a share.

A few years later the company, by extraordinary assessments, installed a battery of big Cornish pumps and an attempt was made to drain the mine. The venture was fairly successful, the pumps lifting an average of five million gallons of water out of the mine each day. Unfortunately, however, the pumps were operated by steam. To produce this steam required the consumption of thousands of cords of wood, hauled to the mine from great distances and at an exorbitant cost. Ere long a wail went up from the stockholders when it was discovered that the cost of cordwood alone was greater than the production of the mine; in consequence of which the Narcissus ceased operations.

For twenty years the mine had lain idle. While the pumping plant was rusting and falling to decay, however, the march of progress pressed ever onward. One day a smart civil engineer, riding along the banks of the Truckee River, discovered the immense advantages of that stream for the production of electric power. So he secured an option on a splendid power site, organized an electric light and power company and installed a plant. Later he rounded up the boards of directors of several of the largest mines on the Comstock Lode and explained to them that, if they

Astir

A Publisher's Life-Story

By John Adams Thayer

The author has written an absorbingly interesting narrative of his ambition, his struggles, his disappointments and final success. He tells in this book of his fight for clean advertising, gives an intimate, fresh view-point of Thomas W. Lawson, and unfolds the wonder-tale of the great success of *Everybody's Magazine*.

There never was a book like it. A human document, it holds one's interest from the start, and it will be of inspiring help to young men in business life. It is a book for the whole family. Price $1.20 net. Postage, 12 cts. Of your bookseller or direct from Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass. Send two-cent stamp for eight-page index.

French edition published simultaneously

A CUBE makes a CUP

Send for Free Samples

Being sure on a Sterno Heating Stove makes [illegible] Bouillon cheaper to serve. Use [illegible] list of [illegible] sent for [illegible] your dealer will supply you. For free samples write

Schleffelin & Co., 177 William St., New York
Made by
American Kitchen Products Co., New York

"STEERO" Bouillon Cubes

Immediate Delivery

No delays, no waiting. Shipment made same day order received.

A beautiful, high grade, 16-foot Launch, equipped with the finest Motor on the market.

Gile Runabout — 16 Foot — 3 Horse Power

Durable, roomy, safe, seaworthy and fast.

Our Gile Engine is powerful, simple, without cranking, is positively reversible, perfect control with one lever, under water vacuum exhaust, warranted against back-firing or loose explosions.

This Launch, crated, F. O. B. cars ready to put into the water and run. Nothing more to buy. A Guaranteed Bargain at **$114.**

Gile Boat & Engine Co., Dock A, Ludington, Michigan

It Brings Relief

IN the sick room—In the nursery—In the kitchen or dining room—

Anywhere in the overheated house a Westinghouse electric fan brings relief and comfort.

The WESTINGHOUSE 8-inch Residence Fan

is so perfectly designed that it is noiseless in operation and yet produces a strong, well diffused volume of air—This makes it particularly desirable for the sick room, or other household use.

It costs less than ¼ cent an hour to operate and weighs only 4½ pounds. In design and finish it is exceptionally beautiful, and the low cost brings it within easy reach of almost anyone.

If your lighting company or electric supply dealer does not have the Westinghouse residence fan, order direct—At once—While the weather is hot.

The Westinghouse Disc Stove—Always ready to cook your breakfast or luncheon—To heat water—or warm the baby's milk. Made in two sizes, 4 and 6 inches in diameter.

Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., Pittsburg, Pa.
Please deliver to my address, C. O. D., all charges prepaid,
One 8-inch residence Fan, Price $10.00,
One Disc Stove 4-in., $2.75—6 in., $3.50.
The current I use is { Alternating / Direct
The Voltage marked on the Electric Lamps I use is_____
(Cross out article not wanted.)
Name
Address

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MFG. CO., Pittsburg, Pa.

Offices in all large cities

IN Preserving—try Karo this season. It gives a more natural, more delicate flavor to all preserved fruits. *The perfect preserving syrup is made with one part Karo to three parts sugar.* See Karo Cook Book.

The great cooking *and table* syrup, Karo, agrees with everybody.

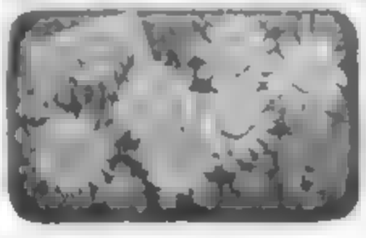
Karo CORN SYRUP

Eat it on	Use it for
Griddle cakes	Ginger bread
Hot biscuit	Cookies
Waffles	Candy

Karo Cook Book—fifty pages, including thirty perfect recipes for home candy making—Free. Send your name on a post-card, today, to

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY
Dept. R NEW YORK P. O. Box 161

DAISY FLY KILLER placed anywhere attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean [illegible] Lasts all season [illegible] Of all dealers [illegible] or prepaid, 150 HAROLD SOMERS 150 DeKalb Ave Brooklyn, N. Y.



PATENT YOUR IDEAS

$5,500 for one invention. Send for our free book, "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" [illegible] sketch for free report as to patentability. Patents advertised for sale at our expense in fourteen Manufacturers' Journals.

Patent Obtained or Fee Returned

CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Att'ys
853 F St. Washington, D. C.

cared to install modern, high-pressure pumps, he was in a position to furnish them with electric power to drive those pumps, and at a very nominal figure. The proposition was simple. Electricity versus cordwood.

A grain of hope was held out to the faithful. Deep mining on the Comstock would be renewed. The olden, golden days would come once more.

An Eastern syndicate sent a well-known brokerage firm into the market to buy up quietly all of the outstanding stock of the Narcissus Mining and Milling Company. Persistent calls for the stock forced it slowly upward, and little by little the stock came out of retirement, until at the expiration of three months Narcissus was firm at one dollar and twenty cents.

John Lee, Jr., watched these operations with a listless eye. He seldom dabbled in the old Comstocks. He knew them too well. They had been up and down too often. No matter how high the prices soared they always fell with a deadly thud. For forty years such had been the history of the old Nevada mines. Moreover, the cost of pumping an underground river out of a mine was prohibitive. Consequently, when Narcissus reached one dollar and fifty cents, John Lee, Jr., could conceive of no better investment than going short of the market ten thousand Narcissus. Whereupon the firm of Strauss & Feitel suddenly lost all interest in Narcissus and turned their attention to other matters.

It took John Lee, Jr., nearly two weeks to wake up. In the language of the Street it was Maggie Mulrennin who "put him wise." She drew him around the corner into Pauper Alley one morning, and it was evident to John Lee, Jr., that something unusual had occurred. He thought it was another "assessment."

"What's this ye're doing wit' Narcissus?" she asked. "What kind o' shenanigans are goin' on inside? I see it closed yesterd'y at one-sixty. D'ye think it'll go higher nor that? An' what's th' m'anin' o' all this visitin' an' whisperin' bechune that little gutther-snipe Mannie Strauss an' that big Johnny Bull wit' th' red sidebur-rns? I hearrd th' two o' thim talkin', an' be this an' be that, now, I don't like th' looks o' things."

The old mud-hen's face was flushed and anxious. She came close to Lee and her voice quivered with excitement.

"There'll be a seat f'r sale be th' fifteenth," she confided, with the air of one imparting a choice morsel of confidential information. "Wan o' those fly gazabos that voted t' t'row me off'n th' flure o' th' exchange has gone short tin t'ousand shares o' Narcissus. He has t' deliver be th' fifteenth, an' Strauss an' Johnny Bull 're thinkin' he can't."

"Have you had your breakfast, Maggie?" inquired John Lee, Jr.

"Sorra a bit," said Maggie.

"Then come over to Louis' with me," said John Lee, Jr., very quietly. "I saw the first strawberries of the season in his window this very morning. And while you're eating breakfast tell me what you know about this Narcissus deal."

During the progress of the meal Maggie unfolded her tale.

"'Twas yistherd'y marnin'," she began. "I was sthandin' in th' corridor just befure th' bell rang There's always a bunch o' th' bhoys do be gassin' together in th' lobby, as ye know. Well, sir, th' usual run o' thim was there, matchin' each other f'r half a dollar a match. All at wanst they got scuffin' wit' each other, an' wan o' thim dhrops his half dollar and it rolls in undher th' stairs that juts in on th' lobby. He was f'r goin' in afther it, but divil a fut would th' rest o' th' lads let him budge.

"'Lave it f'r ould Maggie,' says wan o' thim 'Maggie,' sez he to me, 'there's half a dollar undher th' stairs If ye find it 'tis yours,' an' wit' that th' bell rang an' in they goes.

"I was poked away in undher th' stairs, scratchin' around in th' dark f'r me half dollar, whin two men backs into th' corner near th' stairs f'r a confidensbul talk. They wasn't four feet away. 'Hurroo!' says I; 'here's where Maggie Mulrennin gets an inside tip on th' market.' So divil a move do I make, but sits still an' listens.

"'D'ye think he c'n deliver that tin t'ousand Narcissus?' says wan o' thim.

"'I do not,' says t' other lad, an' I knew his voice in a jiffy. 'Twas Mannie Strauss, bad cess t' him! 'We've raked th' market wit' a finetooth comb,' sez he, 'an' there ain't another share o' that sthock t' be had f'r love nor money. The young fool wint short thinkin' he could pick th' sthock up here an' there. We c'n account f'r ivery share o' that sthock,' sez he, 'but twinty t'ousand shares, an' that we can't trace. 'Tis issued in certificates o' five t'ousand each. We need tin t'ousand o' that missin' twinty t' secure conthrol.'

"'There hasn't bin an assessment on Narcissus in twinty years,' says Johnny Bull. 'If we had conthrol we could tack on an assessment o' tin cints a share. That'd bring ivery last share out of its hole.'

"'Whin we're sure th' sthock'll niver turrn up,' says Strauss, 'we'll have nominal conthrol, an' won't need this tin t'ousand; but in th' meantume we'll keep biddin' th' sthock up. I've a bit o' a grudge agin that young man. He bruk me in two wanst. I've got him in th' nine hole now,' sez he, 'an' I'll squeeze him dhry an' t'row the pieces away.' An' wit' that th' two o' thim walks away an' I comes out fr'm undher th' stairs wit'out me half dollar. Divil a cint o' money was there at all, at all. 'Twas an iron washer they sint me in afther, bad luck t' thim!"

John Lee, Jr., passed a dollar across the table to Maggie and tried to look her in the face and smile. Though he came of fighting stock and had long since learned to school his emotions, the smile came with an effort, for he was a ruined man, and, thanks to Maggie Mulrennin, he had just been made aware of it.

"Thank you, Maggie," he said. "I'll keep my eye on Narcissus and if I should happen to turn your information to a profit I'll not forget you."

He sought to carry it off well, but the fright in his eyes betrayed him. The old mud-hen sensed the blow her garrulous tongue had dealt him.

"Gawd love ye," she said, gazing after him as he swung out of the restaurant; "ye're too fine a young man t' be squeezed by a hyena like Mannie Strauss. Och, Johnny bhoy, 'tis harrd f'r me to see thim sthrip ye; but what matther o' use is it t' cry over spilt milk? He's too fine—too fine t' be t'rown t' th' dogs; but he wouldn't understand now if I should him."

A tear started across her old face and splashed unheeded into the first strawberries of the season.

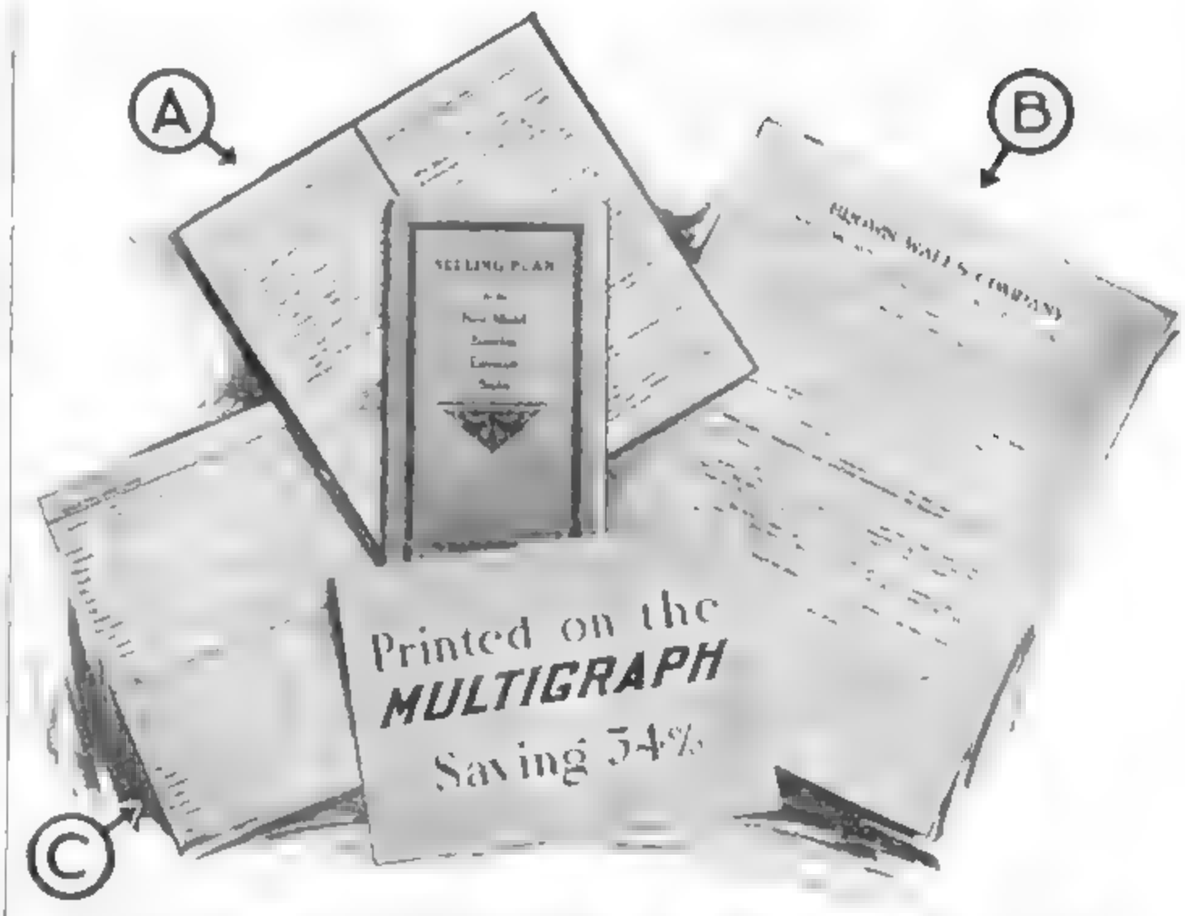
Mannie Strauss was as good as his word. John Lee, Jr., was short ten thousand shares of Narcissus to Strauss & Feitel, and on settlement day he couldn't deliver the stock. With the nicest generosity in the world Strauss & Feitel gave him three days' grace, while Mannie Strauss went into the market and bid Narcissus up to ten dollars. It made the pickings all the richer. When the three days' grace had expired John Lee settled with Strauss & Feitel for his ten thousand shorts by a cash payment of fifty thousand dollars. They squeezed him for his last dollar. He was even compelled to sell his seat on 'change for twenty-five hundred dollars in order to make up the amount of his settlement. It was all over in twenty-four hours, and the sinking of John Lee, Jr., caused not a ripple on the financial waters of Bush Street. He was a little fellow, and nobody cared. Moreover, little fellows, confound them, are always getting singed. They will persist in getting into the paths of the big fellows.

John Lee was grateful for a position as manager in the office of Marks & Davidson, Bankers and Brokers, at a salary of a hundred and fifty a month. Here, on the first morning of his employment, Maggie Mulrennin dropped in to offer her sympathy. John Lee proffered her the inevitable half dollar from his slender hoard, but, though hungry, Maggie refused it. She had her code, even though she was a mud-hen.

For several weeks she dropped into the office each morning to exchange the gossip of the Street. There came a morning, however, when Maggie failed to appear. About half after eleven Marks came in from 'change and paused at Lee's desk.

"Well, I guess it's all off with old Maggie," he said affably. "I presume we've seen the last of the old girl. They found her over in Pauper Alley this morning. She's had a stroke of some kind and can't walk. So you see it's pretty bad. She was lying there in the mud. Out in the rain all night, I guess. The cop on the beat had her sent out to the Emergency Hospital and I'm glad of it. She was getting to be a nuisance around here."

"Yes," replied John Lee, Jr., and he rose quickly and closed down his desk;



This Comparison Shows What You Can Save by Doing Your Office and Factory Printing in Your Own Office with the

MULTIGRAPH

	What the Printer Bid		What the Multigraph DID	
A	**Printing 10 M Booklets**		**Printing 10 M Booklets**	A
	Composition and lock-up	$28.00	$28.00—Composition and lock-up.	
	Make-ready	13.00	10.00—Multigraph electrotypes	
	Running	60.00	6.00—Running (no make-ready needed).	
	Folding	12.00	1.50—Folding on Universal Fold Mch.*	
	Stitching, insertion, trim, etc.	15.00	15.00—Stitching, insertion, trim, etc.	
	Total, original cost	$128.00	$62.50	
	Cost of reprint	126.00	24.50—Cost of reprint (same plates).	
B	**Printing 25 M Letterheads**		**Printing 25 M Letterheads**	B
	Composition and lock-up, 2 electros.	$ 3.50	$2.50—Composition and lock-up, 1 electro.	
	Make-ready and running	17.50	2.50—Running (no make-ready needed).	
	Total, original cost	$21.00	$5.00	
	Cost of reprint	21.00	2.50—Cost of reprint (same plates).	
C	**Printing 25 M Sales-Record Cards**		**Printing 25 M Sales-Record Cards**	C
	Composition and lock-up, 3 electros	$16.50	$14.50—Compo'n and 1 Multigraph electro	
	Make-ready and running	17.00	2.50—Running (no make-ready needed).	
	Total, original cost	$33.50	$17.00	
	Cost of reprint	33.50	2.50—Cost of reprint (same plates).	

Total Multigraph Saving on the Original Editions—A, B, and C—$96.00, or 54%
Total Multigraph Saving on any Subsequent Editions—A, B, and C—$153.00, or 83%
In this comparison we have not included the cost of paper, as this would be the same in either case

THIS Multigraph Printing not only saved 54%, but it was *good printing*, in real printing-ink—not aniline. It was done by ordinary office help, in no more than the average floor-space of a typewriter-desk.

You can get the same good results, with the same ease, and with the same remarkable saving.

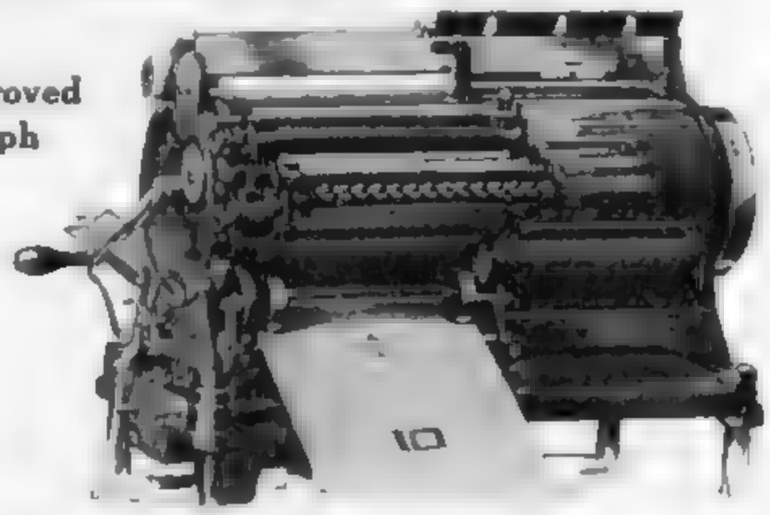
Moreover, this is not the only way in which the Multigraph will add to your profits.

It is a multiple typewriter as well as a printing-press, and will turn out from two to six thousand real type-written letters an hour with a ribbon matched to your office typewriter.

It enables you not only to save expense, but to *get new business*, with the most intimate, personal, convincing and economical direct advertising.

*You can double your saving by adding our Universal Folding-Machine to your Multigraph Equipment. It makes all ordinary folds in letters, booklets, pamphlets, etc., at a cost of 2 or 3 cents a thousand as against printers', binders' or hand-folding cost of 10 to 45 cents

The Improved Multigraph



The same machine can be used either as printing-press or multiple typewriter

You CAN'T buy a Multigraph unless you need it; for every sale is based on the direct saving to the user. We must first prove to our own satisfaction that there is a real money-making need for the Multigraph in your business before we ask you to buy.

Each Multigraph representative is an expert in figuring printing-costs, and is required to satisfy both himself and his customer that the purchase of the Multigraph is a business

Write today for our free booklet, "More Profit with the Multigraph," using the letterhead of your firm or corporation. All inquiries from responsible persons, business men or department heads, will receive our careful attention and ensure an early call from our representative.

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.

Fifty Branch Offices — Executive Office, 1800 E. 40th St., Cleveland, O.

The Tire That Won't Rim-Cut

Goodyear Straight Side Detachable Tires are **guaranteed** against rim-cutting. No other tire has this guarantee behind it. The outer sides of the tire are straight, permitting the use of a rim with a wide-rounding flange where it holds the tire in place. There are no sharp edges as in the clincher or hook form of tire—nothing to cause rim-cuts.

GOODYEAR TIRES

are always larger than their rating, the [illegible] Tires are [illegible] replaced, and for resiliency are supreme. Forty-four high-class automobile manufacturers have contracted for 216,000 Goodyear Tires for their 1910 cars. The many reasons for their great popularity among motorists and automobile manufacturers is interestingly told in our valuable book "How to Select an Automobile Tire." This volume shows how to keep down tire expense amazingly. Send for it today. It's FREE!

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Seneca St., Akron, Ohio (45)
Branches and Agencies in all principal cities

A few minutes with

ARCO SPOTZOFF
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

makes motor brasses shine as though you had spent *hours* on them.

Arco Spotzoff is the name of the [illegible] best, cleanest, snappiest metal polish on earth. We like to send samples, especially to motor car owners. Your name on a postcard brings one.

The Atlantic Refining Co.
Cleveland Ohio

We are looking for live merchants and garage owners everywhere, and we have a very special [illegible] to offer the *early* on[illegible] Be early.

PARIS GARTERS

A Necessity with Knee Drawers

They fit so well you forget they're there

25c. 50c and $1.00 at your dealers, or sample pair from the makers.

A. STEIN & CO.
508 Center Ave. Chicago

NO METAL can touch you

"the destitute and unfortunate have a peculiar habit of becoming nuisances. I've frequently noticed it."

He reached for his hat and hurried out of the office.

. . . . . .

For the first time in a great many years Maggie Mulrennin's face was immaculate. The rain had washed it clean as she lay outstretched in Pauper Alley, while the world passed her by unheeded in its weary quest for the fabulous pots of gold at the ends of the rainbow. She was lying in a little white bed, with her white hair smoothed back from her white forehead, when John Lee, Jr., stooped over her with the old familiar salutation:

"Hello, Maggie!" He paused ever so slightly and then added, "dear."

Maggie the mud-hen opened her eyes and smiled.

"Gawd love ye!" she said. Then she stretched out her withered old hand. "Come here to me, Johnny," she said feebly. "Put yer ear down close. I'm dyin', an' I've somethin' t' tell ye. An' somethin' to lave ye. But I'll not be afther makin' a will. Ye must do as I tell ye an' mintion it to no wan."

She paused half a minute for breath and then resumed:

"They bruk ye in half, didn't they? 'Twas hard on ye, ye poor darlint, an' it fair bruk me ould heart t' let thim do it; but I had to, Johnny dear. I had to. 'Th' stock exchange is no place f'r th' likes o' ye. Ye're too good an' clane f'r a crooked game."

Maggie commenced to cry. "Gawd f'rgive me, I let thim do it! I, that shud 'a' bin th' first to fight f'r ye. Ah, wirra, wirra, maybe it's th' bad woman I am afther all. I had th' sthock, darlint. I got it in '86. I had it all th' time, dear, all th' time. I wanted t' give it t' ye to cover yer shorts, but ye wouldn't—have—undherstood. Ye'd have kept right on—playin' th' game wit'—scalawags an' thieves—and bimeby ye'd—ye'd—be wan o' thim. Ye'd be money-mad. An' ye'd get crool an' harrd, an' th' sunny smile o' ye—ochone! I wanted t' break ye, an' thin ye'd undherstand. I owed it t' yer father. He gi' me a tip on Crown P'int an' I made a hundhred t'ousand dollars. An' I owed it t' ye f'r th' tin dollars ye gi' me.

"Come closer, dear. I'm going fast now. Go up t' me room—in th' Shasta House—number ninety-siven. Here's th' key, avic, in me hand. Ye'll find th' sthock sewed up in me cotton comforter, an' take it—befure—th' public administrathor gets his—hands on it. Mannie Strauss, th' gutther-snipe—he's bid Narcissus up to fifteen. He isn't expectin' that twinty thousand—soak him! Didn't he—soak me own dear—bhoy? 'Twill bring ye t'ree hundhred t'ousand dollars. I—lost that much—in—'71, an' I've waited—I know—forty-odd years—an' I'm a poor ould woman!"

She paused, exhausted. For a long time she lay with her faded eyes upraised to John Lee, Jr. And there were tears in them, and all the pathos of a wasted life mingled with the unutterable yearning of motherhood denied. In that brief moment of perfect vision that precedes dissolution it is possible that Maggie Mulrennin saw many things. Perhaps among them she caught a glimpse of Queenstown harbor and the green Galway hills, rising out of the gray vistas of her wasted and embittered life, for presently she spoke again:

"Sure an' I always wanted t' go home t' th' ould counthry. I wanted t' see thim all again—t' see th' bhoys and girrls sparkin' at th' crossroads o' a Sund'y afthernoon—t' die on th' ould sod an' be buried wit' me people. Ye'll have a mass said f'r me, dear, an' ye'll come down in a hack t' Holy Cross wit' th' hearrse. I don't want—ye'll undherstan', Johnny bhoy. It's a way wit' th' Irish—they hate t' die—alone—an' divil a sowl t' dhrop a tear or a prayer—an' ye'll soak that gutther-snipe—Mannie Strauss, bad cess t' him—an' ye'll niver—go—near—th'—sthocks—agin—to—plase—ould Maggie, dear—t' plase ould ——"

She drifted away into the delirium of death. For an hour she mumbled and muttered, while John Lee, Jr., sat by her cot and held her withered hand. Presently she sighed and whispered very distinctly:

"I'll have—a t'ousand—dollars' worrth o'—Crown P'int."

And John Lee, Jr., stooped and paid dead Maggie Mulrennin the tribute of a kiss.

Apply this remedy to your own road

This road was coated June 1st, 1907, with Indian Liquid Asphalt. The cost of the transformation—of the *permanent* elimination of dust, mud and *white glare*—was less than the cost of three months' sprinkling. And the saving in repairs and maintenance expense has paid for the treatment several times over.

Act with your neighbors. Wherever you live—whether your roads are sprinkled by private subscription or *entirely* maintained by the city or county—write today for our booklet showing how you and your neighbors can act—and how dustless, mud-free roads have been made possible for every community

Indian Liquid Asphalt—applied upon the surface of the road, permanently preserves the metal and keeps the road dustless and mud-free from one to two years.

Indian Asphalt Binder—mixed with the top layer as the road is built or re-surfaced (lasts five to six years).

Indian Emulsion Oil—sprinkled on the road instead of water lasts for years.

Write or send this coupon for book, today.

INDIAN REFINING CO., (Inc.)

Trade Mark

General Offices: First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Cincinnati, O.
Eastern Office, 30 Church St., New York City
Southern Office, Candler Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.
Western Office, 172 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.
Refineries: Georgetown, Ky., New Orleans, La., Lawrenceville, Ill., E. St. Louis, Ill., Jersey City, N. J.

INDIAN— Liquid Asphalt Asphalt Binder Emulsion Oil

LIQUID ASPHALT
Road Preserver
Dust
COUPON
INDIAN REFINING CO. (Inc.)
409 First National Bank Building, Cincinnati, O.
Please send your book to
Name
Address

Concord—with Ara-Notch
Evanston—with Buttonhole

THE NEW ARROW COLLARS

FOR SUMMER. High enough for looks—low enough for comfort and plenty of room for the tie to slide in.

15c. each, 2 for 25c. In Canada, 20c. each, 3 for 50c.
Cluett, Peabody & Company ARROW CUFFS, 25 cents

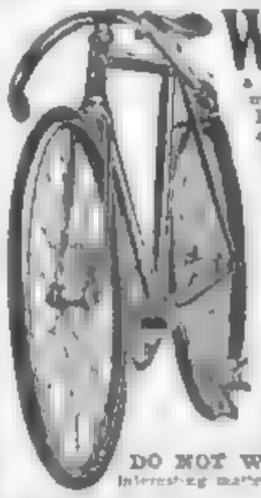
An Education Without Cash

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST offers a full course, all expenses paid, in any college, conservatory or business school in the country in return for a little work done in leisure hours. If you are interested address

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia

Was sold for $1.50, now selling for 25c
Beautiful silk badge of Theodore Roosevelt, his signature [illegible]
HERMAN SCHWICKART Room 711 World Bldg New York

PATENTS That Protect and Pay
Advice and Books Free. Rates Reasonable. Highest References. Best Services.
WATSON E. COLEMAN, Patent Lawyer, WASHINGTON D. C.



WANTED—RIDER AGENTS IN EACH TOWN and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1910 Model "Ranger" [illegible] furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. *Write at once for full particulars and special offer.*

NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone, anywhere in the U. S. *without a cent deposit in advance, prepay freight,* and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL** [illegible] you wish. If you wish to keep the bicycle after [illegible] days' trial, ship it back to us at our expense and we will refund every cent paid us and you will not be out one cent for the use of the bicycle.

LOW FACTORY PRICES We [illegible] grade bicycles at prices that make all other bicycles look high. DO NOT BUY [illegible]

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our [illegible] and study our superb [illegible] *derful new features* we can make you. We sell the highest grade bicycles at lower prices than any other factory. We are satisfied with $1.00 profit above factory cost. BICYCLE DEALERS, [illegible] SECOND-HAND BICYCLES [illegible] $3 to $8

TIRES, COASTER-BRAKE [illegible]

DO NOT WAIT, but write today for our *Large Catalog* and [illegible] beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything. Write it now

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY Dept. G-55 CHICAGO, ILL.

THE INNOCENCE OF FATHER BROWN

(Continued from Page 5)

to do with chucking soup at wall-papers? What had it to do with calling nuts oranges or with paying for windows first and breaking them afterward? He had come to the end of his chase; yet somehow he had missed the middle of it. When he failed—which was seldom—he had usually grasped the clew but nevertheless missed the criminal. Here he had grasped the criminal; but still he could not grasp the clew.

The two figures that they followed were crawling like black flies across the huge green contour of a hill. They were evidently sunk in conversation and, perhaps, did not notice where they were going; but they were certainly going to the wilder and more silent heights of the Heath. As their pursuers gained on them the detectives had to use the undignified attitudes of the deer stalker: to crouch behind clumps of trees and even to crawl prostrate in deep grass. By these ungainly ingenuities the hunters even came close enough to the quarry to hear the murmur of the discussion. But no word could be distinguished except the word "reason" recurring frequently in a high and almost childish voice. Once over an abrupt dip of land and a dense tangle of thickets the detectives actually lost the two figures they were following. They did not find the trail again for an agonizing ten minutes; and then it led round the brow of a great dome of hill overlooking an amphitheater of rich and desolate sunset scenery. Under a tree in this commanding yet neglected spot was an old ramshackle wooden seat. On this seat sat the two priests still in serious speech together. The gorgeous green and gold still clung to the darkening horizon; but the dome above was turning slowly from peacock-green to peacock-blue and the stars detached themselves more and more like solid jewels. Mutely motioning to his followers Valentin contrived to creep up behind the big branching tree and, standing there in deathly silence, heard the words of the strange priests for the first time.

After he had listened for a minute and a half he was gripped by a devilish doubt. Perhaps he had dragged the two English policemen to the wastes of a nocturnal heath on an errand no saner than seeking figs on its thistles. For the two priests were talking exactly like priests, piously, with learning and leisure, about the most aerial enigmas of theology. The little Essex priest spoke the more simply, with his round face turned to the strengthening stars; the other talked with his head bowed as if he were not even worthy to look at them. But no more innocently-clerical conversation could have been heard in any white Italian cloister or black Spanish cathedral.

The first he heard was the tail of one of Father Brown's sentences which ended "... what they really meant in the Middle Ages by the Heavens being incorruptible."

The taller priest nodded his bowed head and said, "Ah, yes, these modern infidels appeal to their reason; but who can look at those millions of worlds and not feel that there may well be wonderful universes above us where reason is utterly unreasonable?"

"No," said the other priest, "reason is always reasonable, even in the last limbo, in the lost borderland of things. I know that people charge the Church with lowering reason; but it is just the other way. Alone on earth the Church makes reason really supreme. Alone on earth the Church affirms that God Himself is bound by reason."

The other priest raised his austere face to the spangled sky and said: "Yet who knows if in that infinite universe ——"

"Only infinite physically," said the little priest, turning sharply in his seat, "not infinite in the sense of escaping from the laws of truth."

Valentin behind his tree was tearing his fingernails with silent fury. He seemed almost to hear the sniggers of the English detectives whom he had brought so far on a fantastic guess only to listen to the metaphysical gossip of two mild old parsons. In his impatience he lost the equally elaborate answer of the tall cleric; and when he listened again it was again Father Brown who was speaking. "Reason and justice grip the remotest and the loneliest star. Look at those stars; don't they look as if they were single diamonds and sapphires? Well, you can imagine any mad botany or geology you please; think of forests of adamant with leaves of brilliants. Think the moon is a blue moon, a single elephantine sapphire. But don't fancy that all that frantic astronomy would make the smallest difference to the reason and justice of conduct. On plains of opal, under cliffs cut out of pearl, you would still find a notice board: "Thou shalt not steal."

Valentin was just in the act of rising from his rigid and crouching attitude and creeping away as softly as might be, felled by the one great folly of his life. But something in the very silence of the tall priest made him stop until the latter spoke. When at last he did speak he said simply, his head bowed and his arms folded: "Well, I still think that other worlds may, perhaps, rise higher than our reason. The mystery of Heaven is unfathomable; and I for one can only bow my head."

Then with brow yet bent and without changing by the faintest shade his attitude or voice he added:

"Just hand over that sapphire cross of yours, will you? We're all alone here and I could pull you to pieces like a straw doll."

The utterly unaltered voice and attitude lent a strange violence to that shocking change of speech. But the guardian of the relic only seemed to turn his head by the smallest section of the compass; he seemed still to have a somewhat foolish face turned to the stars. Perhaps he had not understood. Or, perhaps, he had understood and sat rigid with terror.

"Yes," said the tall priest in the same low voice and in the same still posture—"Yes, I am Flambeau."

Then after a pause he said, "Come, will you give me that cross?"

"No," said the other, and the monosyllable had an odd sound.

Flambeau suddenly flung off all his pontifical pretensions. The great robber leaned back in his seat and laughed low but long. "No," he cried, "you won't give it me, you proud prelate. You won't give it me, you little celibate simpleton. Shall I tell you why you won't give it me? Because I've got it already in my own breast pocket."

The small man from Essex turned what seemed to be a dazed face in the dusk and said with timid eagerness, "Are—are you sure?"

Flambeau yelled with delight. "Really, you're as good as a three-act farce," he cried. "Yes, you turnip, I am quite sure! I had the sense to make a duplicate of the right parcel, and now, my friend, you've got the duplicate and I've got the jewels. An old dodge, Father Brown, a very old dodge."

"Yes," said Father Brown and passed his hand through his hair with the same strange vagueness of manner. "Yes, I've heard of it before."

The colossus of crime leaned over to the little rustic priest with a sort of sudden interest. "You have heard of it?" he asked. "Where have you heard of it?"

"Well, I mustn't tell you his name, of course," said the little man simply; "he was a penitent, you know. He had lived prosperously for about twenty years entirely on duplicate brown-paper parcels. And so, you see, when I began to suspect you, I thought of this poor chap's way of doing it at once."

"Began to suspect me?" repeated the outlaw with increased intensity. "Did you really have the gumption to suspect me just because I brought you up to this bare part of the Heath?"

"No, no," said Brown with an air of apology. "You see, I suspected you when we first met. It's that little bulge up the sleeve where you people have the spiked bracelet."

"How in Tartarus," cried Flambeau, "did you ever hear of the spiked bracelet?"

"Oh, one's little flock, you know," said Father Brown, arching his eyebrows rather blankly. "When I was a curate in Hartlepool there were three of them with spiked bracelets. So, as I suspected you from the first, don't you see, I made sure that the cross should go safe, anyhow. I'm afraid I

Time and Chance

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

BORN into life without our permission, and being sent out of it against our will, Time is our one brief possession. Three thousand years ago Ecclesiastes wrote:

"I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill, but TIME and CHANCE happeneth to them all."

Are we masters of Time? In degree, yes, but the time to secure Life-Insurance is when you can. When life is full of joy, and hope soars high, and walking hand in hand, we sing the lovers' litany, "Love like ours can never die," then is the time to insure against the evil days to come. ¶ The savage cannot project his imagination from the Summer to the Winter. When the sun shines and the South Wind blows, he can not believe that grim winter will ever rage. There is where the savage differs from the Enlightened Man. The Winter and the snow will come to us all, but we smile with a quiet satisfaction when we realize that we know the worst, and have prudently provided against it. ¶ Time and Chance! We extend the one and disarm the other by the aid of Life-Insurance. Chance comes only to individuals, but in the Law of Average there is no chance. And the stronger your Company the more is Chance put on Time's Toboggan. ¶ Life-Insurance does not actually insure you against death but it provides for the papooses without fail in case of your call. Also it insures your peace of mind, and makes you more of a man—a better, healthier, happier, stronger, abler and more competent man. Thus is an extension placed upon Time, through the checkmate of Chance.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society

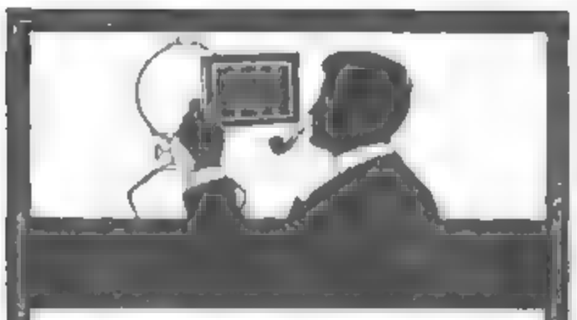
OF THE UNITED STATES

"Strongest in the World"

The Company which pays its death claims on the day it receives them

PAUL MORTON, President, 120 Broadway, New York City

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE! None in your town? Then why not recommend to us some good man—or woman—to represent us there—Great opportunities to-day in Life Insurance work for the Equitable.



There's nothing too good for your negatives.

That's why you should insist on the use of

VELOX

by those who finish your pictures. It's the highest quality paper they can buy—the paper that will give the best possible print from every negative.

And further, the man who uses a high class, high price paper is the man most likely to employ skillful help and good chemicals—the man most likely to do good developing as well as good printing.

If you do your own printing, ask us or your dealer for a copy of the Velox Book

NEPERA DIVISION,
EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
Rochester, N. Y.

You wonder how a dentifrice so pleasant to taste can have such strong antiseptic properties. Yet, Sanitol is so penetrating and cleansing that it stands alone as a positive safeguard against tooth decay. It whitens the teeth, keeps the gums healthy and the mouth sweet and pure.

Powder or Paste 25c Everywhere

SANITOL

Cardinal Gibbons says:

I urge upon all Catholics the use of the

Manual of Prayers

Best Morocco Binding
$2.00, Post-Paid

At booksellers or write us.

JOHN MURPHY CO.
200 W. Lombard St., Baltimore, Md.

3000 GUMMED LABELS, size, 1 x 2 inches, printed to order and postpaid. Send for Catalog **$1.00**

Fenton Label Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

watched you, you know. So at last I saw you change the parcels. Then, don't you see, I changed them back again? And then I left the right one behind."

"Left it behind?" repeated Flambeau, and for the first time there was another note in his voice besides his triumph.

"Well, it was like this," said the little priest, speaking in the same unaffected way, "I went back to that sweet-shop and asked if I'd left a parcel for a particular address. Well, I knew I hadn't; but when I went away again I did. So instead of running after me with that valuable parcel, they have sent it flying to a friend of mine in Westminster." Then he added, rather sadly, "I learned that, too, from a poor fellow in Hartlepool. He used to do it with handbags he stole at railway stations; but he's in a monastery now. Oh, one gets to know, you know," he added, rubbing his head again with the same sort of desperate apology. "We can't help being priests. People come and tell us these things."

Flambeau tore a brown-paper parcel out of his inner pocket and rent it in pieces. There was nothing but paper and sticks of lead inside it. He sprang to his feet scattering them with a gigantic gesture and cried, "I don't believe you. I don't believe a bumpkin like you could manage all that. I believe you've still got the stuff on you; and if you don't give it up, why, we're all alone and I'll take it by force."

"No," said Father Brown simply and stood up also, "you won't take it by force. First, because I really haven't still got it. And second, because we are not alone."

Flambeau stopped in his stride forward.

"Behind that tree," said Father Brown, pointing, "are two strong policemen and the greatest detective alive. How did they come here, do you ask? Why, I brought them, of course. How did I do it? Why, I'll tell you, if you like. Lord bless you, we have to know twenty such things when we work among the criminal classes! Well, I wasn't sure you were a thief; and it would never do to make a scandal against one of our own clergy. So I just tested you, to see if anything would make you show yourself. A man generally makes a small scene if he finds salt in his coffee; if he doesn't he has some reason for keeping quiet. I changed the salt and sugar—and you kept quiet. A man generally objects if his bill is three times too big. If he pays it he has some motive for passing unnoticed. I altered your bill—and you paid it."

Flambeau was stunned with curiosity.

"Well," went on Father Brown with lumbering lucidity, "as you wouldn't leave any tracks for the police, of course, somebody had to. At every place we went to I took care to do something that would get us talked about for the rest of the day. I didn't do much harm; a splashed wall; spilt apples; a broken glass; but I saved the cross; as the cross will always be saved. It is at Westminster by now. I rather wonder you didn't stop it with the Donkey's Whistle."

"With the what?" asked Flambeau.

"I'm glad you've never heard of it," said the priest, making a face. "It's a foul thing. I'm sure you're too good a man for a Whistler. I couldn't have countered it even with the Spots myself; I'm not strong enough in the legs."

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"Well, I did think you'd know the Spots," said Father Brown, agreeably surprised. "Oh, you can't have gone so very wrong yet."

"How do you know all these horrors?"

The shadow of a smile crossed the round, simple face of the little priest. "Oh, by being a celibate simpleton, I suppose," he said. "Has it never struck you that a man who does next to nothing but hear men's real sins is not likely to be wholly unaware of human evil? But as a matter of fact another part of my trade, too, made me sure you weren't a priest."

"What?" asked the thief, almost gaping.

"You attacked Renson," said Father Brown. "It's bad theology"; and even as he turned away to collect his property the three policemen came out from under the twilight trees. Flambeau was an artist and a sportsman; he stepped back and swept Valentin a great bow.

"Do not bow to me, mon ami," said Valentin, with silver clearness, "let us both bow to your master"; and they both stood an instant uncovered, while the little Essex priest blinked about for his umbrella.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of six tales of Father Brown by Mr. Chesterton. The second will appear in an early issue.

Des Moines, Certainty Talk No. 3

HOW will you invest your son? You invest your money in securities. Invest your son in *Certainties*. The man, young or old, who locates in Des Moines is taking no chance whatever. Des Moines is the City of Certainties.

Whether a man works with his hands or his brain, Des Moines is the one city in the United States for him today. In Des Moines the conditions for both employer and employee are ideal.

WHEREVER you go people are talking about Des Moines. Almost every magazine and newspaper of prominence is publishing articles about Des Moines. Business men wanting new locations, or seeking a place for a branch, and men just beginning business for themselves are choosing Des Moines.

* * *

DES MOINES is the heart of the richest state of the Union. Iowa's agricultural products alone last year were worth $621,000,000.

Des Moines is the key to all the rich trade territory of Iowa and the Mississippi Valley. Today Des Moines supplies only one-third of the things demanded by its territory. No other city in the world is situated in the center of so rich and prosperous a trade territory—*and with no competition.*

The Greater Des Moines Committee is an association of business men who are not "booming" Des Moines, but are directing its growth. The Committee has no town lots, factory sites, farms, or anything else to sell, but its purpose is to co-operate with, and advise, men who want to live in Des Moines.

* * *

THE Committee publishes a little magazine called "WEALTH," which tells a wonderful lot of things about Des Moines, and which will be sent you free. The Certainty Coupon gets right to the point for you. Clip it, sign it, send it and get "WEALTH" by return mail.

THE GREATER DES MOINES COMMITTEE
DES MOINES, IOWA

Certainty Coupon

GREATER DES MOINES COMMITTEE
Des Moines, Iowa
Send me "WEALTH"
My business is

Curtiss in His Latest Six-Cylinder Aeroplane

An Interesting Sidelight on The Speed-Indicator Problem

One of our men was discussing trade conditions recently with the manager of a large car agency in a leading automobile center. Here are the manager's remarks:

"We sell a man the Warner Auto-Meter for his car whenever we can, because we know that when the sale is once made the transaction is closed.

"Once in a while we strike a man to whom price means everything. If he insists, we sell him another make of speed-indicator. But we tell him plainly that he is buying it on his own responsibility, without recourse to us when it breaks down.

"I recently had five speed-indicators—not Warner Auto-Meters—come back with complaints in one day. And my time is too valuable to be wasted on that sort of thing."

It is because the perfection of the Warner Auto-Meter is **permanent**, no matter how hard the tests, that it is the speed-indicating device considered by the experienced motorist.

Write or call for catalog

WARNER INSTRUMENT CO., 957 Wheeler Ave., Beloit, Wis.

The Warner Auto-Meter

BRANCHES: Atlanta, 116 Edgewood Ave. [illegible] Chicago 5420 Michigan Ave.; Cincinnati, 807 Main St.; Cleveland, 2082 Euclid Ave.; [illegible] Detroit, 874 Woodward Ave.; Indianapolis, 330-332 N. Illinois St.; Kansas City, [illegible] Los Angeles, 718 S. Olive St.; New York, 1702 Broadway; Philadelphia, 302 N. Broad St.; Pittsburg, 960 Fairwood St.; San Francisco, 36-38 Van Ness Ave.; Seattle, 613 E. Pike St.; St. Louis, 3653 Olive St.

We Want Men To Represent Us

WE offer reliable men everywhere an opportunity to share in the profits of one of the greatest selling propositions ever put on the market—a thoroughly efficient, dependable envelope sealer at a price that puts it in the reach of every business house. **The New Model**

SAUNDERS SEALER

with Automatic Moisture Feed, seals 40 to 50 envelopes a minute—moistens, closes and seals it one operation. Does away with messy sponge and gummed labels. Saves its cost in a few days use. Solid vulcanite of brass, nickel finished; no screws or adjustments to get out of order; nothing to wear out. Requires filling with water only once a week. Sells on sight anywhere there are letters to be mailed.

Price $2.00 Postpaid

Send $2 today for sample and test it for yourself. MONEY REFUNDED if you are not satisfied after ten days' use. Write for Literature and our **Liberal New Selling Plan.**

The Saunders Sealer Company
1817 East 40th Street Cleveland, Ohio

Sanitol Tooth Powder leaves a cool, fresh feeling in the mouth. Besides being pleasant to use, Sanitol cleans, whitens and preserves the teeth, keeps the gums healthy and the mouth sweet and wholesome.

Powder or Paste
25c Everywhere

Southern Dental College
ATLANTA, GA.

A high class and the oldest dental college in Georgia, member of the National Association of Dental Faculties. If interested in a dental education write for our free catalog of complete information. Address
Dr. S. W. Foster, Dean, 104 N. Butler St., Atlanta, Ga.

KEEPING THE LINE OPEN

(Continued from Page 9)

And so there was not, but there remained the worst railroad block on record. It was three months before they pulled the baggage-car out of that tunnel and then they had to use dynamite. After that it was found necessary to line the entire bore with solid masonry. That was an accident that might not have been so lucky on repetition.

Enough of wrecks. They are not the only test when it comes to keeping the line open. Sometimes a crippled telegraph service may be quite as effective. Out on the Pennsylvania lines west of Pittsburgh, a couple of years ago, a severe wind and sleet storm leveled more than forty miles of telegraph poles, in most cases dropping them across main-line tracks in the dark. A few months later—the never-to-be-forgotten inauguration day of President Taft—a similar storm did similar damage on the lines leading to Washington. Thousands of militiamen and excursionists never reached the inauguration at all. In both storms the resources of a great railroad were well tested; it was found necessary to send as far east as Burlington, Vermont, for linemen to bring order out of chaos.

Locating Wire Trouble

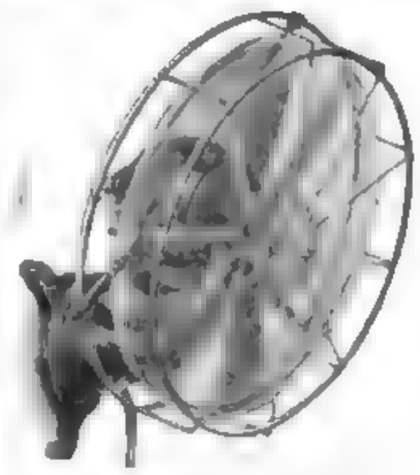
An old-time Erie man remembers wire trouble of a different sort. It was in his salad days, when he was serving as assistant superintendent over at Meadville, in the western part of Pennsylvania. They had but one telegraph wire for railroad purposes then, and one night it failed to work. Keys were silent; the road might as well have had no wire at all.

The assistant superintendent started that evening with two linemen on a handcar to find the trouble. They went miles from Meadville and every test showed the wire working. Finally they came to a deserted little depot at a crossroads, and the railroader, lifting his lantern high against the window, verified his suspicions—the careless agent had gone home and left his key open. The superintendent broke open the window, climbed in, removed the telegraph set, placed it in his overcoat pocket and closed the circuit. He knew that he would hear from the agent on the morrow. He did. Word came by tedious train mail, a formal report on the road's yellow stationery.

"Station at A—— burglarized last evening," that formal report read, "and agent's telegraph set, best pants and ten dollars taken."

The real test of keeping the line open comes when winter descends upon the land, when the heaviest freight traffic of the year comes, together with those forces of Nature that sweep off the summer joys of railroading. The mighty battles of the Western transcontinentals with the snows of the Rockies have long been known; their miles of snowsheds, making safe crawling-bores for through trains under the snowbanks and the avalanches of the mountainsides, are as familiar to the tourist as the Great Salt Lake or the wonders of the Yellowstone. Only a few months ago the newspapers told the story of how a passenger train, stalled at the entrance of a Montana tunnel, had been carried by an avalanche down a great cliff. Every railroader, East and West, knows full well the hazard of mountain lines in the depths of a treacherous winter.

There is a snowbelt extending around the south edge of the Great Lakes that annually gives the Eastern railroad men a good opportunity to sympathize with the Westerners. Long years ago a little railroad reaching north in this belt from the main line of the New York Central became discouraged in the all but hopeless task of keeping its line open. It had been a hard-enough battle to find the rails of its main line from Rome to Watertown through one blizzard crowding upon the heels of another—there had been ten days when Watertown was entirely cut off from the world to the south of it. But that little railroad owed some obligations to its chief town, and it kept at its brave efforts although every night the fresh wind blowing down from Canada across Lake Ontario filled the long miles of railroad cuts and erased all trace of rails. There was a branch from Watertown to Cape Vincent run at a dead loss throughout the entire winter, and in



Bracket Type
Can be easily changed to Desk Type

Be Comfortable This Summer

Any fan will stir up some sort of breeze when you turn on the current. Many electric fans are made for and sold merely on their appearance. But you want more than this—you get more than this in any of the various types of

Hawthorn
TRADE MARK
Electric Fans

No fans are more pleasing in appearance than "Hawthorn" Fans—but beneath the finish lies quality—the same high quality that marks all Western Electric products. All this insures efficient service season after season with practically no attention or repairs.

Just consider that a 12 or 16-inch "Hawthorn" Fan costs less than a half cent per hour to operate. The 8-inch fan—just right for home use—costs one-third as much.

"Hawthorn" Fans are so widely recognized for their quality that they are handled by the best dealers everywhere. Your dealer should be able to show you a complete line, which includes Desk and Bracket Fans, Ceiling Fans and Fans for ventilating purposes.

"SAVE TIME AND FREIGHT"
WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY
"TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF."

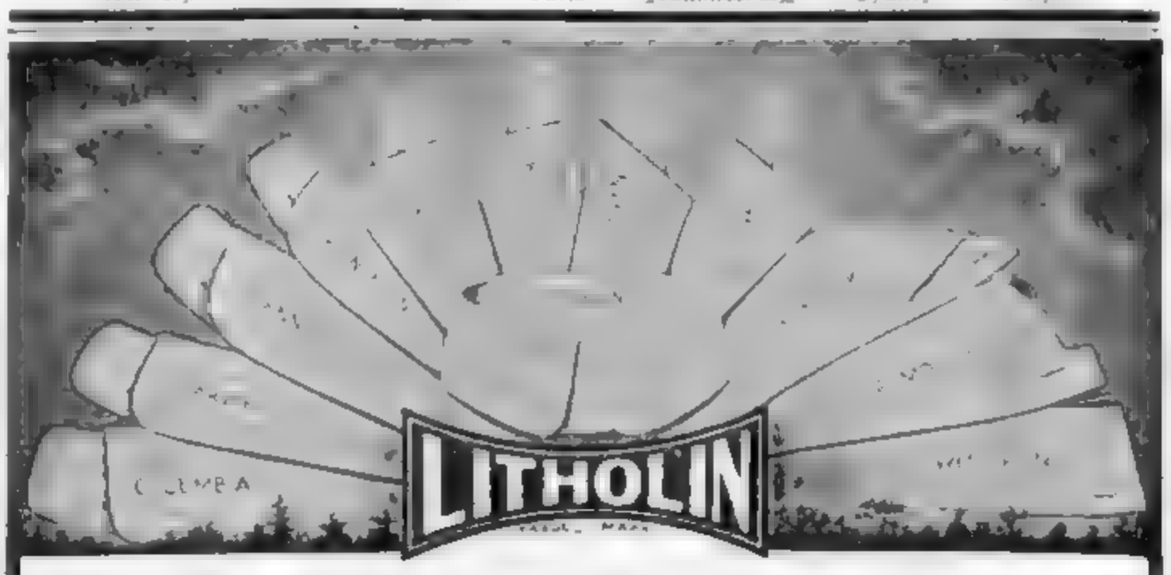
Insist upon having "Hawthorn" Fans, and if they cannot be secured from your dealer, write our nearest house and we will immediately direct you to a nearby dealer who can supply you.

Our Booklet No. 8219 may be had for the asking. It will prove helpful in selecting the best fan for your use.

The Western Electric Company Furnishes Equipment for Every Electrical Need.

Western Electric Company

New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Pittsburg, Atlanta. Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Minneapolis. *Manufacturers of the 5,000,000 "Bell" Telephones* Saint Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Dallas, Omaha. San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Salt Lake City.
Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver
Antwerp London Berlin Paris Johannesburg Sydney Tokyo



Litholin Means Collar Comfort, Cleanliness and Convenience

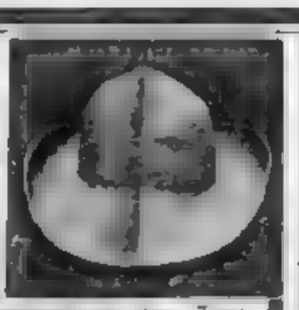
At best the ordinary linen collar only looks well up to the third or fourth laundering. Then it goes "the way of all linen" that is sent to the average laundry. Saw-like edges, frayed buttonholes, general shapelessness result. Avoid the laundry and you avoid linen-loss. With LITHOLIN Collars and Cuffs, waterproofed, laundry treatment is defied. LITHOLIN Collars will not wilt, sag, fray or tear. When soiled a damp cloth cleans them in a minute. The turn-downs have a "slip-easy" space for the tie.

Collars 25 Cents Cuffs 50 Cents

If not at your dealer's, send, giving styles, sizes, number wanted with remittance. We will mail post free. Booklet free.

The Fiberloid Company, 7 Waverly Place, New York

$1 GENUINE Hand Woven PANAMA



Rare Bargain in Genuine Panama Hats

Panama Hats more popular than ever and the rage this summer.

well [illegible] genuine hand woven; [illegible] **$1.00.**

PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. A, 838 Broadway, New York City

PATENTS: For facts about Prize and Reward offers and Inventions that will bring from $5000 to 10 Million Dollars; and for books of Intense Interest to Inventors, send 6c postage to **Pubs. Patent Sense, Dept. 35, Pacific Bldg., Washington, D. C.**

The University of Illinois

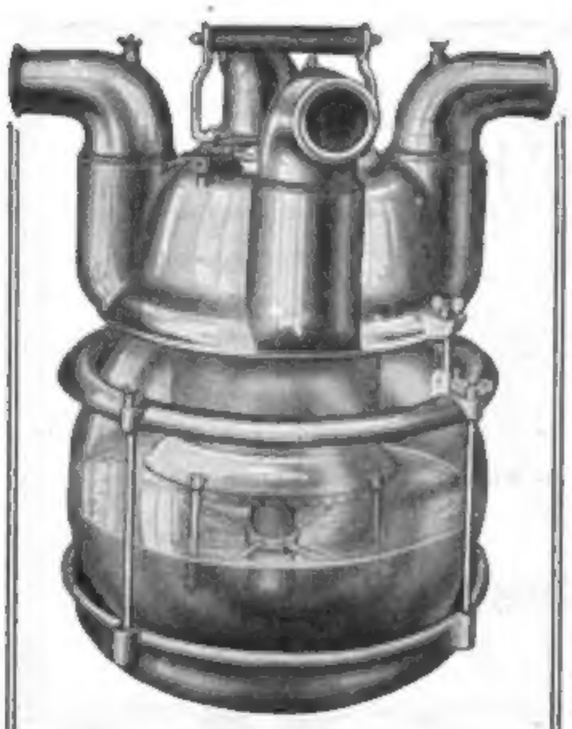
offers them its **College of Dentistry**, a three years course of study, leading to the preparation for practice of one of the most crowded and most remunerative of the professions. For catalogue 4, address

Dr. G. W. Cook, Dean, Honore and Harrison Sts., Chicago, Ill.

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

Visible [illegible] other makes **sold or rented anywhere** at ⅓ to ½ mfrs. [illegible] Write for Cat. D.

Typewriter Emporium, 88-94 Lake St., Chicago



Purify the Air You Breathe

THE Duntley Air Washer clears and cools the air like a *good thunder shower*, by *actually washing* it, making it sweet and pure and as full of life as a breeze from the surf. Nothing else like it on the market. One in your home or office guards you against the dangers of foul atmosphere. Has much more beneficial effect than ordinary electric fan, for the air passing through water is thoroughly *cooled* and *washed*, as well as circulated.

The air we ordinarily breathe in houses is stagnant—chuck full of germs and impurities. The

Duntley Air Washer

cleanses and revitalizes the interior atmosphere. Air may be delicately scented by adding a few drops of perfume to water.

For home, office, church and theater.

Made by the manufacturer of the famous Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner. Write for description and prices.

Duntley Manufacturing Company
Department P, Harvester Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Read our catalogue of boat bargains

EVERY price is a real bargain and satisfaction is guaranteed.

Every red blooded man or boy wants a boat of his own.

Here is a chance to get it for even less than seems possible.

Do some or all of the building yourself by the simple and easy Brooks System, under our guarantee of satisfaction.

Power boats of all kinds, sailboats, rowboats and canoes, are shown in our Boat Catalogue No. 24.

Ask us to send you a copy, free.

Brooks Mfg. Co., C. C. Brooks, Pres.
207 Rust Ave., Saginaw, Mich.

WURLITZER

BRASS BAND
Instruments

We supply the United States Government. Prices cut in half this season. Greatest values ever known. Big, new catalog now ready.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
172 E. 4th St., Cincinnati; or 326 Wabash Ave., Chicago

that hard winter the railroad gave up the branch and hired a liveryman to take the mails in his cutter over the country drifts. It was one of the few instances on record of a railroad giving up the fight.

After the railroad had been abandoned a fortnight, a delegation of citizens from Cape Vincent drove to Watertown and there confronted H. M. Britton, the general manager of the line. They made their little speeches, and they were pretty hot little speeches too, hot enough to have melted away one good-sized drift.

"When are you going to cart that snow off our line?" finally demanded the spokesman of the Cape Vincent folk.

Britton looked at the delegation coolly and lighted a fresh cigar.

"I'm going to let the man that put it there take it away," he said slowly.

And he did. It was thirty-two days before a railroad engine entered Cape Vincent from the time that the last one left it.

In recent years that nasty stretch of railroad has kept the railroaders still busy. Within the decade it was blocked for six long days, while a force of snow-fighters and a battery of plows forced their way into the drifts. And while the superintendent up at Watertown grew nervous, then desperate, there came the worst blow of all. The telegraph wire no longer brought news from the front.

Afterward that superintendent knew the reason why. His trainmaster was at the front with the plows and the hungry, tired men. The trainmaster was nervous too; awearied explaining to his boss. He remembered Dewey at Manila, and he cut the cable! He lost sight of the outer world for long hours, for days, for nights, until that January evening when he brought his battered, snow-fighting force triumphant into Richland Junction.

When a big road whose rails rest through a snowbelt finds the winter clouds blackening, it puts on its fighting armor. Every man at headquarters sticks by his desk. The superintendent will get bulletins from each terminal and important yard every hour, perhaps oftener. These bulletins will give him exact information—the amount of motive-power ready for instant action at each roundhouse; freight congestion, if any; amount and direction of wind; cloud and snow conditions.

When a Blizzard Threatens

In other days the signal for an oncoming storm was followed by quick orders from headquarters to pull off the snow-freights. Traffic was quickly cut down to passenger and perishable-freight trains, and, if the blizzard grew bad enough, the perishable-freights were run in upon the sidings. The railroad concentrated all its motive-power upon the passenger trains and the plows. Nowadays they do it better. Not that the old fellows of the last generation were anything less than prize railroaders, for we must remember they did not have the locomotives in those days that even side-line divisions possess in these.

So today the superintendent can growl at the first of his men who even hints that a scheduled train of any class be sent upon a siding.

"We keep the traffic moving," said one of the biggest the other day. "We keep the line open. A train every thirty minutes over our rails will do more toward keeping them usable than a rotary going over them after a night's inaction.

"So, when she begins to blizz, we just fall back on our roundhouses, that's all. We cut our local freights down to fifteen hundred tons, then to twelve hundred, nine hundred—six hundred rather than send them into shelter. We tackle our through freights in a like proportion; and while we are cutting off cars we are adding power. Everything that goes out of this yard will be double-headed as long as there is danger in the air. There will be two engines to a passenger train, and ahead of each a rotary, with two or three locomotives to push her. You see the value of reserve motive-power, don't you? That's the reason we have half a dozen extra engines trying to gather rust over there in the roundhouse. They're worth their weight in gold in a pinch of this sort, though when they're done with a week of snow-fighting they're fit candidates for the shops."

A rotary plow has no power of self-propulsion, but the mighty engine within her heart, driving the shaft of her great cutting-wheel, has the power of three locomotives.

Storekeepers are entitled to five things, namely:

1.—all the cash for which their goods are sold.
2.—proper and precise record of charge sales.
3.—all the money that is received on account.
4.—the accurate entries of all money paid out.
5.—the correct making of change.

Customers are entitled to five things, namely:

1.—full value in goods for all the money they spend.
2.—proper and precise records of goods charged to them.
3.—actual credit for all money they pay on account.
4.—all that may be due them for produce, goods or time furnished to storekeepers.
5.—correct change.

These rights can be protected only by a complete method of store accounting.

National Cash Registers deal justly with storekeepers, and their customers. They give them their equal rights, and furnish the complete method of store accounting.

Satisfied customers mean regular patrons for your store.

A customer lost is money lost.

Look into the National Cash Register way of satisfying and holding customers.

Remember, we guarantee to furnish a better cash register for less money than any other concern in the world.

Send for catalogue describing cash registers at all prices,—some as low as $15.00.

The National Cash Register Company, Dayton, Ohio

Do not say BUDS
—Say WILBUR'S

Art in blending cocoa, Science in mixing pure sugar and delicate flavoring, Skill in bringing all of them to perfect uniformity. Result—

WILBUR'S CHOCOLATE BUDS

Trade Mark

Little solid chocolate forms, distinctive in their melting smoothness, with "the taste that's never forgotten."

At dealers—or we send a pound box prepaid for $1; or a quarter-pound for 25c and your dealer's name.

H. O. Wilbur & Sons, Inc., 222 Bread St., Philadelphia
Makers of WILBUR'S COCOA—Famous Everywhere

ASK FOR FREE CATALOGUE

SIX SHOTS IN FOUR SECONDS

$18

Safe—Swift—Sure Perfect hammerless non-clogging action. 24 to 32 inch Genuine Imported DAMASCUS Barrel. Full length top rib gives instantaneous sight. Hinged breech block, all working parts covered up; snow and dirt cannot get in. Solid steel wall always between shell and shooter. Taken down in ten seconds without tools. Black walnut stock, fine finish. Bore, gauge and drop of stock optional. **No extra charge for any feature named.** Sent with privilege of examination if desired. Don't buy until you have read our **FREE BOOK** describing this pump gun and our superb line of singles and doubles. Ask for it today.

THE UNION FIRE ARMS CO., 413 Auburndale, Toledo, O., U.S.A.

That cutting-wheel approximates the width of a single track in diameter. It will bore into a solidly packed drift, twelve or sixteen feet in height, suck in a great volume of snow and then throw it, as a fire-engine throws water, through a nozzle sixty to one hundred feet to the right or left of the line. The nozzle is close to three feet in diameter and the stream that it throws will bury a small barn. The man who sits in the lookout of the rotary controls the nozzle, changing it from side to side so as to avoid buildings.

These rotaries are giants. Where the great flange or wing plows—the ordinary snow-fighting artillery of a railroad—fail, they come into service. Theirs is ever a mighty task to perform.

Three days of such snow-fighting would completely weary the ordinary man. Up in the snowbelts they are likely to get a hard storm every week from December to March, and that atop of the heaviest traffic of the year. It is the sort of fighting that marks the fine-grained timber of a man, that sends him down to headquarters in some metropolitan city along the seaboard to fight the weightier battles of traffic and of operation that are unending within and between the mighty railroads of America.

Sometimes the battle to keep the line open is fought close to a busy terminal. Here, before you, is the division superintendent of one of the great lines entering Jersey City. Let him tell you of that nasty storm on Christmas night last—a storm that laid low all street transportation in every city along the North Atlantic seaboard. He will tell you that it was the first Christmas he had spent with his family in seven years, the first holiday in three. He lives in a little suburban city within the twenty-mile radius of New York City Hall, and in his bedroom a telegraph sounder, connected with the division's main wire, clicks in the early morning and late at night.

Over that wire, on Christmas night last, the superintendent gave orders. There was snow in the air at dusk when he and his family finished their late afternoon dinner; by eight o'clock he had ordered the flangers (plows) on all his regular road engines. Along the entire line orders had gone to keep a sharp lookout for trouble. The superintendent turned into bed at ten o'clock hoping for a clear winter's sky in the morning.

He turned into bed, but not into sleep. He had cut out his telegraph wire for the night, but a telephone message from the agent down at the depot in the suburban city made him sit up, wide-awake. The storm was gaining. They were beginning to get trouble reports down at headquarters. The superintendent turned out of bed and began dressing. He cut in on the telegraph wire and began giving orders.

The Super on the Job

He caught his trainmaster at the neighboring town and told him to meet him on "495"—the last train into Jersey City that evening. He turned from the telegraph to the telephone, and ordered the local liveryman to get up to his house and take him down to the 11:42. He called the depot agent to hold that 11:42 until he arrived.

When that superintendent came puffing into his office in the Jersey City terminal it was one o'clock of a blizzardy Sabbath morn. He dropped into a chair beside his chief dispatcher and took the entire situation in hand. Things looked pretty bad from every point of view. From up in the foothills came reports of a discouraging nature; trains were losing time, they were having added trouble every hour in handling switches and crossovers. At the terminal the switches were a most prolific source of annoyance. The intricacy of the interlocking system was being bothered by ice freezing about its exposed working parts.

The superintendent was perplexed, but he did not show it. He kept lighting cigars and throwing them away, half smoked. And all the while he was sending orders over his wire. If a narrow strand of wire, stretching for miles through darkness and through storm, could carry infectious courage, that wire carried the superintendent's courage out to every far corner of his division through those early hours.

"Keep at it," was the tenor of his message. "Keep everlastingly at it."

And betweentimes he was planning how to help them keep everlastingly at it. Men were summoned to report Sunday morning at the shops—they might be needed to make some quick repairs; and it is a matter of record on that division that a locomotive has been torn apart, entirely overhauled and placed in service again in twenty-four hours. Others were ordered to stand by important switches in case of breakdowns in the interlocking.

There were special problems aplenty to be considered, a new one arising every hour. One of them will suffice to show the measure of that superintendent's problem that night.

Up in a narrow pass between overhanging hills a much-delayed local, with a light engine, was still struggling to get the Christmas celebraters home. It was a hard proposition, and just a block back of the suburban train was chafing the midnight express through to Chicago—one of the road's best trains. The superintendent saw in an instant that his main line stood in imminent danger of being blocked. He caught Middleport, the station ahead of the struggling local, and ordered it sidetracked there for a moment.

The Thanks He Got

"I want to get the midnight with her big engine ahead from there," he explained to his dispatcher.

But the towerman at Middleport said that he could not move the siding-switch there; it was packed in with ice and snow.

"Tell him to get a pickaxe and shovel, and get in at it," said the superintendent.

"He says that it's twenty below up there; they've swiped his shovel and he hasn't anything but a broom," the dispatcher returned.

"A broom! Tell him a broom's a God-send. He can sweep with the one end and pick with the other."

Eight times that towerman tried there, in the midst of the storm, to open that switch and eight times he reported failure. Eight times the superintendent kept at him with his kind persistence, and the ninth time they reported that the midnight express with the best type of motor power on the division was ahead of the weak engine on the local.

And while the superintendent struggled at the far end of a telegraph wire with that towerman, there were a dozen other Middleports, each with its own different and equally difficult problem, requiring quick, intelligent solution. He solved each. The line stayed open. The superintendent stayed at his desk.

All that Sunday it snowed and all that Sunday the superintendent was at his desk. He did not know the passage of the hours—the clicking sounder held his attention riveted. He worked all Sunday night and into Monday morning. There were two hundred suburban trains to be brought into the terminal on Monday morning, and the commuter is a fussy soul about his train being on time. The superintendent knew that and he was ready. He had extra men at the switches in the terminal yards, and took particular pains to have snow swept from the platforms of even the lowliest suburban station.

The trains came in on time that Monday morning—all save one. On that one train the regular fireman had been snowbound at his home up on the mountainside. They had to put on a green man to fire the engine, a rawboned lad just off a freight. He made slow work of it and the train was fourteen minutes late. That was the only exception to a clean record—a record made possible by long hours of work.

"They ought to have been proud of that fight," you say to the big boss. He grins at your ignorance.

"Proud?" he laughs. "They raised hell with me because we had '387' laid out fourteen minutes."

Money on the New Line

There is a good field for paying investments in the Dakotas, Montana, Idaho and Washington, along the new **Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound Railway.**

Fertile land at reasonable prices, a mild and healthful climate, crops of splendid quality, markets for them, and excellent transportation facilities are some of the advantages.

Low fares to points on the new line now in effect. Descriptive books free.

F. A. MILLER, General Passenger Agent Chicago

Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway

(71)

The Marlin Model 20 REPEATING RIFLE

You can buy no better gun for target work and all small game up to 200 yards. Without change of mechanism it handles .22 short, long or long-rifle cartridges, perfectly. The deep Ballard rifling develops maximum power and accuracy and adds years to the life of rifles.

The solid top is protection from defective cartridges—prevents powder and gases from being blown back. The side ejection never lets ejected shells spoil your bead and allows quick, accurate repeat shots. With simple take-down construction, removable action parts—least parts of any .22—it is the quickest and easiest to clean. A great vacation rifle. Ask any gun dealer.

The 136 page *Marlin* catalog will help you decide what rifle best suits your individual desires. Send 3 stamps for it today.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
19 WILLOW STREET NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FLASH LIGHT SPARK PLUGS

With PLATINUM FIRING POINTS. The BEST plug for MAGNETO.

Ask your dealer or write us. Write us about *Gasoline Storage Outfits*—Cat. B.

Janney, Steinmetz & Co., Philadelphia

Water Where You Want It at Small Expense

Write for our free catalogue A D showing how at small expense you may have plenty of running water in your house and barn by simply installing a

NIAGARA HYDRAULIC RAM.

NIAGARA HYDRAULIC ENGINE COMPANY
140 Nassau St., New York. Factory: Chester, Pa.

I TEACH **Penmanship BY MAIL**

I won the **World's First Prize in Penmanship.** By my new system I can make an expert penman of you by mail. Am placing my students as instructors in commercial colleges. If you wish to become a better penman, write me. I will send you FREE one of my **Favorite Pens** and a copy of the Ransomerian Journal.

C. W. RANSOM,
942 Reliance Building, Kansas City, Missouri

Fine Rugs woven from Old Carpet

DENWORTH RUG MILL
3045-47-49-51 Boudinot St., Phila.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

Fine Bath Room Rugs at factory prices. 30x54 $1.25. 30x60 $1.50.

IN NO COMBINE OR TRUST ***Original and Genuine***

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

The Food-Drink for all ages.
Better than Tea or Coffee.
Keep it on your sideboard at home.

Rich milk malted grain extract in powder. A quick lunch.

Others are Imitations—Ask for "HORLICK'S"

Only One Toot

A TUG-BOAT owner bought a big second-hand whistle which previously belonged to a great ocean steamship. The first time the whistle blew, it used up so much steam that it stopped the tug.

Likewise, a young chap of our acquaintance, clever and versatile, but without the reserve power and ability which comes from a good education and trained mind, connected with a fine position through his large claims of personal worth.

When he came to put these claims in practice he quickly exhausted his stock of mere cleverness, and, having no real reserve fund of information from which to draw—lost the job.

¶ If you are bright and clever it will be worth a lot to you when you get out into the world, but these qualities will carry you only up to a certain point. You want to be a big whistle and on a big boat, but you also want to be able to make more than one toot. The way to keep up a continued blast in your life-work, whatever it may be, is to lay in now a stock of reserve power, which nothing but a good education will give you.

If you have not the funds to pay for the education you want, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will pay the bills. No matter what institution you want to attend or course you desire to take you can get what you wish in return for some work done for us this summer. A line of inquiry will bring full details.

Educational Division

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Penna.

Mother, Guess You'll Have to open the other Package of

Kellogg's

TOASTED CORN FLAKES

The Kind with the Flavor – Made from Selected White Corn

THE GENUINE ALWAYS HAS THIS SIGNATURE

W. K. Kellogg

Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Canadian Trade Supplied by the Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flake Co., Ltd., London, Ont.

Copyright 1910, Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co.